

AN EXPLORER OF  
CHANGING HORIZONS:  
WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, F.R.G.S.

*By*

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. GEIL AND  
DRAWINGS BY OLIVER WHITWELL WILSON

1865 - 1925

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY  
ON MURRAY HILL NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1927,  
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



AN EXPLORER OF CHANGING HORIZONS  
— B —  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



*The Manse,  
Titusville,  
Pa.*

MY DEAR MR. WILSON:

I am delighted that you are writing the life of William Edgar Geil. You will come into close contact with a very unusual personality—a man who will awaken your interest and appeal to you as an interpreter of character and events.

I first ran across him in a book shop in Pittsburgh when I picked up a book in a striking yellow cover, having for its title "A Yankee on the Yangtze," and I was soon off on a voyage that awakened my interest in China and in the Author.

Later I met some friends in London who were all excited over a Lecturer and a lecture that they had just heard in the Albert Hall delivered by an American whose name was William Edgar Geil. He had just returned from Africa and was telling a story that by its human sympathy made Africa a near neighbor to all. He was a great lecturer. For wideness of sweep, clarity of analysis, contrast of scene, individuality of phrasing and unanticipated humor, he easily ranked with the masters of the public platform.

Our friend, Dan Crawford, back from Long Grass told me how he had watched Dr. Geil's work in Australia. From his far-flung frontier of service where he was carrying on with the purpose of a Livingstone, that inspirer of so many spiritual explorers, Dan Crawford's considered judgment was that Dr. Geil did a remarkable work in Australia.

We were chatting together at the table, on a boat on the upper Yangtze—the Captain, an English Consul, Mrs. Semple and myself. The general topic was the interesting people whom we had met in our rather wide travels. The

Captain: "Do you remember an American who went up with us a good many years ago— What was his name?" Consul: "His name was Geil. I remember him well." Captain: "I wonder whatever became of him?" Consul: "He never returned this way." Captain: "He insisted on going through the Gorges; that was before boats were specially built to take passengers on that dangerous trip. Did you ever hear of him?" We were able to add the next chapter by telling how he did not come back but went on through Burmah. He was no disciple of old Khayyâm who—as he said—"evermore came out by the same door as in I went." In philosophy and in travel, he was always eager to find a way through.

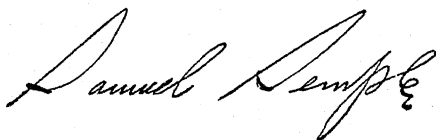
I knew Dr. Geil personally during the later part of his life and marked his desire for distant views and wide horizons. Whether it was a mere rise in the ground, a hill, or a mountain, he wanted to get to the top and see what lay beyond. He ever heard the whisper—"Something lost behind the ranges. Over yonder! Go you there!" His interest was in peoples and he wanted to know why their institutions developed as they did. Wherever he went he found an altar dedicated to faith and hope and prayer. He was eager to read and understand the inscription upon that altar. He became a sympathetic and serious interpreter of other races and civilizations. If the student of China wishes to understand her ancient life and culture that are so fast passing away, he will find it photographed and interpreted in his books. He was out on the spiritual quest for the underlying Something that, once recognized, would hold all people together in the consciousness of a common origin, spiritual life and destiny.

I have a request to make; when you come to the story of his last Journey, would you name that chapter "The Book That Never Was Written"? He wanted to present the figure of the Master in the setting of the land in which He lived as he journeyed from place to place. He was ambitious to interpret Him again in the light of his own wide

AN EXPLORER OF CHANGING HORIZONS   vii

experience and lay his final work at the feet of Him who was his great inspiration. This great work could not be done, but because he wanted to do it, his other work was greatly done.

Very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Daniel Rempe". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the date.

August 19, 1927.



## THE TRAVELS IN TWO CENTURIES

*Nineteenth:* MENNONITES, LAFAYETTE, EGYPT, PALESTINE, PATMOS, EUROPE

*Twentieth:* HAWAII, SOUTH SEAS, FIJI, TONGA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW GUINEA, PHILIPPINES, HONGKONG, JAPAN, KOREA, SIBERIA, YANGTZE, BURMAH, SARAWAK, INDIA, ACROSS AFRICA, PIGMY FOREST, GREAT WALL OF CHINA, TIBET, EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA

*After Armistice:* CHINA'S FIVE SACRED MOUNTAINS, PALESTINE, VENICE, BEYOND

## AUTHORITIES

*His Books:* OCEAN AND ISLE, THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS, A YANKEE OF THE YANGTZE, A YANKEE IN PIGMYLAND, ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA, THE SACRED 5

*Four Books of Religion:* THE MAN OF GALILEE, THE MEN ON THE MOUNT, THE AUTOMATIC CALF, THE POCKET SWORD

HIS DIARIES, BIBLES, NOTES OF ADDRESSES, PRESS CUTTINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, COLLECTIONS OF PROVERBS, AND HIS FRIENDS



## CONTENTS

### THE FIRST BOOK: *Apprenticeship*

	PAGE
THE HORIZONS . . . . .	19
HIS INHERITANCE . . . . .	25
THE STRUGGLES OF A STUDENT . . . . .	33
THE OBJECTIVE . . . . .	41
TOWARDS THE SUN . . . . .	49
THE TWILIGHT OF OLD TURKEY . . . . .	57
THE ISLAND OF SAINTS . . . . .	70
THE SEVEN LAMPS . . . . .	80
THE ARMING OF EUROPE . . . . .	91

### THE SECOND BOOK: *Achievement*

THE ENQUIRY . . . . .	101
SALT OF THE SOUTH SEAS . . . . .	106
SAVOR OF THE SALT " . . . . .	117
THE VOICE OF ONE " . . . . .	131
THRESHOLDS OF CHINA . . . . .	150
YANKEE ON YANGTZE . . . . .	165
FROM BURMAH TO BOMBAY . . . . .	193
ACROSS AFRICA . . . . .	211
THE PIGMIES . . . . .	230
THE GREAT WALL . . . . .	240

### THE THIRD BOOK: *Association*

A LAYMAN'S USE OF THE BIBLE . . . . .	275
THE FOREST AND THE PAGODA . . . . .	284
CHANGES IN CHANGELESS CHINA . . . . .	293
THE MIND OF CHINA . . . . .	316
THE SOUL WITHIN THE MIND . . . . .	334
THE BOOK THAT NEVER WAS WRITTEN . . . . .	346
THE FINAL VICTORY " . . . . .	358





## ILLUSTRATIONS

### PHOTOGRAPHS

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL ( <i>By courtesy of Russell, London</i> )	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET . . . . .	102
A TRIBUTE AND A GREAT MEETING, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA . . . . .	132
HUANG HO-LU PASS, THE GREAT WALL . . . . .	160
THE ISLAND OF THE THREE MAGISTRACIES, FOOCOW . . . . .	246
"TO HER WHO KEEPS MY DWELLING PLACE" . . . . .	286
THE PAN ROAD, TAI SHAN . . . . .	302
PILGRIM'S PATH, HUA SHAN . . . . .	336
JERUSALEM . . . . .	368

### DRAWINGS

*By Oliver Whitwell Wilson*

En Route in China . . . . .	19
Stars and Stripes on the Yangtze . . . . .	22
Where John Geil Preached for Fifty Years: Lexington, Pa. . . . .	25
A Mennonite Gable: Lancaster Co., Pa. . . . .	28
Lafayette College . . . . .	33
Dr. Geil's Famous Student Lamp . . . . .	37
Round Top, Northfield . . . . .	41
The Seventeen-dollar Organ . . . . .	45
The Nile . . . . .	49
A Happy Native . . . . .	53
The Woman Carries . . . . .	55
Mosque of Omar . . . . .	57
A Syrian Woman . . . . .	59
A Well in Palestine . . . . .	67
Monastery of St. John . . . . .	70
The Isle That Is Called Patmos . . . . .	73
A Priest on the Island . . . . .	75

	PAGE
A Farmer . . . . .	77
Laodicea . . . . .	80
A Fragment of Old Asia . . . . .	82
Sardis . . . . .	85
A Turkish Farmer . . . . .	87
The Palace at Buda Pesth . . . . .	91
A Slovak Woman . . . . .	95
A Soldier of the Hapsburg Empire . . . . .	97
The World Tour . . . . .	101
The Golden Gate . . . . .	105
Lakatoi . . . . .	106
A Papuan . . . . .	111
Spearing Turtle: Papua . . . . .	114
Mission, Haapai, Friendly Islands . . . . .	117
Saloan Club House, Koiroi . . . . .	120
Weaving Mat: Papua . . . . .	125
Exhibition Building, Melbourne, Australia . . . . .	131
The Great Tent, Sydney, Australia . . . . .	137
Fujiyama . . . . .	151
Chinese Junk—Old Style . . . . .	153
Great Buddha of Kamakura . . . . .	157
On the Siberian Railway . . . . .	163
On the Road to Chengtu . . . . .	165
Map of China . . . . .	167
The Lifeboat . . . . .	175
In the Gorges . . . . .	177
Chinese Buffalo . . . . .	187
Sacred Monkeys, Mutha, India . . . . .	193
Shan Village . . . . .	202
The India Citizen . . . . .	205
Golden Pagoda, Rangoon . . . . .	207
Bridge on the Mekong . . . . .	210
A Village in Africa . . . . .	211
The Uganda Railway . . . . .	215
The Central African Journey . . . . .	223
A Man of Africa . . . . .	225
The Home of the Pigmy . . . . .	230

# ILLUSTRATIONS

XV

	PAGE
An Old Man of the Forest . . . . .	232
The Little Man of the Forest . . . . .	234
The Big Man of the Forest . . . . .	237
City of Kia Yu Kuan . . . . .	240
Great Wall . . . . .	251
William Edgar Geil in Tibet . . . . .	263
Western End of the Great Wall Above Great White River . . . . .	269
His Open Bible . . . . .	275
The Many Bibles . . . . .	279
Wellesley . . . . .	284
The Barrens . . . . .	287
His Desk in the Forest of Tablets . . . . .	289
The Ink Pagoda at the Barrens . . . . .	290
Great Peace Bridge, Hangchow . . . . .	293
Near Canton . . . . .	305
Chang Tien Li, Taoist Pope . . . . .	310
Examination Hall, Nanking . . . . .	316
Pen Pagodas, Soochow . . . . .	321
Guardian with Ming Headgear . . . . .	330
The Wu Fung Lo Tai An . . . . .	334
Pilgrim's Apron, Nan Yo . . . . .	340
Towards Godat the Top, Hua Shan . . . . .	343
The Holy Sepulcher . . . . .	346
A Grain Merchant of Bethlehem . . . . .	350
At Bethlehem . . . . .	354
The Evening . . . . .	358
The Tomb in the Garden . . . . .	372



THE FIRST BOOK:  
APPRENTICESHIP





## 1. *The Horizons*

*A Great Man Is One Who Knows the Times.*

IN these pages it is my purpose to depict a man to whom there may be applied with strict accuracy the word, unique. To thousands and thousands of people, the wide world over, the name of William Edgar Geil is familiar; multitudes heard him, met him, and admired him; a few were puzzled by a character so challenging, by gifts so varied, by opinions so pronounced and by travels so persistent. But there was no one, whether disciple or critic, whether an intimate friend or a casual acquaintance, who could name William Edgar Geil's double. Through and through, he was always himself and none other.

The extent of his travels was truly amazing. He climbed many of the Holy Mountains and visited all the capital cities of China. He was the first and perhaps the only man to include in one prolonged itinerary an ascent of the Yangtze River and an expedition on foot across the still scarcely discovered equatorial Africa. And he was the first

white man to trace the Great Wall of China from the Yellow Sea to the confines of Tibet. He sailed the Southern Ocean. Twice did he land as a pilgrim on the lonely yet historical island of Patmos. Nor was he unacquainted with Europe. In one journey alone he traversed 120,000 miles, many weary leagues on shoe-leather, a distance fully equal to five times the circumference of the globe.

But you have frankly to face the fact that he was not only an explorer but an evangelist; a dual man, therefore, at once observer of the seen, and mystic who observes the unseen; a spectator of change who held to the fundamentals which do not change. What follows, then, is not a mere collection of entertaining incidents, though these are numerous; it is an interpretation of life, here and hereafter; a vision of life in Asia, in Africa, in America, seen as a whole.

First, let us consider this career as a contribution to knowledge. In the years that preceded the French Revolution, an Englishman called Arthur Young traveled in Europe and kept a diary in which he described a disappearing Christendom. Today, those journals are among the essential materials of history.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the world has endured a revolution compared with which the upheaval in France was a mere incident. In Europe alone, three great military despotisms: the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburg, and the Romanoff have disappeared; and half a dozen nations, hitherto oppressed and dismembered, have risen from the dust. Beyond Europe the changes have been not less momentous. In China the Empire of the Manchus has collapsed. In India there are Parliaments and the movement, ethical and patriotic, inspired by Gandhi; and the entire Moslem world has witnessed with amazement the deposition and expulsion of successive Sultans of Turkey and the final abolition of the Caliphate vested in them. New conceptions of race, of dominion, of religion are dawning on mankind.

It was the especial fortune of William Edgar Geil to



spend his most vigorous years on a survey of civilizations and barbarisms, alike doomed to disintegration and reconstruction. He saw many things that will never be seen again. And he recorded what he saw.

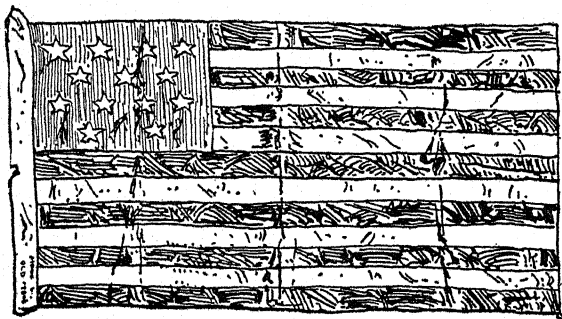
Secondly, let us estimate the mysticism which enlightens the narrative. To the archeologist, the world belongs to the past. To the sportsman, it is a preserve for game. To the soldier and statesman, it is a perpetual battlefield either of war or of diplomacy. To the merchant, the world is a department store; to the artist, the world is a studio; to the musician, an auditorium. But to William Edgar Geil, as to John Wesley and Ignatius Loyola, the world was not a planet merely, but a parish, the foreground alone of a stupendous drama, involving angels and archangels and all the companies of heaven and hell, in which the Being of God claimed the very Soul of the human race.

In one respect Dr. Geil enjoyed an advantage, peculiar to his period and to his nationality. He was an American citizen and he began his travels in the nineties. It meant that he was preserved from the distraction of irrelevancies which today obscure the view. From mere diplomacy—treaties, annexations and concessions—his mind was wholly divorced. What he looked at was the country itself, its people, their traditions, their thoughts, their joys and sorrows, their rights and wrongs; what made, what marred their happiness. It was in this sense that everywhere he went he was known as a Christian. What all people needed was a more abundant life and a less abundant disease, moral and physical, ending inevitably in the death of body and soul. If, in his judgments, the note is sometimes harsh, the reason is the very intensity of his pursuit of happiness for others. It hurt him to think that the path had been missed.

These are the days when the United States has become a nation of travelers. Every year hundreds of thousands of American citizens find their way further and further afield. But in the eighties and nineties the most cautious of tourists was still a pioneer. William Edgar Geil was among

the first of Americans thus consciously to abandon an attitude of isolation from other continents and establish contacts, limited neither by race nor custom nor creed.

But it was not merely the curious and the grotesque that attracted him. In the words of a Chinese proverb, he would say, "All human affairs are my affairs." Mankind consisted of "fellow citizens of this planet." By tragic contrasts, material and spiritual, he was shocked. But he had the instinct of the American to whom men are or ought to be equal.



MADE by  
'OLD MOON'

"A Yankee on the Yangtze" was what Dr. Geil called one of his earlier books, and in every fiber of his being he was an American. Wherever he went he carried the Stars and Stripes. Once indeed, on the River Yangtze, there was an error in packing and Old Glory was omitted. "Have a flag I must," writes Dr. Geil, "by hook or by crook"; and all one night at Ichang he sat up with a plump tailor called "Old Moon," piecing together the red and white stripes and adding thirteen stars to the blue. Happily a sewing machine was available at Ichang, and it was this flag that flew over the Chinese gunboat by which he ascended the river. Open that biscuit tin into which he has crammed his notes of the trip and there, neatly folded, you will find the emblem.

In tropical Africa, moreover, where his visits to the pigmies so nearly cost him his life, his final argument that these small men truly belong to the human family was a

flag of the United States which one of them had been able to make.

But if, after arduous months, he arrived at "the last brick" of China's wall and laid the flag upon it, what did he mean by this act? Not annexation; but coöperation, each country sharing with others the best that it has. If American citizenship was to attain to its ideal, it must be international.

To the merchant, missionary or consul who has spent his life in a distant city, it may seem absurd that a traveler who merely passes through a country should pronounce a judgment on its customs and institutions. Until you have lived for years in a strange land, how can you know anything about it?

The argument carries us further, perhaps, than those who use it always realize. It would empty our bookshelves of whatever was written by Marco Polo or indeed by any other explorer. After all, it is when things are still strange to us that we notice them; and to vivid observation, "the fresh eye" is essential. It is thus no criticism of a picture to say that it is only a snapshot. A second impression might but fog the film. The real question is in what light and with what lens the picture is taken.

Seldom are Dr. Geil's pictures out of focus. It was his invariable habit to spend every spare moment, if need be, with an interpreter, listening to the gossip, especially of humble folk; and he was careful to fortify his observations with ample periods of study in the British Museum and other libraries where he became an omnivorous reader. His books abound, therefore, in allusions which overleap time and distance, yet are seldom unapt.

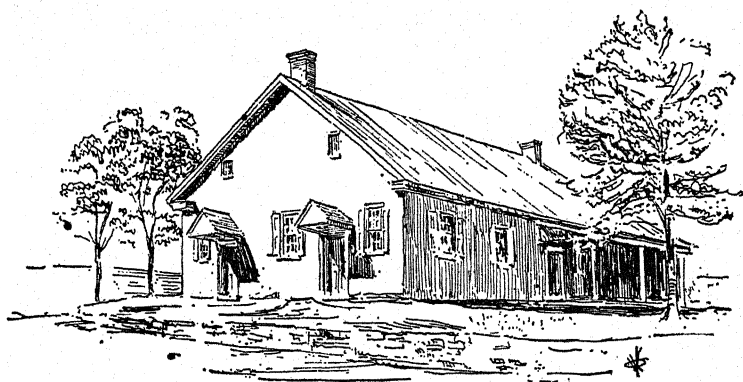
Amundsen has said that after thirty years as an Arctic explorer he cannot be anything else. In Dr. Geil we have a man who could become an explorer without ceasing to be not less an evangelist. (To him the world was a problem to be solved, a ship in distress to be saved, a family to be fed, a hospital where the sick must suffer unless they be healed.)

What he brought to bear on this strange phenomenon called mankind was, in one word, love—a love larger and deeper than his own. While many details in the landscape vastly entertained him, what absorbed his attention was the destiny of the race. He traveled far, his judgment ripened with a varied experience, but never did he swerve a hair's breadth from the view that what the world needed was something more costly than the development of intellectual, physical and moral resources.

It may be said that with so firm a faith he approached other lands, his mind already made up. So far as the ultimates are concerned, that is the fact. Indeed, it was precisely this faith that steadied his vision of the immediates. He was able to gaze on the astonishing panorama that passed before his eye, not as a bewildering kaleidoscope, but as a drama as comprehensive as Dante's *Divine Comedy* or Darwin's *Ascent of Man*. The day may come when we shall be able to mount our astronomical telescopes on automobiles. Dr. Geil was content with an observatory, accurately determined in its latitude and longitude and firmly founded on the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man and the supreme claim of Jesus Christ to worship and obedience.

We have here, then, a life full of observation, of incident, of adventure, in which not a day is devoid of interest.

Before me as I write lies a scrap of paper on which Dr. Geil once scribbled the words, "You cannot bury a man." And a man—that is what he was—not a reed shaken by the wind—not a creature of his environment, but himself, seeing the goal straight ahead of him and striding onwards to reach it.



## 2. *His Inheritance*

*For Ten Years Hence, Plant Trees; for a Hundred Years Hence, Plant Men.*

"SIR," said a somewhat facetious Chairman to William Edgar Geil at one of his meetings in Australia, "will you be good enough to tell us who you are, where you come from, why you are here and what you want?"

If we are to go tiger hunting with a man, these are the questions we ask about him. (Explorers have to be themselves explored.)

William Edgar Geil would say in his whimsical fashion that there are three things to be kept to oneself—one's age, one's weight and one's height. In these pages, however, as on his passports, stained and tattered by travel, the secrets must be disclosed. He was born on October 1, 1865.

Every one is a product of heredity. It happens that William Edgar Geil's ancestors on the father's side belonged to what is called in Scripture "a peculiar people." For generations the family, originally Alsatian, had lived in Pennsylvania as Mennonites.

It is a religious order which has been, perhaps, misjudged. It is true that the disciples thereof abandoned the pomps

and vanities of this wicked world. Since buttons were a fashionable innovation, they fastened their raiment with hooks and eyes. Of a bay window they were suspicious. And the covered wagon with a white canvas for shelter seemed to them to be more orthodox than the more modern buggy with a black hood, while, as our friend puts it—they “could not quietly pass a hoop-skirted woman without a prick of conscience.”

But the idea that the Mennonites were miserable in their minds as a result of such discipline may be dismissed. They chose a different part but not of necessity a worse part than the rest of the world. Of that unusual community, John Geil, the grandfather of William Edgar, was a pastor for fifty-five years—a pastor unpaid and of great distinction. Among our illustrations, there will be found a sketch of the Meeting House where he occupied the pulpit for half a century.

Estimated in terms of agriculture, the ancestral homestead may have been what is known locally as “a hand farm.” The house “with a corkscrew stair and two others from cellar to attic might be sombre.” But, on the other hand, if we may quote Dr. Geil:

They settled down for life, creating their Eden, rejoicing in its constant growth and change, noting the variety of the seasons, the migrations of the birds, the succession of the flowers, the visitation of the insects, the ripening of the crops; and giving thanks for the ingathering of the harvests. No mammoth city lured away the young, but all the farms around had abundance of life, and constant visiting among the Fricks, the Swartleys, the Buzzards, the Rosenbergers, the Landises, the Kriebiels, the Heers, led to lifelong friendships and interweaving of the rising generation. Industry and frugality provided for all wants, and even built up substantial re-

serves so that John Geil became a capitalist. Many a loan he made and understood well the precepts against usury, so that instead of the current 8 per cent he was content with  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . Tenants too were glad to have him as their landlord, when they found that a tender of the stipulated rent was always met with a liberal discount.

In the Mennonite Community where he lived, "what old John Geil said was law." Here was a man, wrote his grandson, who, though no attorney, could draw up a mortgage and settle quarrels out of court. There he stood, six feet high and straight as an arrow, a patriarch with long white hair, who preached without salary and returned the fees for weddings—punctual, dependable and a favorite with old and young. He was witty, and as he talked, he would hitch his thumbs in his trouser pockets. Indeed, there was whispered, so it seems, one incredible legend that passing the Three Tuns Tavern one day this abstainer from alcohol was dared to dance on a mirror which he did, leaving the glass unbroken. There ran in his veins a dash of the Dutch blood which pulsed in the fist of a Theodore Roosevelt and is revealed in those pictures from Holland which, themselves precise, disclose the superabundant energy of a wholesome people.

Old John Geil, like George Herbert, was a very great man who lived in a very small world. It was of such as he that Goldsmith wrote his line:

A man he was to all the country dear.

He was always in good humor; he always came downstairs in the morning singing.

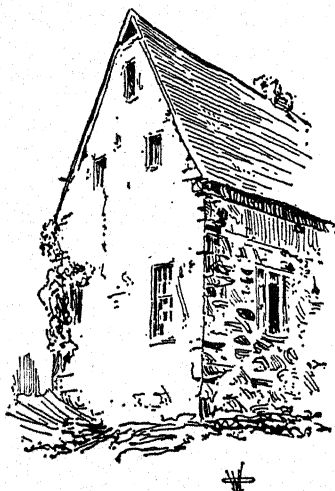
For, writes his grandson:

the Mennonites are not as their younger brethren the Calvinists, who narrowed down their song to the Psalms of David. They believe in the ever-present power of

the Spirit, who could inspire to new songs. Hymns, as distinct from psalms were the badge of the Dutch and German reformation; and the immigrants to Pennsylvania brought with them the custom of singing grace at meals, singing along the road, singing at eventide.

During a lull in the conversation, John Geil had a habit of singing to himself in quiet content.

Once only did the old man write out a discourse. It was called his last will and testament. If we quote a sentence or two, it is in order to show the gracious dignity of this gentleman of God:



Beloved brothers and sisters! If I have ever offended or saddened or in any way done an injustice to anyone, I crave pardon and pray God that He may forgive me all my sins for Jesus Christ's sake. And all those who have scorned, disgraced or in any way offended me, them I forgive from my heart and I pray God that on my account He

shall not hold those things against them, and I wish for them rest of soul in the Kingdom of God. And to each and all who have done me the slightest kindness and have shown evidences of love and friendship I extend my heartfelt thanks and if I am not able to repay such, it is my passionate desire and petition that the gracious God will repay them in my stead.

His epitaph, quaint yet solemn, has been thus translated:



Here rests a shepherd in his tomb  
From Menno's small and scattered flock  
Until the Lord again shall come  
And call his own from earth and rock.  
He led unto the fount of life so large  
His sheep through trial and distress.  
Now Jesus, join the pastor with his charge  
Where shineth clear the Sun of righteousness.

When his grandfather died, William Edgar Geil was no more than one year old, and he was brought up, not a Mennonite but a Baptist. But wherever he wandered he was conscious of a great tradition. As he put it, the Mennonites had been "guardians of liberty of conscience," and he also became a man who dared to be different. In habits and costume, he was correct but simple. He declined to wear a ring. His watch had excellent works but was of silver, not gold.

In his study, he had a file for the Ten Commandments. Indeed, he instructed a news-clipping agency to collect allusions in the press to the Decalogue. He wrote on the Commandments and, in his addresses, emphasized their meaning. For his gospel, there was a solid foundation in law and equity.

In certain of his abstinences, he had the tastes of George Bernard Shaw and, we may add, of Charles A. Lindbergh. There were two or three sumptuary rules on which he did not cease to insist. The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon used to say that he smoked to the glory of God. It was, perhaps, the one topic on which William Edgar Geil profoundly disagreed with him. Wherever he wandered and whatever may have been—to quote Tennyson—"the infinite torment of flies"—he refused to touch tobacco. "Smoking—waste!"—that was his view, and to smoke in the presence of women—it was unchivalrous. Among his final comments on life, subsequent to the Armistice, was an opinion, not less definite, of women who smoke in the presence of men.

Secondly, he was a total abstainer. Never in his kit did you find a flask of alcohol. "Under no circumstances," writes he, of equipment for tropical travel, "carry intoxicating liquors." Even on Patmos, he would partake of the customary sweetmeats and water but never of the fermented "rakki." On his deathbed itself he declined such stimulants; and among his papers one finds a book of adhesive stamps, usual in propaganda—"Give Penna Local Option. Now!" When Pennsylvania did not receive Local Option, Dr. Geil wired his wife from Harrisburg, "Satan won. Eighty votes for righteousness." On property, for which he was responsible, he put the condition, "no liquor is ever to be sold."

A third rule was that Sunday must be observed. It mattered not where he went or under what stress he was traveling—on the first day of the week, he rested himself and gave rest to the bearers in his expedition. Twice only did he break camp on a Sunday and that was to save life. So rigid was his obedience to this Mosaic Law that, at his missions, he would not allow even a hymn book to be sold at the week-end; and when an incautious publisher syndicated in the Sunday papers his boys' story—*The Adventures in an African Jungle*—the wires ran hot with cancellations of the contract.

In London, one Sunday, he walked four miles to the Metropolitan Tabernacle rather than use a vehicle; nor was he moved at all by the plea that "the trains run anyway." At Beyrout in Syria, where the ship was held in quarantine, a servant, entering his cabin, found him reading the Bible. Would he subscribe to a celebration by the passengers of release from detention? By all means, he answered, but for any day except Sunday. The servant returned a second time with the same request; and now the answer was an emphatic "No." As he wrote in his Bible, "Breaking His Law" was "a strange way to celebrate God's blessing"; and anyway, the "desecration" amounted only to "a few very poor skyrockets."

In this fidelity to the Calendar, there was, perhaps, a touch of legalism. Yet for a man thus active, the rule had its advantages. It was on Sunday that he paused to take his bearings. It was on Sunday that he allowed his multitudinous impressions to fall into their proper place.

The question, after all, is not how broad or how narrow be the path of a man's life but to what it leads. To William Edgar Geil, the denial of self was an entrance into the kingdom of joy and peace. Of cynicism he had not a trace. As a host he was geniality itself. He reveled in jest, he abounded in anecdote, and he practiced a religion of which the dominant note was praise.

Obedying literally the first commandment, never did the Mennonites photograph a face. Indeed, in the Bible, the face is never described. Whether ennobled or degraded it is an image of God that transcends mere language. Of John Geil, there is no picture to be had. But of William Edgar, we have portraits, good ones, which remind us of a countenance which was strong in feature, yet open, kindly, confident, the face of the happy warrior who has responded to the call.

He was buoyant. I find a physical chart, dated 1911, on which his "total strength" is calculated according to measurements and tests too intricate for mere biography. Into the details of hand flexors and forearm pronators, we cannot enter, but the result of the arithmetic is that whereas the "average man" registers 4,341 units, he registered 5,540 units. We are to see what he accomplished with the surplus.

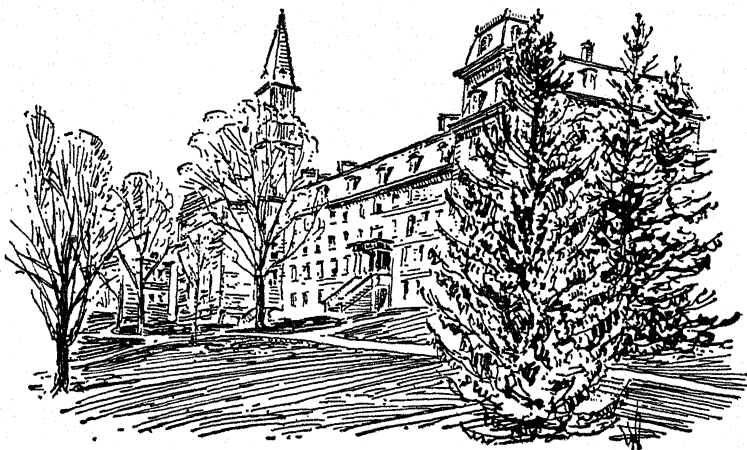
For he was built throughout on a large and masterful design. Wherever he went, he radiated a confidence in life which included a belief in his own high mission. "Gee," cried the inevitable boy in a front row at one of his lectures, "but the pigmies must have been afraid of him." And indeed, this man, standing 6 feet 2 inches and massive in proportion, did "impress the natives." Africa knew him as "the Big White Chief." China addressed him as "my Lord Geil." And loud was his laughter when this title was ren-

dered "the Great Man Guy." It was the kind of jest that appealed to his superabundance of good humor.

On travel, his stature was enhanced by big jack boots and at times by a huge white fur coat and cap.

William Edgar Geil's mother was born Elizabeth Seese. She could trace her ancestry to the *Mayflower*, and the Puritan strain in her was allied with Scottish blood. She also displayed the virtue of perseverance. From her class in the Sunday School not once was she absent in six years. It was the kind of lay ministry that appealed to her son. He was a man who was to address multitudes that crowded some of the largest halls in many of the large cities at home and abroad. But to him it was the individual that alone mattered. "One man," he would say, "is the big audience." And in his later years he devoted himself to teaching a men's class with as zealous an enthusiasm as he had lavished in earlier years on mammoth revivals. Of that fidelity in a service comparatively obscure, the notes of his lessons, lying here in a drawer, are an evidence as unusual as it is unchallengeable.

"My mother," he tells us, "taught me to look at sunsets," and to be "a boy in the sun" became his ideal. Fascinated by far horizons, he would "sit on the fence and look toward the sun, wondering what might be beyond." When his Mother left him, there was no black upon the memorials, only gold.



### 3. *The Struggles of a Student*

*Plan the Whole Year in the Spring.*

VALUABLE and, indeed, spectacular as were the subsequent achievements of William Edgar Geil, I find in them nothing of a more genuine human interest than the record of his struggles as a student. To be frank, I had doubted some of his reminiscences; his memory, I thought, must have played him false. But there is available an independent testimony which explains what had seemed to be the impossible.

He was born at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, into a home supported by a modest yet useful fortune. His father, Samuel Geil, an engineer and a surveyor, was engaged in the lumber business and did his full share in developing the town. His maps were famous. He was the first man to produce a complete map of the State of Michigan—a map which his grandson was interested to find both in the Boston Public Library and the British Museum. If his only son William lived to be a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, it was what his father would have wished, from

whom as he confessed, he "inherited his urge for the seeking of new lands."

There was a sudden and severe financial reverse. The home had to be vacated. The economies were severe. Samuel Geil was the less able to sustain his losses because a fall had injured his spine. It meant that William Edgar Geil had to leave school and earn a living. As someone said of him, he began by working in a grocery store and yet was able to become an explorer.

He made his way to New York where he found employment in the Coal and Iron Exchange. But—as one of his Chinese proverbs has it—"a boy without ambition is blunt iron without steel." His one desire was to go to college. To quote another of these proverbs, "Scholars are the nation's treasure."

Nor was his plan impossible. There were friends who offered to advance the money. But William Edgar Geil was one to whom debt was anathema. "Buy once with cash rather than ten times with credit," was yet a third of his Chinese maxims. At college, if he was to go there at all, he must pay his way. ("Owe no man anything but love," was to him the law of the account book.)

In the spring of 1885, when William Edgar Geil was twenty, you might have seen four boys at the Doylestown Academy preparing for Lafayette. There was a teacher, Isaiah Gayman; a future professor, whose name was Pond; Charles J. Ellis, a future minister, whose recollections, gratefully received, are the basis of what follows; and our friend himself—"tall, square-shouldered, slim-waisted, with curly hair and high forehead; also swift and startling in thought, speech and action." Ellis carried seven subjects, and Geil nine.

That winter, they had "great times." In debate, they "resolved" that Hamlet and Walt Whitman were "crazy"; and Geil "was always whimsical and cheery, happy and confident," able thus to give a humorous turn to the conversation. "How are you catching 'em?" was his salutation.

"Catching 'em by the tail?" Yet if you took him too familiarly by the arm, he would slip off his coat and ask, "Did you want this?" Also, writes his friend:

He had a way of squaring off as though to hit one, then when he had you squaring off in return, he would quickly stick out his toe, hook it about your heel and send you staggering backward in a startling manner. Of "a mean or unkind thing," he was incapable.

One day, Geil was absent; and we read:

As soon as I could I went up town to his home and found him sitting in a darkened room. His eyes had failed under the terrific strain to which he was subjecting them. Several weeks he had to sit without light. He had treatment from noted specialists which sadly depleted the slender savings he had laid up for his entrance to college. He informed me that the doctor said the optic nerve was atrophying and that it would be exceedingly difficult to arrest the disease. Again and again I went to see him, only to find him sitting silently in that darkened room and even then, with the green shade over those eyes that had sparkled so in kindly fellowship, he would not despair, though the night was settling about him.

However, the sufferer was able to graduate, and, at Commencement, it was clear that he had in him the gift of oratory. "If," he said, "a man has the policeman inside of him, he will not need to have the policeman outside of him." It was a thought that, years later, he applied to the contrast between British and Belgian rule, as he saw it, in mid-Africa. The missionaries of Uganda put the policeman inside of the natives.

How to raise money for college was now the question:

We decided for the first part of the summer to sell shares in The Home Library Association, at \$10 a share.

Each share included A Home Library Reference Book and the privilege of buying standard works at reduced prices. Geil was to commence operations at Bristol and I at Lambertville. Before the first week was over Geil came up to Lambertville and said, "Charlie, this will never do. I have worked as hard as I ever worked in my life and have sold only two shares." For my part I had sold only one.

We stopped that night with a Miss Martha Mattison whom I knew, a milliner. Will said he knew how to make a corn cure which he was sure he could sell to the farmers. We bought some blue stone which was to be the principal ingredient, and spent the greater part of the night making our corn cure. When, however, Will said the blue stone was poisonous, we had quite a discussion and finally threw the concoction into the slop jar and gave up the scheme. Will said he was sure we could make money selling a book he had at home entitled the "Story of the Bible," as he had sold it before. We then went to Doylestown and got copies of the book. Will made pockets of oilcloth which we carried under an arm inside the coat, in such a way as not to alarm the unsuspecting public. We took to the open country north of the pike from Doylestown to New Hope and managed our routes so as to meet two or three times throughout the day to compare notes. Will often sold a book in every house he visited. He told me one time of visiting eight houses without one refusal. Yet among the families represented were two infidels, one or two Catholics, and two or three with no children, though it was for young people that our book was intended. We walked uncounted miles, dined on cheese and crackers purchased from the country stores and milk from the farmer's wife and (lodged where night found us.)

For the rest of his life Dr. Geil had a sympathy with students who take orders for books and periodicals, and from



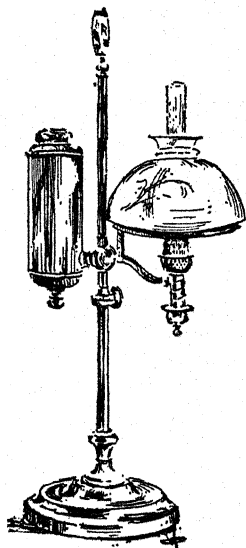
them he would make purchases of what he had little intention of reading.

As for the eyesight, it never wholly recovered. At Lafayette Dr. Geil was able only to take special courses, and at lectures he had to sit and listen. Indeed, in the evening as he sat with his back to the student lamp which is still preserved, his friends, having finished their own work, would read over his work to him.

As Dr. Ellis puts it, solvency was treated not as a task merely but as a sport:

Our preparation for college was simple and primitive. Will had at one time worked as a railroad station agent and told me that instead of purchasing trunks to transport our belongings, a large packing box with hinged lid, clasp and padlock, holes bored in the end and rope handles, would fill all requirements and go as baggage. Such was his trunk. He furnished an old ingrain carpet and turkey-red muslin for window curtains from material his mother had on hand. I made frames for cots after an invention of my own which was not altogether a success, for when agitated, the legs sometimes collapsed and let the would-be sleeper fall to the floor. Will called the cots "the cats" and several times have I been aroused by his crying out in the night, "Oh, boys, the cat's on the move."

We bought a little egg stove, a second-hand table, and a couple of old chairs from some fellows who were selling off furniture left by the members of the last year's class. Afterwards we found in the basement a room



filled with discarded furniture, from which we rescued a few needed pieces.

Of springs or mattresses, the "cats" were innocent. Unbleached drilling was nailed to the frame.

After a few days, Geil said to Ellis, "Charlie, we ought to have Gayman with us." Gayman was afflicted by some form of paralysis in his leg, despite which trouble he had been able to "swing along like the rest of us on a hike." To leave Gayman behind was to William Edgar Geil unthinkable. Writes Dr. Ellis:

When I objected that he had nothing with which to pay his way, Geil said, "Let us go around and see Prexie Knox. Maybe we can get him a scholarship and the class monitorship which will bring him \$60, and perhaps Prof. (Buddie) Hart can give him something in the chemical laboratory." So, after visiting the president and Dr. Hart, he wrote Gayman to come and visit us and talk things over.

When Gayman came and we had shown him around he protested he would still have nothing with which to pay his board. Will then came out with his big scheme. He was always full of schemes. He said, "Now, Gayman, you can cook! If you will come and cook our hash, Charlie and I will buy it."

So Gayman came. We took an empty room across the hall. Geil and I went shopping and bought at second-hand for four dollars the most diminutive cook stove I ever saw. We took Will's box trunk, turned it on its side and nailed legs to it and made a table. An old chair and two boxes furnished chairs. Otherwise the room was bare. We kept it locked and used it for dining-room and kitchen only.

It was Dr. Geil's statement that they lived on \$1.50 a week, which seemed to be scarcely credible. Had not his memory played him false? Happily, Dr. Ellis had kept

the original and precise accounts. During the first eight days, the Ham Club, as they called it, spent \$4.42, as follows:

## HAM CLUB

## EXPENSE BOOK

October 7.		October 12.	
2 oatmeal .....	.12	Bread .....	.12
1 lard .....	.10	Eggs .....	.13
2 sugar .....	.14	8 lbs. oatmeal .....	.40
1 rice .....	.07	3 lbs. mush meal .....	.09
October 8.		October 13.	
Potatoes .....	.10	Bread .....	.12
Bread .....	.05	Meat .....	.17
Meat .....	.20	Potatoes .....	.10
Pepper .....	.05	Bread .....	.12
October 9.		October 14.	
Bread .....	.05	Bread .....	.12
Milk .....	.10	Meat .....	.13
		Potatoes .....	1.25
October 10.			
Bread .....	.08	Bread .....	.12
Meat .....	.25	Meat .....	.14
Potatoes .....	.10		
Total .....			\$4.42

Three students—the E(llis), G(ayman) and G(eil) or Egg Trio—lived on this; two paid the bills; each share came to \$2.21.

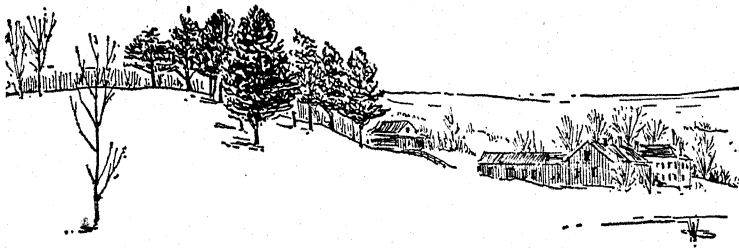
Other weeks were less expensive—October 20th, \$1.64; October 27th, \$1.40; December 4th, \$1.87.

Our menu was simple but sufficient. I doubt if a modern dietitian could find anything wrong with it as deficient in essentials. We agreed on graham bread as the most nutritious and by dickering with the baker on a regular supply got a price of four cents a loaf. We also made arrangements with the milkman for a five-cent rate

instead of six cents a quart for milk by getting a quart every day. We shopped around and found where we could buy oatmeal at  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent or  $\frac{1}{4}$  cent the cheaper. We baked beans occasionally, and I find one entry for 10 cents worth of liver. Our breakfast was oatmeal gruel sweetened with brown sugar in which we soaked fresh graham bread. It was simply delicious. Once or twice the stove got hot while we were at class and scorched the beans that were baking, but that all went with the fun.

During his freshman year, Geil had to face trouble not only in his eyes but his feet. He developed erysipelas. When asked how his foot was getting on, he would reply with great enthusiasm, "It's improving." Aside to his classmates, he would add, "Yes, it is improving, that is, it is getting bigger."

At one stage his money ran out and he had to start as a traveling salesman of land plaster to dealers in fertilizers. He made a great success of it, selling to one man a supply of four carloads which would last several years. Also, he sold chemicals, his company giving him a prize of a gold watch and chain, as reward for being the best man on the staff. But in the southwest he contracted fever and his course at college which never did run smooth was interrupted for more than a year. (He was not a man, however, who failed at any time to reach his goal.) In 1890 he graduated at Lafayette and the world itself became his university.



#### 4. *The Objective*

*The Myriad Schemes of Men Are Not Worth One Scheme of God.*

IN the year 1890, when Dr. Geil was graduated from Lafayette, the lands where English is spoken, were swept by a tidal wave of spiritual enthusiasm. In churches and theaters, at the seaside and on the corners of the streets, and at schools, colleges and universities, you heard what was called "the preaching of the gospel." Even a cynic of the race-course like Greville had been drawn to listen to a sermon by Charles Haddon Spurgeon in whom John Morley, an agnostic, discovered great "unction." In the eighties Spurgeon was still at the zenith of his pastorate. Unillustrated, unadvertised, his sermons were sold by the million and many volumes of these discourses are to be seen in Dr. Geil's library.

To the Evangelical Movement the United States offered her contribution. In England the greatest ladies of the realm begged Queen Victoria herself to listen to Dwight L. Moody, whose dynamic discourses, especially that famous address "Sowing and Reaping," aroused uneasy consciences on both sides of the sea. At ancient seats of learning like Oxford and Cambridge, the undergraduates who assembled to scoff at an American accent remained to confess their academic sins. And among the rich, Henry Drummond, an exquisite artist in dress as in language, entered the least accessible drawing rooms and transformed the sofa into a penitent form. Nor were the destitute neglected. Chaf-

ing under the restraints of later Methodism, General Booth with his Salvation Army assailed the dull ear of the drunkard with the call of a trumpet, the beat of a drum, and the shrill jingle of the bonneted "lassie's" consecrated tambourine. Saluting the banner of Blood and Fire the Evangelists marched forth, unabashed either by riot or ridicule.

At Chautauqua the Movement touched the teachers of Sunday Schools; many young people forswore the dance and the theater, the cigarette and the saloon; everywhere speech was supplemented by song. It cannot be said that the leading poets and composers offered any contribution to the books of psalms that poured from the presses. In a subject so uninviting as the redemption of sinners, they were not interested. It was the people themselves who wrote their own hymns and set them to music. "Why," asked Rowland Hill, "should the devil have all the best tunes?" Names like Ira D. Sankey and P. P. Bliss were as well known in millions of homes as the names of kings and statesmen. From her couch that heroic invalid, Frances Ridley Havergal, poured forth a pæan of praise in victory over pain; nor has there been since Lollardry, an outburst of song in any country comparable in volume, in originality and in depth of mysticism with the Psalmody of the Evangelical Movement.

It is true that in the progress of mankind, the pendulum swings by periods, not only from negative to positive but from positive to negative. And psychology, analyzing evangelism, is apt to dismiss the phenomenon as an emotional illusion.

The truth is, however, that the results actually ascertained, were deep and permanent. Drunkards were truly delivered from drink. Rakes subscribed to rescue homes and became decent members of society. Athletes of the front rank enrolled themselves as missionaries. On the seashore and at the corners of the market-place, the air rang with preaching from lips that had filled the air with pro-

fanity. Many disliked such methods. None could deny the importance of the social changes effected.

It was into the flood-tide of this great movement that, at an impressionable age, William Edgar Geil was plunged. To the Sunday School, the boy had at first "a rooted repugnance." If he surrendered to the inevitable, it was on terms which he thus describes:

We entered into a sort of business arrangement that if I went to Sunday School I should have an express wagon, with wheels painted red, a pair of skates, certain pocket money, and a huge supply of candy. I stipulated that these things were to be delivered to me before I went, and that my obligation should extend to only one Sunday.

So it was that he began what proved to be an attendance at once regular and eager.

It is Thomas Carlyle who tells us that we must be converted from the Everlasting Nay to the Everlasting Yea; from negative to positive; from static to dynamic; from sacrifice to service; from belief to utterance and from righteousness to consecration.

In every census save one, William Edgar Geil was counted as a Christian. What second Bible was there for him to read? What church more clearly defined than the Baptist was there for him to join? If then he was excommunicated from the household of faith, it was by his own conscience. "We must tell the young," so he said, "the difference between a Church Member and a Christian." It was this "difference," as he regarded it, that, like other pilgrims in their progress, he had to face.

Few are the young amongst us who grow up immune from such conflicts. There is a little pamphlet in which, from experience, Dr. Geil discusses the temptations of adolescence.

"I well remember"—so he says—"that when a boy, I was learning to play the cornet. One day I was in the par-

lor looking over the music and getting ready to practice. It was summer time and a window was open. By and by in walked a cat. I like cats, but not in the parlor, so I took up my cornet and gave a loud sharp blast. Well, in shorter time than I can tell, that cat turned around and ran, and jumped out of the window at a wonderful rate of speed. You see I put the sound in the room and the sound put the cat out. You may not be able always to stop thoughts coming into your mind which you do not want there, but you must put some good thoughts in at once and they will drive bad ones out, and that speedily."

"We bear the weight of inherited transgression," wrote he elsewhere, "in our bodies and souls. Every man carries his father and grandfather on his back. People sneer at the doctrine of original sin; but let them look at the facts of human life and be silent."

The decision that determined his career was devoid of excitement. "One active business man," he says, "who was a sound Christian, spoke to me about Jesus Christ, and his words influenced me more profoundly than all the long talks which slow-going men inflicted on me." It was Andrew finding Philip, the layman winning the layman, not acceptance or even discussion of a creed but an entrance through an open door into life. It was as a soldier in an Army that the convert was enrolled, and he would sign himself, "Yours in the King's Service."

To win others to the cause as he had been won himself, became his absorbing impulse. Writes his college friend, Dr. Ellis:

My first remembrance of Geil was his catching me by the lapels of my coat, pulling me behind the door of the chapel, and addressing me with the words of Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be, etc." The whole procedure was startling.

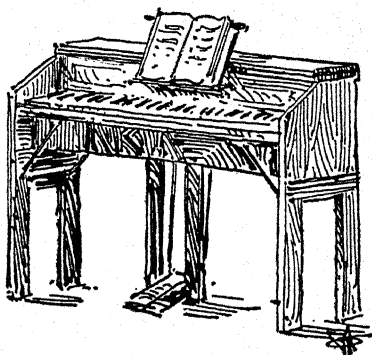
The two classmates proceeded to wrangle over free will, predestination and anything else that came up for discus-



sion and over the claims of the soul, they "labored with Gayman." Ellis wanted to capture Gayman for the Presbyterian Church. But under Geil's influence, Gayman went off one day and was admitted by immersion to the Baptist communion.

Dr. Ellis describes the sequel:

Geil had brought his cornet to college and not satisfied with playing loudly on that, insisted we should have a portable organ. He found an organ builder who built him, for about \$17, a small portable organ with a single set of reeds, one we could pick up, fold up its legs, and carry under the arms. For so small an instrument it was capable of making very strenuous sounds. Sundays and at odd times we three, Geil playing and singing tenor, Gayman the air, and I bass, made full use of the latest editions of the Moody Hymnals, sometimes it must be confessed to the accompaniment of much hammering on the floors and walls by our neighbors.



It happened that at Phillipsburg there was no Baptist Church. It was a situation which to Ellis, being a Presbyterian, did not seem to be alarming, but Geil insisted that he "scout around" and together they selected a vacant store into which were gathered some children and a few adults.

The portable organ and a roller blackboard, bought in Philadelphia, were brought into use and, writes Dr. Ellis:

only those who knew him can conceive of the thought and energy he put into the work of this mission. Hymns

were rehearsed, addresses prepared, lessons worked out and every little success talked about. It just had to go. There was but one word to express his attitude of mind and that was success.

Of Dr. Geil's first lecture, entitled "On the Move," or "The Trials and Tribulations of a Commercial Traveller," Dr. Ellis entertains a vivid memory:

He worked up the lecture with great care, introducing many funny stories from his own and others' experiences. The lecture was planned to afford an hour's entertainment. Having become a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Masonic fraternities, he obtained the use of the Odd Fellows' Hall on South Third Street in which to practise his eloquence. He and I would go down together and he would declaim for my critical judgment of his gestures and style.

When we had the lecture to our taste he sent me out as advance agent to arrange for its delivery. Armed with some large posters with blank places for the dates, I visited the villages on a half holiday and tried first to enlist the Churches, then the public schools in sponsoring them. When this failed I secured the lease of the public hall at a rental of \$10, tacked up the posters and left tickets for the school children of I think Frenchtown, to sell on commission.

When the day for the lecture came, Will, who for the occasion had purchased a mouse-colored felt hat with a brim approaching a sombrero, and was dressed in a Prince Albert and grey striped trousers, accompanied me to the village. We walked slowly about the village, gravely and obviously viewing its objects of interest. Will was apparently oblivious of his striking appearance and of the many curious eyes that followed our progress. But, alas, for our efforts, the school children had failed to sell more than two or three tickets and we had to call the

lecture off. As I had made no deposit for the rental of the hall and as the weather was such that the janitor had been to no expense, Will persuaded the authorities that we should not pay for what we had not used. I was very much chagrined and afraid Will would think me derelict or lacking in promotional ability. All he said was, "Never mind, Charlie, perhaps we will try it again some time."

In the notes for this lecture, the young orator repeatedly interjects the admonition to himself, "not too fast," a wise maxim in elocution. Also he indulges in the theory that a man, walking slowly, is bound as a rule for New York, Philadelphia or destruction.

The profession that Dr. Geil selected was, indeed, neither the pulpit nor the platform but law; for this career, he seemed to be as excellently qualified as had been his Menonite grandfather. Ready of speech, an expert at listening to others, quick at a bargain, full of anecdotes, active, determined and in love with laughter he could scarcely have failed, whether in Court or legislature or private conference.

Yet it was not to be. "You will preach, not the law but the gospel," said a fellow-layman, and "somehow," so he tells us, "when I began speaking for Christ, my engagements multiplied so fast that I was led to devote all my time to evangelistic and missionary work. Crowds flocked to the meetings, so that the largest buildings had to be requisitioned."

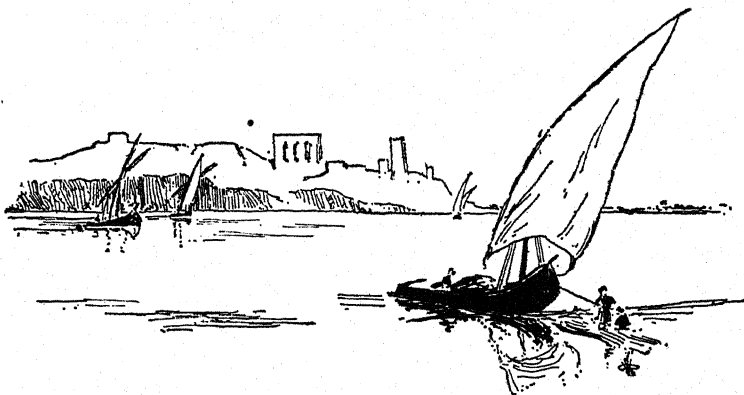
Spare time was not enough for such a crusade, and Dr. Geil discovered that nobody can do two things at once. The Mecca of the Evangelical Movement, then as now, was Northfield where Dwight L. Moody established schools and gathered missionaries from remote lands. There, on Round Top, the decision was taken; William Edgar Geil's life ceased to be his own.

It was Moody himself who advised him to speak, not in

churches only but in public halls where all classes of people would feel at ease.

In the Roman Church it would have been held that he had a vocation, and he would have joined a religious order. What, however, lends an especial significance to his career is the fact that, wholly governed as he was by a spiritual obligation, he remained a layman. Letters might reach him with "Reverend" on the envelope and newspapers might publish headlines about "Evangelist Geil," but he himself repudiated all such titles, holding that his utterances were "addresses" and "lectures" rather than "sermons," that he was not ordained, and that his was no more than the witness which every Christian, according to his ability, should offer for the faith.

In due course we will deal with the revivals with which the name of Dr. Geil was associated. Enough here to record the fact that, at an age when other men are often to be found in the theological seminary, he was serving an apprenticeship, perhaps more severe, in the school of actual experience. His mission included theology and worship and instruction, but, in essence, it was rescue. It was pulling people out of deep water and setting them on dry land. And the strain, mental and physical, was incessant. A preacher is pardoned if he has his off day. But to a missionary, no mercy is shown. He must be always at what is called in music the concert pitch. Whoever else is dull, he must inspire. Whoever else doubts, he must encourage. Whoever else condones, he must be faithful. And he has to encounter a pitiless publicity, a continual excitement and the subtle incense of well-meant but sometimes distressing flattery. We need not be surprised, then, if in the summer of 1896, Dr. Geil—having provided by his labor for the greater comfort of his Mother—decided to allow himself a Sabbatical Year.



### 5. *Towards the Sun*

*A Thousand Learnings Are Not Worth One Seeing.*

IT was on a pilgrimage that William Edgar Geil was now to set forth. He was seized by an impulse universal to mankind.

When he came to describe the five sacred mountains of China, he was impressed by the dim antiquity of pilgrimage as a means of grace. There could not be remembered a time when men and women were not ready to be pilgrims.

Everywhere the Catholic Churches had developed shrines of a sacred significance, ancient and modern, to which pilgrims resorted, and it was Protestantism alone that had interrupted the practice. Like other ceremonial, the pilgrimage was condemned.

Yet it might have been supposed that the reformers, in the rapture of reopening the Bible, would have wished to see the lands where the Bible was written. But the Puritans and the Presbyterians had been far more interested in building Bethels and Beulahs in Pennsylvania than in digging up Beulahs and Bethels in Palestine.

At the very moment when he sailed from New York, William Edgar Geil thanked God that, as a born Protestant, he would never be "a placehunter"; and yet it was to Pales-

tine that he went. In him we see one whose youth, whose fervor, were the conditions precedent to the enterprise of a crusader. If any man could have restored the enthusiasm of the Middle Ages for holy places of birth and burial, it was he.

St. Louis himself could not have set forth on a crusade in a mood of more exalted devotion. On a voyage, somewhat similar, John Henry Newman had prayed for a "kindly light amid the encircling gloom." The gloom that overshadowed Dr. Geil was not encircling, merely, but a darkness that might be felt within the recesses of the very soul. As the good ship, *Ems*, plowed her way past the Azores to Gibraltar, he who had so often warned others to flee from the wrath to come was himself overwhelmed by what he called a "deep conviction of sin." Over Psalm CXXX he pondered, echoing the agelong question, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" And there was an evening of self-confession when he watched the full moon, poised in utter purity over the Pyramids, and as the stars came out one by one, he was "constrained to pray, 'cleanse thou me from secret faults.'" No severity displayed by the pilgrim in his verdicts on others compared with the discipline which he inflicted on his own life and thought.

In very truth, here was a medieval palmer, wielding not the staff but the pen. "In the Church of the Nativity," he was to write, "I thought of the Babe of Bethlehem. In the Carpenter's shop, I thought of Jesus of Nazareth. On the Mount of Olives, I thought of the Friend of Lazarus, the Sufferer in Gethsemane, the Victim of Golgotha, the Christ risen from the Arimathean's tomb. But on Patmos I shall think of the Lord of Heaven, the risen, ascended and glorified Saviour."

Indeed, the magic of Jerusalem when he arrived there overwhelmed him. "A memorable night this," wrote he, and taking the Sunday quietly, he meditated alone, hour after hour until the evening. Then he sat at the window

of his hotel, watching the shadow of the black dome which crowned the Church of the Sepulchre; also, the English Church, the windows of which lighted from within, seemed "like some vast organ, standing out there in the night and waiting for the touch of an archangel's fingers." "My thoughts," he wrote, "are like the waters, which after passing Niagara Falls, fling themselves towards one point—the fearful whirlpool that surged around that little knoll called Golgotha." Reviewing the annals of the city from the days of the Jebusites, through the reign of David, to the glories of Solomon and the ultimate ruin by Rome, the one insistent emotion which, again and again, swept every other from his mind, was his nearness to the Crucifixion. A bell tolled, and, said he to himself, "within the range of that sound, the voice of Jesus was heard saying, 'My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

Near to the Crucifixion—yes, but in what sense? "Not geographically," he says, "but spiritually." At the Gordon Tomb of Our Lord, as it has been called, a lady from England, being High Church, might have cleaned the place, as he tells us, with the hairs of her head. But what fascinated Dr. Geil, as he gazed on the Calvary beyond the Walls was the fact that, with no Church built upon it, the little hill "lies open to rich and poor who may go there anytime, day or night." He "saw shepherds pasturing their flocks on Calvary"—those shepherds whose forbears at Bethlehem "read the first news" of the Incarnation.

The sky itself summoned him from the Past to the Present. For the moon, full in Egypt, had waned to crescent and within its horns, as we see in a sketch which adorns the Diary, lies a star, an imprint of the Turkish flag still looming over the City of Peace. Not once nor twice did he point out to others that emblem of Islam in the heavens themselves.

Even the little volume in which he recorded his impressions has, perhaps, a significance, if only as symbol. During his far-flung itineraries, he accumulated some thousands of

photographs. His diaries, if sometimes enigmatic, are usually elaborate. His collected works, too, are a substantial achievement. Hence, one's surprise at finding no journal of his first trip. It was only after long search that there turned up what looked like a tattered hymnal. Its cover was scored with dates, addresses, items of expense and innumerable other memoranda. By chance, we opened the little book and found that the hymns had been torn out. And instead of them, bound to the covers by string, there lay the missing journal! His diary was song, translated into sight.

It meant that the Christian, making Holy Day in the Land of Promise, was still a Crusader. Indeed, he was a Crusader who somehow had lost touch with the Crusade. When the Apostle of the Gentiles landed at Athens, he found himself "alone" but not more utterly alone in the crowd than his follower. The restless cosmopolitans of the Levant, if they had heard the Evangel at all, which was seldom, regarded it as an idle tale. The Pilgrim spoke one language; the French husband and wife who begged him to share their wines spoke quite another. At Malta mankind was leading a double life. On Sundays and holidays they would work unpaid in order to build a church. Yet on the shore where an Apostle, with the ship's company, "escaped all safe to land," where, too, the Pilgrim gathered some beautiful shells, admiring also the water, very clear and deep, his eye detected a "sign on [an] old stone building," which read:

FIRST AND LAST

GROG SHOP

ST. PAUL'S BAY

To Dr. Geil, the gospel of Christ was, in very truth of truth, the power of God unto salvation. Yet he had barely set foot in Egypt before he was conscious of this staggering



fact—the political and social obliteration of original Christianity by a triumphant Islam. There at El Azhar was the Mohammedan University, founded by Saladin and teeming with thousands of students. When the Pilgrim landed at Ismalia on the Suez Canal, so little did the country seem to have advanced that he seemed to have entered the Egypt of the Exodus. It was an evening in May, 1896—a warm season—and the frogs were croaking, the mosquitoes and other insects fed on the ankle, until a water bandage was applied, and to complete the plagues, there were fifty cases of cholera. To drink the water was dangerous; wine was forbidden; and the Pilgrim quenched his thirst on ice-cream.

He saw the usual sights, ascended the Pyramids and noted the obelisk at Heliopolis, four thousand years of age. But what interested him was the actual condition of the people. It was a fête day and "gaily dressed Moslems on four swings were having a happy time," while as a contrast, "a poor cripple came hobbling along."

So in the Holy Land itself. To-day was thrusting out yesterday. At Joppa he sat on the roof of the house, reputed to have been the home of Simon the Tanner and there read the account of Peter's Vision. But Joppa was also a riot of Arab porters whom the Pilgrim, still a big boy, answered shout for shout, getting through the customs for one franc.

The fact that the rooms of his hotel were named after the prophets appealed to his sense of humor.

Of the ancient Palestine there were still traces to be discerned. The Holy Land was unfolded as a kind of picture



book, in which the camera played the part of Tissot. He was entranced by the horizon of "a thousand hills" and their cattle. In the Jordan Valley, where the reed was still shaken by the wind, he was eleven hours at a time in the saddle and days without undressing. He sat with the Arabs, learning how they played checkers. He bathed in the Brook Cherith and found it impossible to sink in the Dead Sea. Where Jesus was baptized, he saw with amazement the Greeks, men and women, plunging into the river, naked.

At Jericho there was still the fountain, healed by the Prophet Elisha. And whereas the Judean carried water in a skin, his sister of Samaria still went to the well with her waterpot. At Nazareth the sound of a saw proclaimed the trade of a carpenter. At a tomb of the Kings a door was closed by a stone which, being round, could be rolled away; an ox and a horse were unequally yoked together; watch towers were numerous; near Jericho his missionary friend had fallen among thieves and continued for days without any save an inner garment; a lad in the mountains used a sling, as did David, and addressed his father as "Abba, Abba." Deeply was the Pilgrim disappointed when he was denied the rare privilege of entering the Cave of Machpelah where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried. But at least he climbed Mount Nebo, and brooding over the unknown grave of Moses, shared the Patriarch's vision which included the Mount of Olives.

At Jezreel you could see a threshing floor. Galilee was a lake subject to sudden and violent storms. And at Tiberias the housetop was part of the home where in the morning the bed was rolled up and carried away while the mother rocked a cradle, grateful for the cool breeze from the snows of Hermon. "Am writing now,"—so we read in the diary—"at Kahn Joseph" where was the pit into which, stripped of his coat of many colors, the boy was thrown by his brethren.

That the land should thus corroborate the Book was a fact which, to Dr. Geil, as to others of that day, afforded a

genuine delight. Yet it was not upon the Land that the Book must depend for its authority. Most of the Land had been swept away. The rest—and especially the ancient customs—was in a transition that to-day has become rapid.

It was not merely that a boy from Bethlehem, proceeding north, used a bicycle. The excavator also used the spade. And when the Pilgrim came into contact with the cool critical scholarship of the Palestine Exploration Fund which took nothing for granted, there was a chill.

He was shown the Pools of Siloam and of Bethsaida, with the line of the old wall, then uncovered. He was assured that the landscape, as a whole, continued to be that on which Christ had looked and that the excavations had "tended to substantiate Biblical statements." Nor, he was told, did anybody disbelieve "the general accuracy" of the Biblical History. But that appeared to be all.

Dr. R. A. S. Macalister, formerly Director of Excavations of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has pointed out that many hopes of an earlier day were unfulfilled. It was this disillusionment that was brought home to Dr. Geil. The excavator had been at least as bent on disproof as on proof and while many sites of cities were admitted to be correct, few exact points of particular incidents were known. Results thus negative did not appear to the Pilgrim, to justify the collection of money in the Churches for such purposes.

Indeed, the question with him began to be, not how the scholar and the saint have loved Palestine, but how the condition of Palestine, here and now, expresses the love of the Christ Himself. The condition of the people was deplorable. The road to Bethany lay amid tombs where sat

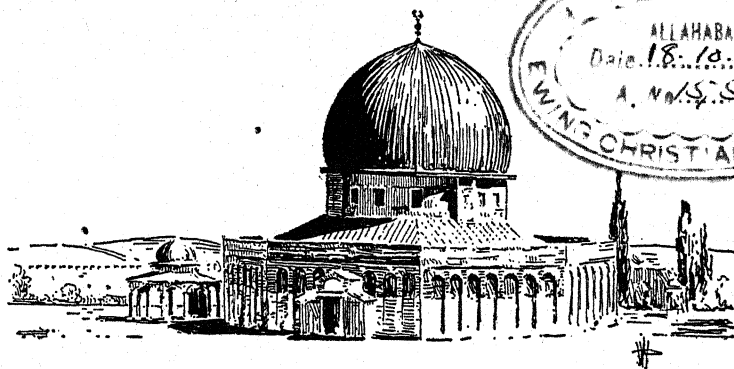


mourners but with "no noticeable feeling." On the Via Dolorosa, the Pilgrim was "sick and wearied," indeed "almost worn out." But he watched a Nubian, black as anthracite, struggle to the fountain, leaning on a stick, and he dropped a coin into the pail of a woman, crouching for alms under the gloom of the arch. While at Lydda the tomb of Dorcas was revered, the children in that mud village presented a problem, calculated "to occupy her time in philanthropic works."

In Samaria the Pilgrim patiently examined the life of a shepherd boy twenty years old. The young man, it seemed, raised corn, wheat and other produce to the annual value of only \$30.50; and the price of his costume was \$1.94; he slept on the threshing floor, and his food was bread, olives and cucumber. At the Mosque he prayed five times daily, so he said; and he sold his knife to the Pilgrim for 5 cents which trifle of money he tied with great care in a knot of the black sheep fur that was wound round his head. His reason for remaining a bachelor was simple. A wife would cost him 40 napoleons. He had a sister, however, whom he hoped to exchange for some other man's sister, with 10 napoleons added for dresses.

Then there was that poor fellow in the English hospital, who was dying. His wife was invited to come and sit by his side, but would not. Out on the street, screaming and wailing was she, "[to be] seen of many." If affection was lacking, what wonder? In Jericho there was found a woman who, "when she becomes officious" was reminded of the fact that "her husband bought her for a donkey without a tail," and as a stimulus to their trade in finery, the peddlers with their packs would promote marriages between the Bedouins and some maiden of the town.

To the problem of life the religion of geography was thus no solution. In mere locality there was "no restraining power" against evil. Indeed, confessed the Pilgrim, "the Holy Land appeared to me to be about as unholy a region as I've seen in all my wanderings."



## 6. *The Twilight of Old Turkey*

*There Is No Fence That Does Not Let the Wind Through.*

IN a biography of this kind, where the materials are abundant, it is always a question what to insert and what to omit. The few pages that follow were of value to me, at any rate, first, because they offer a genuine glimpse of the Ottoman Empire when the Ottomans themselves were admitting that its dissolution had become inevitable, and secondly, because they reveal the Pilgrim wrestling with the problems of mysticism which were ever his main concern in life.

Why were lands like these, hallowed above all others by the memory of man, thus condemned to chaos and decay? What the Explorer tried to do was to eliminate "the artificial"—it is his own word—and get at the realities within the surface of things.

To him a ceremony was not in itself wrong. He preferred the Bedouin who bowed on his mat towards Mecca to the Christian who, even in Gethsemane, would not bow the head unless compelled by the low arch of the gate.

But there were legends which had become merely "foolishness"—the footprint of Christ on the Mount of Ascension, the hole on Mount Moriah where Mohammed drove

his head through three feet of solid rock, the tribe of Bedouin which had been named after the Virgin Mary and the rose of Jericho which unfolded five petals, said by the Arabs to be her fingers.

A symbol, if retained, should mean something. He wanted to know what it meant. Why should the Russians at Bethlehem hang ostrich eggs above their altars? And why did the picture show St. Jerome sitting at a table whereon rests a skull?

"Who is that fellow?" asked the Pilgrim.

"His Secretary," answered the guide.

Doubtless symbol was a language which might be read and condemned too hastily. At the Mosque of Omar, "the old scamp of a sheik" made the Pilgrim remove his boots yet did not remove his own. "Poor religion, that of his," was the comment.

But there was an explanation. The old scamp of a sheik was careful to remove his boots before leaving the Mosque for the streets outside. The boots that he wore in the Mosque were thus uncontaminated which was the real thing to be aimed at.

Let us put a case in which the Pilgrim raises the whole question of sacramental values. At Tyre, on his arrival, so great was the fear of cholera that the mails, though well fumigated, were returned to the vessel. The Maronite Church, as it had been, was used for quarantine and there the Pilgrim was "jailed." The Church was situated on a promontory where he could watch the waves and listen to their roar as they broke on the rocks.

It was the divers that fascinated his eye. One figure, disrobed, stood erect, and before the plunge dipped his hand in the water. Then solemnly, he touched his forehead, breast and shoulders, and so signed with the Cross, disappeared into the Mediterranean. "Greek Catholic" was the obvious comment. But to Dr. Geil, that answer merely skimmed the surface. "What," he asked himself, "does

that sign of the Cross do to the man who thus carries it with him to the depths of the sea?"

In Hebron, the Roman Catholics had aroused great resentment by taking girls for education and dressing them in a costume on which was seen the Cross. After all, what was the good of such an open challenge? Incidents suggested that the Moslems were only antagonized. Desiring to develop their Church, the Catholics had bought a piece of land from a woman. Not only did the mufti refuse to authorize the purchase, but the woman's son, in his zeal for Islam, cut off his mother's hand at the wrist.

Of Islam, therefore, Dr. Geil was by no means a prejudiced critic, eager at all costs to make proselytes. He heard and repeated the story of the missionary ladies who asked a prominent Moslem to visit them. Without waiting to dine, the Moslem, supposing that the ladies were in difficulty, hurried to their assistance, only to find himself in an exhibition of lantern slides. The slides, doubtless, were admirably suited to disclose the meaning of the resurrection. But the Moslem was hungry and finally excused himself. "I believe," said he at last, "that Christ rose from the dead—now let me go home and get dinner—"

The real fact to be noted about Islam was that it was itself



losing confidence in its political destinies. The Pilgrim heard the story of the engineer of the water-works at Jerusalem suffering arrest because he sent a wire to Glasgow, ordering machinery that would be capable of doing "a hundred revolutions a minute." The last thing that the Turks desired was a hundred Revolutions.

You might not build in Jerusalem where you wanted to build because the bend in the old wall showed where Mohammed had leaned against it. You might not reopen the golden gate into the Temple Area because the Moslems "have a tradition that the enemy will enter that Gate and that Jerusalem will fall," a legend which the Chief Rabbi also believes was "according to prophecy."

On board a steamer, the *Maria Teresa*, sailing north, Dr. Geil met a Turkish Pasha of liberal outlook who described the situation with nonchalant candor. He thought that the end of the Ottoman Empire was at hand. "There will be a great war," said he, "and then Turkey will be divided up." England would surrender Constantinople to Russia provided she herself secured Egypt, and there would be railroads from Beyrout to Tripoli, to Haifa, to Bagdad and so to India.

"We can't get on without war," declared the Pasha, coolly.

"But," said the Pilgrim, "in the United States, we have only 25,000 troops."

"You have had your wars twice with England, and also a civil war between yourselves. That will do for centuries."

A vessel passed; and the Pilgrim waved his American flag.

"How many stars are there now?" asked the Pasha.

"Forty-eight," said the Pilgrim.

"Have you got one yet for Venezuela?" inquired the Turk, with a touch of irony. The Pilgrim's comment was that he was well posted.

To compare Turkish with British rule made the Pasha ashamed of his own. British government in Egypt, he



had found, is liked by the lower classes but hated by the upper. It was the same in Cyprus where a prominent man had said to the Pasha, "we have been used to the *mercy* of the Turk and we find it almost impossible to accustom ourselves to the *justice* of the English. They want everything just so. And it is hard to do it."

The Pilgrim remarked that in Palestine he found all quiet. "Tell your consul in Constantinople to say that to the Sultan," was the Pasha's reply. He considered that during the past forty years Palestine had progressed but that the Turks were to blame for the Druse War.

The talk turned to education. Why, asked the Pilgrim, was no Science taught at the University of El Azhar?

"They do teach arithmetic," was the answer, "a little of it. Science will come."

"No Moslem," he added, "had yet attended Robert College, Constantinople, and only about twenty had been students at Beyrout."

"We are now in our dark ages," he went on; "you have left religion and are following science. We must do the same in order to advance."

"No," said the Pilgrim, "we have kept the good in religion." And he told the Pasha that he was himself bound for Patmos.

The Pasha was amused. Why go to Patmos?

The Pilgrim mentioned St. John.

"St. John!" retorted the Pasha. "We have plenty of the saints in Jerusalem."

Plenty of the saints, so he considered, and plenty also of the Jews who were "lazy and poor" yet, despite exclusion laws, "can't be kept out."

Before leaving Jerusalem, Dr. Geil discussed the position with the Chief Rabbi—an important personage, only to be seen by appointment. In the room of the Rabbi, there was a clock which looked American but stood at nine when it was four in the afternoon, being superior therefore to time. And there was a bowl of gold-fish. In the person

of his host, gowned and bearded and dignified, the Pilgrim recognized the ancestry which included Moses.

The head of Jewry offered coffee and lemonade and himself refused his own cigarettes, hospitality which suggested his respect for the scruples of his guest. Yet even in that year, 1896, the Chief Rabbi declined absolutely to be photographed. He had refused, he said, the camera of the King of Italy and "even" of a Rothschild princess.

They talked for a full hour. The Pilgrim enquired of the Chief Rabbi if many Christians, many Moslems were joining the Jewish faith. "No," was the sad reply, "it is the other way. Converts are made by Christians because they have money and entice the poor Jews by giving them things." Did the Chief Rabbi approve of opening up Palestine by railways? "I do not oppose them" was his guarded answer.

The Jews in Zion were greatly increasing in numbers. Fifty years earlier—that is in 1846—when the Rabbi was a lad, working in the bazaars, the community was only one thousand. In 1896, it had become twenty-five thousand. "Yes, we are increasing," said the Rabbi, "but our young people speak Arabic, French, Spanish and, in some cases, English; and they have few outlets equal to their abilities. Hence they go to other lands where only one in ten succeeds. We increased in Palestine fast but now the Jews are forbidden to come and buy land and build. The Government fears that we would become too strong and buy up Palestine and have a country of our own."

"But buying Palestine," said the Pilgrim, "would be an honorable way of getting it"—at which remark the Chief Rabbi "smiled approval."

The Arab susceptibilities, vocal to-day, were thus latent in the Nineteenth Century, and throughout the whole conversation the Chief Rabbi suggested a homeland in bondage. He commended the training offered by institutions like that of Hirsch and the Rothschilds at Joppa. "But," he added, "we have no commerce. And having taught our

men to work, what is there for them to do?" While admitting also the need for a daily Jewish newspaper, he added, "It would help us if it were left independent and gave attention to the advancement of the people, so avoiding political bias."

"I judge," said the Pilgrim, "that he referred to sectarian questions in Jewry as well as to politics."

The talk turned to colonization in South America. The Pilgrim suggested that there, as in the United States, the Jews should mix freely with other citizens. "Surely," said he, "they do better in business by so mixing and seem in no way to lose their religion."

It was an opinion that the Chief Rabbi does not seem to have endorsed. "I believe," said he, "that the Jews in South America can do nicely by themselves in colonies. The Jews can mix as masons and carpenters and blacksmiths and can so help one another."

Dr. Geil suggested that, among the Jews in the United States, there was said to be a revival of study of the Talmud, the Old Testament and of Jewish literature as a whole. He asked if such a revival might be expected in Jerusalem. Quick and energetic was the rejoinder of the Chief Rabbi. "Here at Jerusalem," said he, "we are at the foundations of things and are always reading and studying the sacred writings."

"With most kindly expressions on his part and mine," wrote the Pilgrim, "I departed, having been granted an exceptional audience of nearly one hour, which is to be considered a great honor."

It was thus obvious that Palestine was on the eve of a new era. True, the women of Beyrcut "washed some very soiled clothes in the can out of which we drink water" which showed that it was "no use being too particular." But there were gas works, odorous as at Doylestown and the first in Syria.

On the Plain of Sharon the Pilgrim saw the grain cut by a harvesting machine of modern design and loaded on

camels. The Jewish School of Agriculture, founded by the Rothschilds and Hirsch, was, he thought, a "beautiful place," with its "flowers [and] perfect irrigation." The wheels at the wells were turned by donkeys and the water was "running into the orange groves."

The vital question, however, was whether the new era would bring with it a genuine well-being. Of what use would be the development of the Holy Land if it meant, as reported, that "gamblers" were "going to establish a Monte Carlo" on the Plain of Esdraelon?

The ancient and unreformed religions were rent by internecine rivalries. Still did the Jews refuse to have dealings with the Samaritans. It meant that the boys of Samaria, happening to be more numerous than the girls, had to remain unmarried because they were refused Jewish brides. The Pilgrim duly visited the tomb of Lazarus; only to find that, a month before, a mother and daughter in the house near by had been all but murdered—the daughter suffering terrible cuts on her wrists from the man's knife. In the Church of the Nativity, a Roman Priest had recently attacked a Russian, after which, in the very stable where, according to tradition, there had been born the Prince of Peace, the Russian had shot the priest through the head. Lest Christians, in their zeal for geography, kill one another, Turkish soldiers stood on guard.

The hatred of Christian for Christian was sometimes carried to incredible lengths. Near Jericho, a Protestant missionary had lost his wife. For three days the Greek Church refused land for burial, but in the end it was bought for £6. An astonishing drama then developed. Greeks and Protestants were both Christian. Yet on learning that a Protestant missionary was to be laid to rest among their dead, the villagers assembled to make trouble. The very Moslems were astounded. For had not the missionary healed them in their tents? Sixty or seventy Arabs offered, therefore, to draw their swords in defense of the Protestant Christian against the Greek Christian. But the missionary

forbade murder. And, to save ill feeling, he bore his wife away to a lonely grave in the mountains.

The route to Patmos lay through Syria to the North and all the land was dark with the shadow of a hideous war.

In the time of peace, Palestine had her brigandage tempered by blackmail, and on the road to Jericho the Pilgrim had been guarded by the responsible sheik who had assigned to him "a young fellow with an ancient gun." Dr. Geil had hinted that the best way to use this interesting weapon would be to load it and then hurl it, as a grenade, into a band of robbers amongst whom "it would surely explode."

But it was with no such casual humor that the larger trouble could be dismissed. In those highlands, called the Jebel Hauran, dwelt the Druses. In 1896, as in 1926, their tribes were aflame with rebellion. And amid the tents of the Bedouin, hell itself was let loose.

Then as thirty years later it was a debated question how it started. What the Governor reported was that the Druses had maltreated Moslem women. The account which impressed Dr. Geil as true was, however, that, by the order of Turkey's commanding officer, the Druse women themselves had suffered insult.

About the war there was no mercy. In blood and treasure Cæsar was again levying his harsh tribute. Once more the people of Bethlehem were told that they must be taxed, and to evade the impost, they valued their camels at only £6. The Government—knowing that a camel is worth £15—commandeered the animals at the owners' figure! There, at Nablous, such camels, thirty-nine of them, were seen tied in line as transport and guarded by soldiers.

Nor were camels alone commandeered. The enrollment included sons and husbands. Near Calvary, there was a young man, a soldier, just called out as a reserve, with his mother weeping on one side of him and his wife on the other. At Shiloh, where Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli, there were 200 such recruits. A group of Bedouins, armed to the teeth, and some of them carrying

spears or lances, added color to the picture. On the Plain of Esdraelon the Pilgrim, approaching Nazareth, saw an army of 3000 troops marching in the opposite direction, and Megiddo was again Armageddon. There was news that 15,000 troops had gone, and on the railway, not a train had been seen for a week. "I presume," wrote the Pilgrim, "that all engines and cars are engaged in handling soldiers to fight the Druse."

Damascus is the most ancient of cities. But, in 1896, there was no service on Sunday conducted in the English language. All that the Pilgrim could do was to sit in his room at the hotel, pondering over the Conversion of the Apostle Paul. "Hatred," he used to say, "is like dynamite that a man explodes on his own property." And "Conversion" was a change from hatred to love of God and Man. Yet, after eighteen hundred years, "the road to Damascus," where this light of love illuminated the hate-ridden soul of Saul of Tarsus, was still a military highway. Below the window of the Pilgrim's room the street resounded with the tramp of regiments marching to war. Being reservists, some of the soldiers would scarcely know how to handle a gun, and their aspect was pitiable. "Poor fellows," wrote Dr. Geil. "Many, I fear, will never come back. For the Druses are all hunters, and it is said they have plenty of gold." Near the head of each column there was carried the national flag of Turkey, and at the rear, there waved the green flag of the Prophet.

Against the Druses the Turks also organized the Arabs. By invitation of the general, the Chiefs assembled at Es-Suweda and each received a beautiful robe. "Are you with us or not?" That was the question put on behalf of the Turkish Government. "You must answer now or take the consequences. We want nothing of you but to stay around the mountain, three miles away, and stop anyone escaping. We will do the rest. All the spoils, cattle, furniture, horses, etc., shall be yours when the war is over."

On these attractive terms the Chiefs accepted service,

which, wrote the Pilgrim, "is some blow to the Druses for they (the Arabs) must be reckoned as powerful allies."

The diary of the journey through these troubled regions shows signs of haste and fatigue. We read of fighting in the mountains. It was fighting without quarter on either side. Parties of Druse prisoners, when captured, were marched into the hills and shot. A Druse Chieftain had



slain 700 Turkish soldiers and captured two guns. It was said that he killed his captives for the sake of the ammunition in their belts. In due course he became himself a prisoner and had to face a firing squad of 70 rifles.

It was the Turks who had the artillery, and they knew how to use it. From the tower of a castle, a general had scanned the horizon with his telescope and had discovered a group of the rebel chieftains sitting together. "He at once had cannon carefully aimed and killed all of them."

In one village the Pilgrim happened to buy a necklace of serpent's bones from a child. He learned that only a

few months before, many houses had been burned by the Turks, there were many widows, many orphans and a hundred Druses had been killed. The tribesmen were shelled in their homes and their cattle taken to feed the soldiers.

The page is incoherent with rough phrases—a woman killed—two soldiers killed—159 Druses killed and their bodies dragged by horses across the plain or left unburied as carrion for the hyena, the jackal and the vulture—fugitives fled to the mountains and frozen in the snow—a Christian priest flung to the ground and bastinadoed on the feet—corpses—deviltry—tears.

The Pilgrim was thus confronted by what is usually called the failure of religion. He refused to submit to it as final. His was a faith that was nurtured on patience and included hope. He brooded over the past. He deplored the present. But he did not forget the future. In the old Jerusalem he had not rested an hour before he was on his knees praying like Bernard of Cluny for the Jerusalem that was to be. The older world was less to him than the better world.

The fact that Islam had failed and that Catholicism had failed, did not end the matter. "The view from the house of Simon the Tanner," he tells us, "is towards the west; from the Mount of Olives the view is towards the west; and from Mount Nebo the view is towards the west." The Pilgrim met the Armenian Patriarch, black-gowned, with black hat and long whiskers, a "grand old fellow." "Ah, I am American," said he, using the language excellently.

As it seemed to him, the Christian Faith with a simpler appeal was returning to the cradle of Christianity by way of the United States and Great Britain. One might sneer at the Sunday School but it was acting, none the less, as a solvent of Mohammedanism.

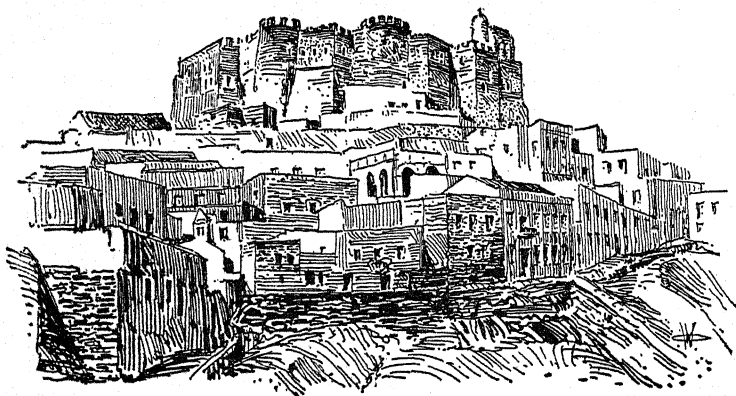
Consider what he had seen in Egypt. Despite the scare of cholera, the attendance at the American mission was excellent. The men still wore the fez during worship, but the women, though sitting apart, were unveiled. The lan-



guage might be Arabic but the Pilgrim recognized the tunes; and, in the land of Athanasius, what was the creed now taught? The topic was not Arianism. The Monophysites were left in peace. What concerned the missionary was "religion in the home," and the leader of a class used as her parable a picture in Paris which shows angels doing housework. "Such work," said she, "is glorious when they are glorious who do it." Amid the splendors of mosque and pyramid, this it was that the Pilgrim thought it best worth while to record.

Such instruction cannot be described as provocative. But it meant inevitably that Islam, once conquering, had been reduced to the defensive. Moslem students, attending chapel at College, were finding the Bible better than the Koran, and there were hints at persecution. A Mohammedan, educated in the United States, and converted to Christianity, had influenced another Mohammedan, who happened to be a professor. The family of the professor sent a man to kill him. A young student told his brothers and sisters that he was inclined to the Christian religion. Not long afterwards it was a cup of coffee that proved fatal.

At the American Preparatory School in Beyrout, the Pilgrim attended Commencement. He noted, too, how the citizens were building their residences on the slopes of Lebanon. These also were signs of the dawn. But it was no longer the East that dawned on the West. It was the West that dawned on the East.



## 7. The Island of Saints

*To the Believer It Is a Fact; to the Unbeliever a Fiction.*

THAT a young Pennsylvanian, with the whole world to choose from, should have set his heart on seeing and searching a mere splinter of volcanic rock, so remote, so impoverished as the Island of Patmos was a mystery, as we have seen, to the Turkish Pasha.

It was weeks that the Pilgrim spent on Patmos. To complete his impressions, he returned there at a later date. He wrote about the place. He revised what he wrote. On hundreds of platforms, he talked Patmos. A true son of his father, he took the map of Patmos and corrected it. He had the map enlarged and molded in colored relief and set over the fireplace of his library which, in Chinese fashion, he called the Forest of Tablets. For him Patmos had a definite and compelling significance.

We smile at the old lady who talked of that blessed word, "Mesopotamia." But to mystics of every era, geography as a science includes a symbol. Boston is not only a city but a state of mind. In a material sense Boston is local; spiritually Boston is among the universals.

If in boyhood Patmos had been the Pilgrim's "dream,"

if at College Patmos had been his "longing," if as author it was on Patmos that he wrote his first and not the least charming of his books, the reason—to use his own expression—was not that he was a mere "placehunter." To get to Patmos whatever the cost in money saved—this he thought was worth while, because Patmos had been and must ever be "the rock which the last of the apostolic penmen walked with the glorified Redeemer, as he listened to the story of the foundations, walls, gates, streets, vines, and the glory of that city whose builder and maker is God."

In the endeavor thus to state the spiritual in terms of the material, the Pilgrim was entering those shadowy fields of perception, out of which we have heard, as in a dream, the poetry of William Blake and seen his pictures of the unseeable. Palestine, after all, was no more than a shrine of the Past. Patmos began where Palestine ended—a new Jerusalem for an old—not the past but the future—the Crown that rewarded the Cross.

Among *littérateurs* and theologians the Apocalypse is to-day out of fashion. Erudition and culture have no longer the time to brood over these visions of history, past, present and future. But if there be a man who, like the Pilgrim, hazards these heights of imagery and dives into the depths, at least, it may be said that he is in good company. To the master-intellec[t]s of Christendom—to Dante and Milton, to Michael Angelo and John Bunyan, to Isaac Newton and to innumerable saints and prophets, Protestant and Catholic, here has been the Book of Books.

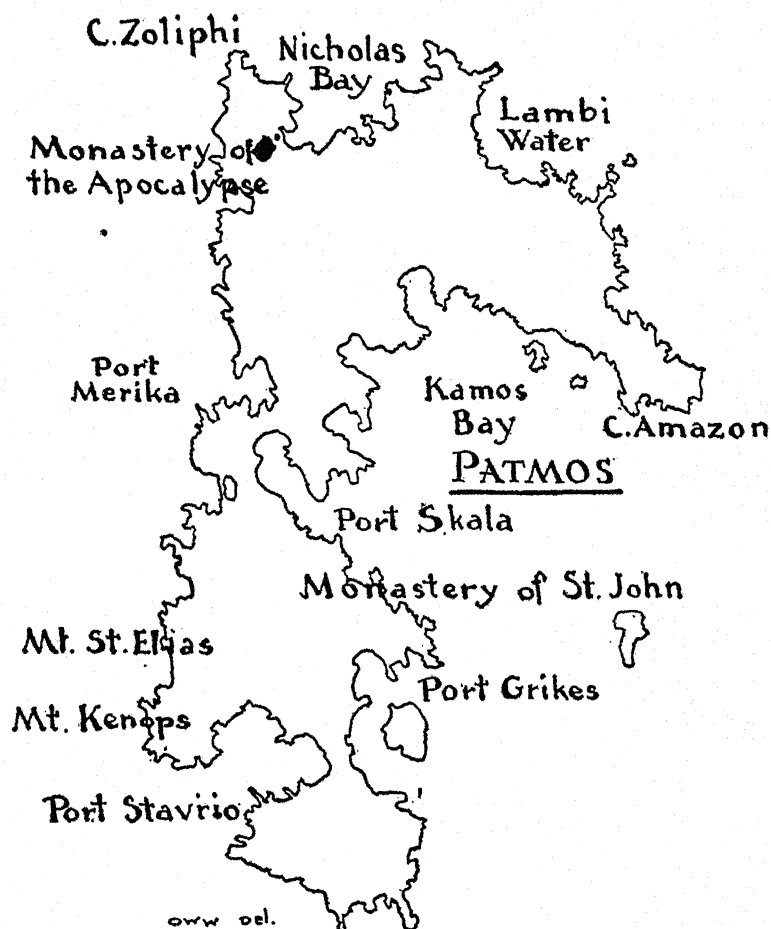
As he approached his destination the Pilgrim was startled by the contrast between the infinitely great in thought and the infinitely little in matter. The Austrian Lloyd steamer, *Maria Teresa*, touched at Rhodes, the island of a Colossus, once rich and glorious. All the wealth and culture of Rhodes had dwindled to a miserable traffic in snuffboxes and whips inlaid with pearl and made by prisoners. An old man, vainly endeavoring to find a customer, fell on the steps and cut his forehead, a picture of age, infirmity and neglect.

On the voyage to Smyrna the Pilgrim "passed Patmos at night, while asleep." He awoke to find himself off the Island of Chios, with a church bell ringing. He watched an ill-conditioned fellow on a passing skiff steal and eat an apricot. The boatman claimed the kernel of the apricot as his share, and, after cracking the stone with his teeth, chewed the kernel. To seek an Apocalypse and to find an apricot,—it defied comment.

Of the population on Patmos, various had been the estimates. No more than a thousand—said one authority; four thousand, said another, half of them fishing and the other half stealing. The Pilgrim's calculation was two thousand. And he repudiated the thefts. True, there was a smuggler of tobacco to be pursued and captured, but that was only because tobacco, though an evil, was also a monopoly. Otherwise, the place was a perfect paradise. There were two prisons, both of them empty. The Turkish garrison had been reduced from a score to the governor and a staff of nine. And taxes were thus no burden.

On Patmos, therefore, you could live for five dollars a month. And to one of the two doctors, the Monastery of St. John paid a salary of ten dollars weekly. Health was good. The very name of tuberculosis, elsewhere in Turkey so grievous a scourge, was unknown, as was malaria, and for fifty years there had been no case of leprosy. Music in the churches being choral, instruments were neglected. There was one pianoforte on the island; the doctor owned it, but it had not been worth the while of any one to learn how to play it.

Amid these simple and secular scenes, what immediately impressed the Pilgrim was the irresistible spell of a spiritual tradition. Scholars might dispute the authorship of the Apocalypse, but here, dominating the landscape, were scores and scores of churches—the total number said to be 364, a number actually equal to the toll of churches in Rome herself. Doubtless, the churches were small. A reason for their existence was that, by the Greek rite, one



THE ISLE THAT IS CALLED PATMOS

mass only may be said on a given day at a given altar. But it was astounding, none the less, to observe how an untutored and unknown fisherman who could see into the unseen had left behind him an imprint, thus indelible, on an island which owes its fame today entirely to the accident of his presence.

To the Pilgrim, convinced that the Deity Himself, by an awful disclosure of his eternal purpose, had inspired the Apostle as he wrote the Apocalypse, time was well-spent upon the traditions and the treasures, whatever their intrinsic authenticity, which had accumulated and even obscured that deposit of original truth. Following in the footsteps of a Marquis of Bute, he visited the four Churches which, to his regret, cover the reputed cave where dwelt the Apostle. To look out of the cave, as St. John looked, and to watch the waters of the Ægean, three hundred feet below the brow of the precipice, this he would have liked. But such a prospect was obscured by shrines dimly lit by lamps, like those that, in later years, he was to find in Delhi, illuminating the huts of cobblers—the wicks floating in oil on cork; nor was he entirely respectful to the scalloped recess where St. John laid his head, to the niche on which he rested his hand and to the triangular vent in the rock through which the Voice of the Trinity uttered the Alpha and the Omega.

In the legends of St. John, it seemed as if the memory of man had reflected the facts in a distorting mirror. To so sound a Baptist as Dr. Geil, it was of interest to observe the Chapel on a seagirt rock where the rite, administered by the Apostle to his converts, must have been immersion. Otherwise, it was strange indeed that the stories of Prochorus ignored the "writing or seeing the Revelation which is the solitary genuine fact connecting the Apostle with the Island" and alluded rather to the Fourth Gospel. There was a flash of lightning; there was thunder that shook the whole island; and Prochorus, the disciple of John, fell at his feet as dead. John raised him and said, "Write"!

And looking up to heaven, he began, "In the beginning was the Word!"

Whatever it was that occurred when the Apocalypse was committed to paper, one thing was evident. The titanic struggle between the forces of good and evil had been echoed for nearly a score of centuries in terrors that shook the nerve of the most courageous. It was by a magician called Kynops that John had been opposed and, over a deadly ravine, Kynops, busy at his task of boiling pitch, still presided. Repeatedly the Pilgrim endeavored to persuade his friends on the island to guide him into these forbidden regions. The boldest turned pale at the suggestion; a wife would not have it, and they changed the subject. The devil of Patmos was left in his lair, undisturbed.



What distorted the mirror of memory was a Paganism never eradicated. Even on Patmos there was still an Acropolis. And the Temple of Helius, or the sun, on the highest point of the island, had become the Monastery of St. Elias, reminiscent of Elijah, whose fame had been perpetuated by the Russians—and by a similar transference of nomenclature—on Mount Elias in Alaska, now under the sovereignty of the United States.

That there had been an agelong devotion to the Christian faith was obvious. By the holiness of St. John the very Turks had been so deeply impressed that, as an unusual

privilege, the Christians were permitted to ring the bells over their Churches. In the Monastery of St. John, the manuscripts and the jewels were magnificent, especially a pectoral cross, presented by that exemplar of the virtues, the Empress Catherine II of Russia.

But there had been a tendency also to seek the living among the dead. In a silver casket they had laid the body of Christodoulos, servant of Christ, who founded the Monastery, his remains wrapped in cloth of gold, his hands in silver and his forehead shining with the kisses of the faithful. There were chants. There was incense. And one certain mark of a saint was that his body exhaled a sweet fragrance.

At least Christodoulos was genuine. In his case the only question was whether, on a visit to Rome in the eleventh century, he did really meet the Apostles, who had died nine hundred years before. But the Pilgrim was less assured of other relics. Who could say for certain that the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, also of the eleventh century, —whose wife, as Gibbons records, declared to him, "You die as you lived, a hypocrite"—had rescued from Pergamos the actual skull of Antipas, the faithful martyr, who was slain where Satan dwelleth? And how did the bruised and broken bones of Stephen, that earliest of all martyrs, reach this particular sanctuary, perpetually washed by the waves of the Icarian seas?

A hundred saints, not omitting St. George himself, had contributed of their bones and their bodies to this comprehensive reliquary of unidentifiable dust; the Apostle Philip was among them. And it was, indeed, to the Emperor Alexius Comnenus that the monastery owed what was, perhaps, the most famous relic of all. There, in an embossed goblet of silver under a silver lid, the Pilgrim was shown the head of St. Thomas, bound with silver strips, themselves studded with jewels. For eight centuries this venerable object had been preserved and the Pilgrim was the first person to submit it to the camera. That the body of



St. Thomas also rests in the Cathedral of Edessa and at the Portuguese settlement of Goa in India, are coincidences not overlooked by the somewhat ruthless logic of the investigator.

The powers attributed to the head of St. Thomas were indeed\*miraculous. If rain were needed, he could command the weather. Cursed by a pest of grasshoppers, the people of Smyrna sent for the skull and as the procession advanced, the grasshoppers fled in such numbers that, in the bay, small boats could only move with difficulty, while the removal of the insects in carts and their burial in trenches caused a stench. It was a notable deliverance and not a grasshopper had been seen since.

For her wines, Samos was still valuable. Shipped in tankers, the beverage was bottled in a foreign land, and exported again at a handsome profit, with a label hardly indicative of its Grecian origin. When, therefore, the vineyards of Samos were ravaged by worms, it was well worth while to present the monks with the sum of £300 in gratitude for the services rendered by the head of St. Thomas, who also disapproved of locusts. Indeed, as they sailed past the Island of Patmos, it was the custom of seamen to salute the monastery with guns; and, in olden days, the very pirates—more cruel, by the way, as Christians than as Turks—would drop anchor and invoke the blessing of the Apostle's scarred yet sacred skull.



To Dr. Geil, here was a heathendom, than which he was to see nothing more gross in Africa and China. Yet, deep as was his scorn, he made friends with the monks and retained their friendship. It was, indeed, in the guest rooms of the Monastery of St. John that he found a comfortable abiding place, overlooking the sea, and one of his hosts, having lived in New York, spoke English. The old common life of the Monastery might be in obvious decay. The great dining hall might be abandoned, and the chair of state dilapidated. The total revenue might be no more than £1500 a year of which £100 went to the Sultan and £50 to the Patriarch of Constantinople. But there was courtesy, there was cleanliness, and despite all superstitions, there was an evidence of the Christian graces. A small maiden was typical of the island's charm. She ran out of a house and bashfully handed to the guest a choice white lily. A lad, when greeted, replied, "Hallelujah."

It was the home that Christianity had rendered possible. There, visiting the doctor, the Pilgrim was bidden to be welcome and ate a meal as well served as in France. On the table, there were flowers and thrice were the dishes changed. The daughter was present, evidently an object of admiration to an interested suitor. Here was a civilization that had achieved the essentials on which a Christendom must be based.

During the whole drama of love and betrothal, of marriage, birth, childhood and death, there was present among the people—not clergy alone but laity—a loving Providence. And—to give one illustration—exquisitely tender and intimate were the poems of wedlock:

Here we spread, the silken sheet,  
Here we make the velvet meet  
For the bride and groom to lie so fair.

Good Saint Theologian John,  
Grant thy benediction  
With thy staff unto the future pair.

Virgin Mary, great and good,  
Who art found on left and right,  
Bless these cushions on the nuptial night.

Even in superstition, there was an evidence of common sense. For forty days, the fear of ghosts held a mother resting quietly on her bed after maternity. Doubtless the ghosts were imaginary but they represented a safeguard of health, far in advance of the industrial cruelty to women workers, still persisting in more than one community more modern and scientific than Patmos. The youngsters were free of care and could be seen happily playing a game called "Take-Your-Place" which appeared to resemble Puss-in-the-Corner. While, therefore, it might be that the Christ of Patmos was obscured by traditions and ignorance, yet the witness of the island, weighed truly in the balance, was none the less that He who loved mankind had not lived and had not died in vain.



## 8. *The Seven Lamps*

*If You Don't Wonder at the Wonderful, It Ceases to be a Wonder.*

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL was a man of distances. It is thus significant that he should have spent weeks of his time in what was known to the ancients as the Province of Asia. What he saw, what he heard, has been recorded with great candor. We must keep in mind constantly that he is writing of the nineties. Since that period, the attitude of the Greek Church towards Evangelical Christianity has been steadily advancing.

To us, living as we do in a world that is the whole world, the name Asia signifies a vast continent—India, China, Siberia, and the arid mysteries of unclean Tibet. But the Asia of St. John the Divine was not even an Asia Minor. The province was merely what we should call a county and with an automobile you could have made the round of Ephesus and Smyrna, of Sardis, Thyatira, Pergamos, Philadelphia and Laodicea, in a single day.

It is not the size of the stage that matters. What constitutes drama is intensity of emotion. However limited might be the confines of Asia, here had been seven distinct and individual churches, each of them a cradle of the faith,

each of them fighting a battle, therefore, as decisive of the destinies of the world as Salamis and Thermopylæ.

The question, thus brought to a crucial test, was what ought to be the place of a disciple of Jesus Christ in the organized society of man. On Patmos the Pilgrim came into contact not with monks alone but hermits. True, they did not sleep on thorns, like the yogis of India, nor walk bare-foot in the snow, nor chain themselves to crosses. Indeed, in a wise provision, old Christodoulos had mitigated their solitude, with its danger to sanity, by authorizing a visit each week to the monastery. Still, the hermit lived apart; solitude was his answer to the problem called life.

Such a man, visited by the Pilgrim, had built himself a room, nine feet by eight, in the corner of a ruin. An octopus, nailed to a board, radiated a strong smell of fish. For host and guest there was one bowl of water and one spoon, with a taste of syrup. On a wooden peg there hung a circle of bread, sprinkled with coriander seeds. A rude bed, an old rug and a box covered with cloth to serve as pillow, this, with an American clock, was the hermit's home.

His Church was an inner cell with barred windows. Here were candles, an open Bible and a skull with a deep black cross painted on the forehead.

"It makes me humble," said the hermit, "and bids me prepare for death and what lies beyond."

He told a story of a man who, when asked by his friends to purchase a mirror in Constantinople, returned and produced from his coat a skull.

"Here is the mirror," he said. "It was once like you."

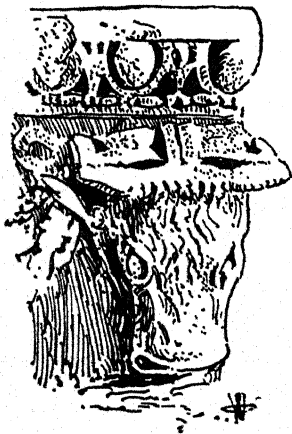
Around the cell was sunlight, and reflecting God's day was the hermit's garden. Also, he spent his time carving the handles of wooden spoons into the shape of fish and fowls. Only of the camera was he shy.

To money he was indifferent, preferring to give, not sell his spoons; and when the insane were sent to share his cell, which sometimes happened, he would take no pay from their friends but only a gift of food. The Pilgrim could not

but conclude that this good old man had succeeded in avoiding the worldly excesses of the peasants of Patmos.

Himself a resistant of marriage, old Christodoulos, quoting St. Paul, had sought to exclude all women from his island. But he needed secular assistance and his workers demanded wife and home. Even among the monks, celibacy had not been easy to enforce; and at times a part of the island had been put out of bounds. No woman, no child might cross the sand bar that connected the rocks.

There was a nunnery with forty sisters swathed in black. Assiduous with the knitting needle, these devoted women produced stockings and bedspreads, and there was one "expert" who could repeat 350 prayers in a day. They were poor and on their faces was inscribed the record of self-denial. At service they bowed and crossed themselves with great earnestness. Yet while the father was still speaking, a nun, with mind bent on economy, stepped in front of him and extinguished the candles. For worship itself there was a strict ration.



It was amid the ruins of "Asia," then, that the Pilgrim sought to apply the lessons of history to these formidable problems of conduct. At Pergamos, where the disciples had been promised the white stone with the new name as a talisman of victory, the Pilgrim was interested to see that white marble had been used for the buildings and that the buildings included an inscription, strange to the city itself.

At Laodicea there had been a flourishing Church. Indeed, here was held the General Council at which the Canon of Scripture was declared, and it was from Laodicea that the Church, Catholic and Universal, had ordained a due

observance of Sunday and a prohibition of dancing by men and women. Yet Laodicea had been surrendered, as Gibbon puts it, to wolves and foxes, and the Pilgrim himself picked up a fragment of marble, delicately sculptured into a human foot, which for centuries had been tossed by the plow and trodden by the hoof.

To the Pilgrim Laodicea was a precedent. Given the same conditions, what had there happened must happen again. The very name of the place was a celebration of sin. Who was Laodiké, the princess so honored? She was the revengeful wife whom King Antiochus II divorced. For a woman, thus insulted, to poison a king so drunken had been an easy task. Nor had Laodiké hesitated. Having murdered her monarch, she replaced him for a while by a waxen image and so seized the reins of power. Whatever be ethics, Christian, Pagan or human, in this story we have their negation.

Of Laodicea what remained most obvious to the eye was a truly astounding provision for amusement. Of the three theaters, the smallest accommodated 5000 spectators, the next had seats for 24,000, and the third, for 40,000. In addition, there was the Stadium and a huge amphitheater, which must have held any number of people up to 100,000. What the Church had to face was thus no mere dialectic over the Trinity, but the grim rivalry of the chariot race, the gladiator and the stage.

Hence, as it seemed to the Pilgrim, there was a background of social selfishness to the charge that the disciples of Laodicea were neither hot nor cold but only lukewarm. He was able, as he believed, to trace this famous simile to its local source. Laodicea was a city where the elements of hydrostatics were well understood. From the mountains an aqueduct carried the waters in stone pipes, accurately fitted and supported by lofty arches. There was cold water from Mount Cadmus, while at Hierapolis, the water being hot, was permitted to flow into the baths. Either hot water or cold water was thus excellent for the use of man. But a

stream of luke-warm water, said to have its origin in the "old castle," was found by the Pilgrim to be of a very different reputation. It was nauseous both to sight and taste; and in the language of the Apocalypse, it was only fit to be spued out of the mouth in disgust.

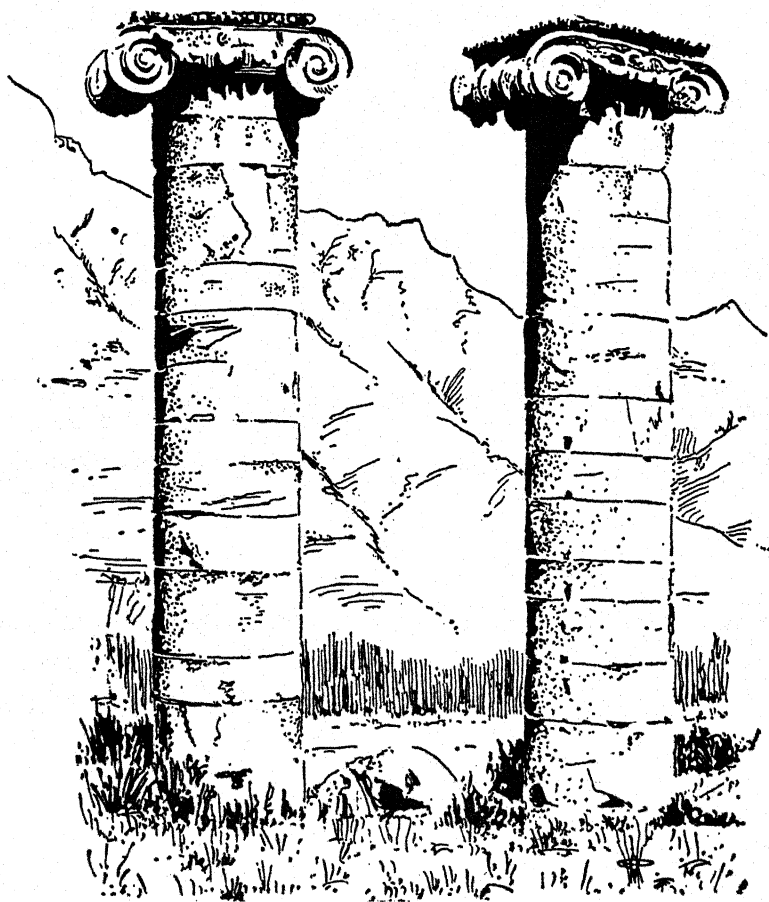
A society, consecrated wholly to pleasure, was thus a society in peril. It was not that earthquakes were frequent. True, the Pilgrim, after supper cooked in olive oil, was awakened in the insect-ridden hotel near Laodicea by the reeling of his room, the barking of dogs and the rush of people from their houses. But against earthquake you could take precautions. The hotel itself was constructed of dove-tailed timber fastened with wooden pegs, which frame could be shaken without damage. In Patmos so solidly had they built the monastery of St. John that eight centuries of earthquake had not disturbed their walls which appeared to be welded by the Creator himself to the living rock.

The danger to man was not matter, therefore, but his fellowman. It was the Turk who had reduced Laodicea and all else to a desolation. A Christianity lukewarm had failed to uphold the community against an Islam red hot.

But between the Church as a communion and the individual within the Church as a disciple, the Pilgrim, as we have seen, had been able to draw a clear and logical distinction. On a memorable evening, spent on the deck of a steamer, he watched the shadows slowly and surely enfold-ing the majestic amphitheater of mountains wherein reposes whatever is left of the once glorious temple of Diana of the Ephesians. As the darkness deepened, the lights did indeed shine forth. But with the advance of night, the lights themselves were extinguished until one only remained, a beacon for the guidance of ships and seamen. So had it been with the Churches. Their witness had all but faded away.

Amid the construction and the collapse of Christendom in the Near East, it was the individual Christian who had displayed a heroism which, allowing for all exaggeration,





SARDIS

had been scarcely credible. The struggle to establish the faith under the empire of Rome and to sustain the faith under the Sultans had been one long agony of endurance. Over these sanguinary reminiscences, so candid, so grotesque in some of their details, there might be at times a smile. For instance, among the earlier martyrs, revered on Patmos, was a certain St. Jacob of Persia, a high official of the Count, who, as a convert, "was destined to be divided up slowly, decently and in good order," and as the executioner removed, now a hand, now a foot, the good man quoted a series of proof tests from the Book of Job which, to the Pilgrim,—and we agree with him—were "most admirable and appropriate."

There was also St. Pachomios, a Russian, whom the Turks in their turn tried to convert to Islam by arguments that, as the Pilgrim thought, were a little trying. His bare feet were subjected to the bastinado; his flesh was hacked by swords; and his sufferings ended only when a blade descended on his skull; of this furious gash the monks proudly pointed out the evidence.

Before the very eyes of the observer this historic feud between the Cross and the Crescent was still at fever heat. The Pilgrim's host at Smyrna was an American missionary who had just returned from a ten weeks' trip in Armenia. He had brought back a piece of a Turkish sword, picked up in the house of a priest. If the sword was broken, it was because the two sons of the priest had been killed before their father's eyes; and the arm of the priest, still in a sling, had been cut to the bone, while the mother, attempting to save her daughter from an onslaught, had all but lost her hand, severed at the wrist.

If the Turk had been able to keep order, some cynics might have defended his intolerance. But not a road around Smyrna was safe for travelers. True, there was a certain etiquette observed even by the brigands. The Pilgrim happened to meet a man who recently had rescued a captive, held for ransom, set at £5,000,—a sum reduced on

a bargain to £1,200. It was with elaborate courtesy, so he testified, that the negotiations were conducted. And when the money had been paid, the prisoner was duly released.

From these dangers of the highway, the missionaries themselves were by no means immune. One such missionary had ridden into a village and, at a coffee house, had dismounted from his horse, a valuable animal with a white coat. Unknown to him, the place was a nest of robbers and, as he sat at his meal, he heard an argument vigorously proceeding in an inner room. The sons had decided to seize the horse, and their mother, a masterful woman, was stoutly opposing their amicable intention. "When we were starving," said she, "that was the man who gave us food," and on the young thieves, if they should molest the benefactor, she did not hesitate to pronounce a final and terrible curse. The horse was not touched.

Escorts themselves were at times more of a peril than a protection. A missionary so accompanied, was proceeding up a valley into the highlands when he heard and understood a discussion, the topic of which happened to be his own assassination. Since the sole purpose of his trip had been to help these appreciative friends, he thought it not unfair to intervene. The men were astonished when he asked them whether they could take out their teeth. "We can take them out," they replied, "but we cannot put them back again." It was a miracle of dentistry of which the missionary alone proved to be capable. But the final and convincing argument was still more powerful. "How many shots," asked the missionary, "can you fire from



your rifles?" The answer was one—only one, without loading and that meant the use of a ram rod. "I can fire seven," said the missionary, and he demonstrated with his revolver. The assassination was thus postponed.

Dr. Geil himself had no trouble with the Ottoman authorities. At Scala Nova, the port of Patmos, the Customs did ask to examine his mail, but he thrust the package into his pocket, and that was the end of that. A man, however, who was suspected of signaling with a handkerchief was sent to Constantinople as a revolutionary, and in Constantinople itself, when he got there, the Pilgrim encountered a similar contrast in administration. An Englishman who struck a somewhat discourteous policeman in the face was speedily released from arrest. But two Armenians who had letters from home, begging for bread and giving names of persons killed in the massacres, were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. The capitulations which protected the Western Christian had a value.

For Dr. Geil the main question was whether the Protestant Churches were contributing to the development of a more peaceful and prosperous society. To see three beggars in a wheelbarrow, all of whom had lost both legs in an earthquake, to see a blind man in no less evil straits, and a leper with his hands almost eaten away, and to be told that all these unfortunates of Smyrna professed the Christian faith, was a shock to theological complacency.

With his entire being the Pilgrim believed that there was no redemption, whether of man or of society, outside the preached gospel of Christ. Yet in recording his impressions, the virtue of a complete candor never deserted him. At whatever risk of his convictions, he must state the truth, and he did state it, as it was apparent to him. It could not be denied that a conversion to the Evangelical faith, whether of Turks or Greeks, did for the moment add a perplexity to the prevalent tangle and even kindle a flame of murderous anger. At Pergamos with 22,000 inhabitants, there were 18 mosques, an Armenian Church, two Greek

Churches and one solitary Protestant. Indeed, the Protestant was no more than a rumor. He had not been verified.

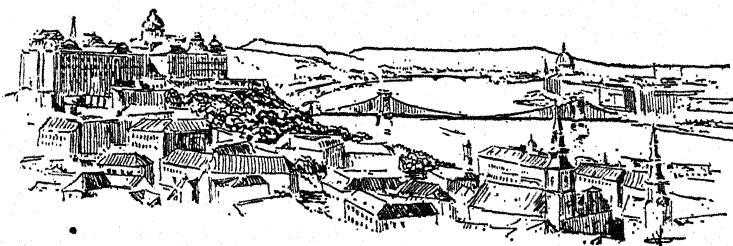
At Smyrna there were now Protestant schools at which 500 children were receiving an education. But there also the struggle had been severe. The mission had been resisted fiercely by the Bishop, and when the missionary was reënforced by a family from the University and schools of Beyrout, the Greeks, to the number of 5000 rioters, smashed the windows of the American Church, stoned the United States Consul and drove out the missionary who died in London, an exile.

A young Cretan shoemaker who came to live in Smyrna declared himself a Protestant and so enraged his aunt, also a Greek, that she stole his money, 14 napoleons, and used it to hire men to kill him. He was kidnaped by former companions, drugged, beaten and left for dead in a church dedicated to St. Elijah. He was then seized again, compelled to take opium, and reduced to so uncertain a state of mind that, at the instance of the Greek Bishop, he was presented to the Turkish authorities as a lunatic and confined in the Greek asylum. To that institution, Dr. Geil and a missionary made their way and were told that it would be useless to "work any Protestant business." However, an interview with the convert was ultimately obtained; he was found to have been bruised black and blue, indeed shockingly maltreated; but of his sanity, there was no question. In the end, he was allowed to escape to Mytilene, where again his preaching, especially to young men, brought him to the notice of the Greek Bishop. Visiting the Bishop, he refused to bow to the prelate and kiss his hand, and again he was forbidden to preach. Returning to Crete, the young man continued his witness, only to arouse a similar opposition. His relations were subjected to violent attacks in which they suffered financial loss and physical injury. As we read the diary, the Protestant convert himself took up work as a colporteur in Constantinople.

Yet it could not be said that the Greek Church always

ministered an adequate consolation to those who needed it. There was that young baker in Smyrna who labored under lashes of an uneasy conscience. He appealed to the priest for absolution. And the reply was that absolution would cost eleven dollars. The man did not have eleven dollars at his disposal, but the priest declined to deal with his case on any less onerous terms. The fact that the salvation offered by the Evangelical Churches was without money and without price, captured the imagination of this man. Yet here again, his conversion from Greek Christianity to Protestant Christianity involved the loss of his living.

It is in general terms only that we have been able to set forth these cases. Their significance is, however, unmistakable. Here was no merely academic disagreement between people who happened to believe in the Koran and people who happened to recite the Nicean Creed. Two conceptions of life, of duty, of home and of womanhood, had been brought into acute and often violent collision. Each of the two conceptions had been organized into a coherent and resistant society. And these societies had found it impossible to exist on any reasonable terms, side by side. If the Greeks have been deported from Turkey, if the Turks have been deported from Greece, it is no more than a corollary to the animus observed by the Pilgrim. Neither of the conflicting communities was prepared to listen with an open ear to the story of a love which had embraced every friend and every foe.



## 9. *The Arming of Europe*

*When a State Is in Turmoil, Men Think of Their Able General.*

AT noon of July 28th, 1896, the ships of many nations lay at anchor in the quiet harbor of Smyrna. Save for a few fleecy clouds the sky was clear, and against that blue there rose the fortress, built of ancient stone and brick.

So familiar was the scene that few, if any, of Smyrna's three hundred thousand citizens gave a thought to the American, still in the prime of youth, a tall alert figure, who stood on the deck of the French steamer lazily weighing anchor for Constantinople. Of the momentous problem with which his whole mind and soul and body wrestled, day and night, the seamen and the merchants of that since stricken port had not an inkling. To them the Pilgrim was merely one more passenger who would find it convenient, perhaps, to purchase his rug, not in Smyrna itself, but from "our agents in London."

The eyes of the Pilgrim and, indeed, his field glasses were directed to a cypress tree, dark and prominent, that rose like a sentinel above the tomb of St. Polycarp. It seemed to be bidding farewell to the wayfarer as he left behind him the sacred lands of Scripture. He must now traverse Europe where no patriarch had watered his flocks and built his altars, where no prophet had called down fire from heaven on the priests of Baal, where no apostle had wrought signs and wonders and worn the chains of martyrdom. To the Pilgrim, Europe was secular, and it was the secular that to him was strange. Before he had set foot

in Palestine he knew every foot of the country. But here was a continent to be discovered.

The gateway into Europe was Constantinople—the Byzantium that had been built anew by that first Christian Emperor who, seeing the Cross in the sky, had claimed a victory over all his enemies. Of Constantinople Dr. Geil had seen pictures which suggested still the splendors of an imperial city favored by Providence with an incomparable situation. Yet even in Constantinople man had failed. It was not alone that the Christian basilica of S. Sophia was now a mosque; the people and their homes were miserably poor and oppressed. There in the Seven Towers still yawned the shaft down which prisoners had been flung, their bodies floating forth into the Bosphorus, and the tradition of terrorism had never ceased. The political murders were frequent, and not a week passed without the disappearance of prominent Armenians. Over the city there reigned a Sultan, Abdul Hamid, of whom the Pilgrim obtained the usual glimpse as he drove through the sandstrewn streets to prayer. He was guarded by 5,000 soldiers. The cheers of the people were “made to order.” The Sultan himself sat, sad and silent, his clothes ill-fitting and his dynasty in decay.

In Europe the Pilgrim, as an American, found himself to be even more utterly a stranger. Occasionally he would meet a compatriot and like water on a thirsty land, would be their talk. Otherwise he was acutely conscious of the curse of Babel. In Rumania an educated man, to make himself understood, had to be trilingual, speaking French and German as well as his mother-tongue, and at Buda Pesth, where an Exposition was open, not a syllable of English nor even French was to be seen on the walls, only the incomprehensibilities of Magyar. With a German whom he happened to meet in Bucharest, the Pilgrim talked for an hour or more, each of them assisting the other by means of pictures drawn on the ground with their canes. But even so, the conversation could not be intricate.



The isolation of the Pilgrim was emphasized by his rules of conduct. To read the Bible, to observe the Sabbath and to abstain from liquor and tobacco were habits which at home might not be universal, but at least they were not so peculiar as to arouse comment. But in cities like Vienna and Bucharest, there was no Bible easily available for people to read. It was in a vocabulary of ritual that people expressed their faith. In the churches they lit candles, and women, often dressed in the height of the fashion, dropped to their knees on the cold hard floor of tiles and kissed, not pictures alone, but the ecclesiastical vestments of the priests. To the Pilgrim it "all seemed like idolatry," nor could he find anywhere a form of worship which he could reconcile with his own direct approach, day by day, to the presence of his Maker.

As we have seen, he had his own tests whereby the value of religion might be estimated. The criteria might not be complete but at least they were definite. In two words, they were time and taste, and by both these tests society was judged to be far different from the Pilgrim's disciplined ideal. On Sunday, the markets were open and the stores doing business, while every day of the week, as he put it, "beer is king."

It was not that Europe had been emancipated from the trammels of Puritanism. She had never been Puritan but had interpreted the Christian Faith in a wholly different sense. Faced by traditions which thus directly challenged his own, the Pilgrim was quick to examine results. There was more courtesy, so he thought, among the Arabs than in the Balkans. At the hotels he was constantly overcharged for lights, and he could not take a bite of food at a station without finding his baggage disturbed and a stranger in his seat. With the cities he was impressed. The fountains, the squares, the gardens and parks were dignified, beautiful and, as a rule, well-kept. But amid these glories the people themselves had been neglected.

Depending, as he did, on the right and duty of private

judgment in religion, he was indifferent to and untrained in the canons of art at this period of his life. He was not prepared to take anything for granted, still less to accept the opinions of others as gospel. He was thus wholly free from the cant of the highbrow. If a masterpiece bored him to death, he said so and did not pretend to admire it, merely because it was supposed to be the proper thing to do. That he overlooked beauties which are yielded only to a prolonged study, is true enough. But when a picture or a statue struck his fancy, he devoted pages to it in his persistent diary. What he could carry away with him was incident. Munkácsy's *Ecco Homo* stirred him to the depths, and at Dresden he liked the canvas on which Francesco Ubertini, the Florentine, depicts a son who declines to win a patrimony by aiming an arrow at his father's heart.

For him, a merely abstract beauty—the art that is for art's sake—was not enough. There were triumphs of the old masters that he dared to dismiss as “repulsive” and of no value to him except as examples of what people in those days thought it worth while to paint. Hence his amusing chaff at the expense of statues. In his Bible he found that which “vibrated the heart” but here was “a roomful of cold people, many without hands or feet and some without heads—a mighty queer race of folk to have for acquaintances.” Of monuments in the streets he was critical, and—if we may express our own opinion—with ample reason. The majority of these often appalling excrescences are worthy only of a merciful dynamite.

“I would not care to find myself,” he said, “moving against culture and refinement, but while a great man is alive, I care nothing about looking at a cold marble statue which presents his general outline but lacks the warmth that springs only from the heart itself. Give me the man, therefore! Don't be sculptors of yourselves, turning yourselves into stone!”

He came across a saying one day by Von Wangenheim of

Württemberg. It was written by the Prince Consort in a letter to the Princess Royal of England when she had married the Crown Prince Frederick of Germany. "It is most hard to be a man," wrote Von Wangenheim,—*most hard to be a man*. "He was right," added the Pilgrim.

In the Near East, including Egypt herself, he had been traveling within the comprehensive sovereignty of the Ottoman Empire within which nationalities were at once absorbed and submerged. But in his pilgrimage across Europe, Dr. Geil had to traverse half a dozen frontiers. Accustomed to a continent of United States, he was surveying a continent of states which—many of them small in area—could not have been more varied in their disunion. With that variety, the Pilgrim was delighted. In Bucharest he observed the developing conflict of fashion between what he called English and Rumanian costume—the one a standard to which he himself conformed and the other colorful, picturesque and, he added, patriotic. Of the two styles he preferred the native to the adopted—the white and flowing sleeves, embroidered with red, the wide trousers, the red rose behind the ear and the handkerchief used as a purse. "English clothes" might serve to break down the Islamic prejudices of the Turk—a view singularly prescient of Kemal's later edicts—but in the ancestral raiment, there was sincerity. "The peasants," said he, "are rough but they are real. They have not surrendered their individualities."

But, as it seemed to him, patriotism itself was poisoned by a more sinister element. Europe was subdivided by tariffs, and at the Customs, the passports of the traveler were jealously examined. To the sensitive perception of



the Pilgrim, the animosities that seethed throughout the Balkans were at once revealed. The Bulgarian authorities who examined the train were noticeably officious.

Out of the maelstrom, thus developing, there emerged two fundamental types of humanity. The first was Labor, the toilers who, day by day "scratched the back of mother earth." It might be that "their manners, simple and grotesque," were ridiculed by their social superiors. But the Pilgrim preferred the people to the potentates who ruled them.

He visited Buda Pesth. Indeed, at a later date he spent several days in that city with his wife. You could see masons employed on a building with women acting as laborers, a burden of sand and other material on their backs, other women, short-skirted and shoeless, were shoveling sand on the streets. Yet there was the great palace of the Hapsburgs, a vast and vacant edifice which was not occupied for more than six weeks in the year. These were the chivalries on which was based the feudal system still existing in the Old World.

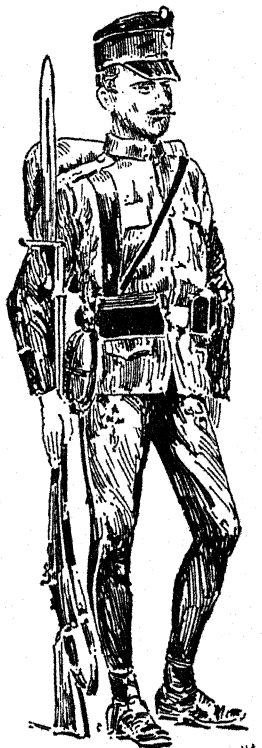
Nor could it be said that the homes, maintained by sacrifices thus incredible, were secure. Opposite an orchestra in Vienna, the Pilgrim saw the private box of the Hapsburg Emperor, splendid and luxurious. What contribution was this privileged person making to the happiness of his people? The Pilgrim visited Museums, Parliament Houses, and palaces. As he arranged his impressions, his one deadly question that pierced to the very vitals of the situation was, "Why so much war?" Pictures innumerable glorified the proud array of battle. "What," he asked, "of the broken lives and broken limbs?"

The pity of it! "I like travelling in the German Empire very much," wrote the Pilgrim. By the officials on the railways he was treated with a welcome consideration, and in Berlin the Thiergarten was a genuine park where there were no warning notices to keep the children off the grass but sandheaps for play and milk on sale and bronze lions

in the forest, harmless yet realistic. The landscape was spoiled, however, by clouds of conflict promoted by kings who themselves kept out of the danger. Finding a statue of Frederick the Great with his walking stick, the Pilgrim wrote, "It is all he needed. Hohenzollerns don't usually *bleed* for their country."

*En route* for Amsterdam the Pilgrim watched a young cadet, training to be an officer in the German Army. His was an education that seemed to Dr. Geil to be a training in brutality. In later years he used to quote, somewhat severely perhaps, the Chinese proverb, "nails are never made of good iron and soldiers are never made of good men." Of the German officer manufactured by a pitiless militarism, the Pilgrim, driven to bitterness by sense of impending disaster, exclaimed, "I reckon him about ready to go and be shot as fertilizer. He'll be of more use to the earth than he is now."

At Versailles, it seemed as if all the battle scenes were ranged around a war lord. In one of them, Napoleon held his watch. "I've not found the interpretation of the watch," wrote Dr. Geil, "but I know what every watch says." The Old World, obdurate in its hatreds, was hastening to a day of judgment. The laborer, declared by God to be worthy of his hire, was condemned by man to be only worthy of the hell of War.

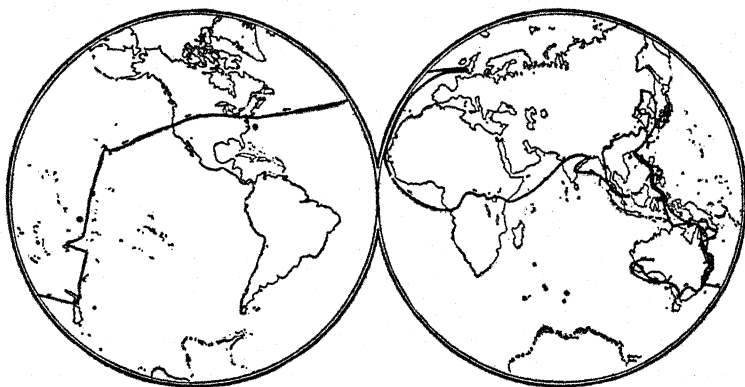




THE SECOND BOOK:  
ACHIEVEMENT







## 1. The Enquiry

*The Work Being Adequate, the Result Is a Matter of Course.*

WHEN William Edgar Geil returned from Europe to America, his apprenticeship was at an end. As Evangelist, as Explorer, he was equipped. On the platform and on the highroad he had felt his feet.

At this point of his career there was, indeed, a pause. As a passenger on the steamship *Servia*, it seemed to him that his course was set straight to the point of the compass called anticlimax. But he was a man to whom the chance must come; and it did.

Over attacks on what he called "Churchianity" he was not greatly concerned. Creeds and catechisms and ceremony were, if one may use the term, fair game for criticism. The Christianity that he cared about was not static but dynamic, not a system but a cause, not a citadel but a campaign; a mission among men and, above all, a foreign mission. He knew of no blessing for himself that was not also a blessing offered to the entire human race.

When, therefore, there began to be a determined and apparently a concerted attempt to discredit Foreign Missions, Dr. Geil was touched to the very quick. Yet a rebuttal was by no means easy. The very devotion of the

missionaries to their duties thousands of miles away prevented their offering an effective defense of their enterprise. The absent are ever in the wrong.

There is an amusing anecdote of Dr. Geil that, when he came across a book, ignorantly attacking missions, he put it upside down in his library.

Here was a situation, therefore, which, as it seemed, could be handled only in one way. An observer should be sent to the far-flung frontiers of the faith and should himself see and report what actually was going on. To complete such a tour would take at least three years of hard, steady travel.

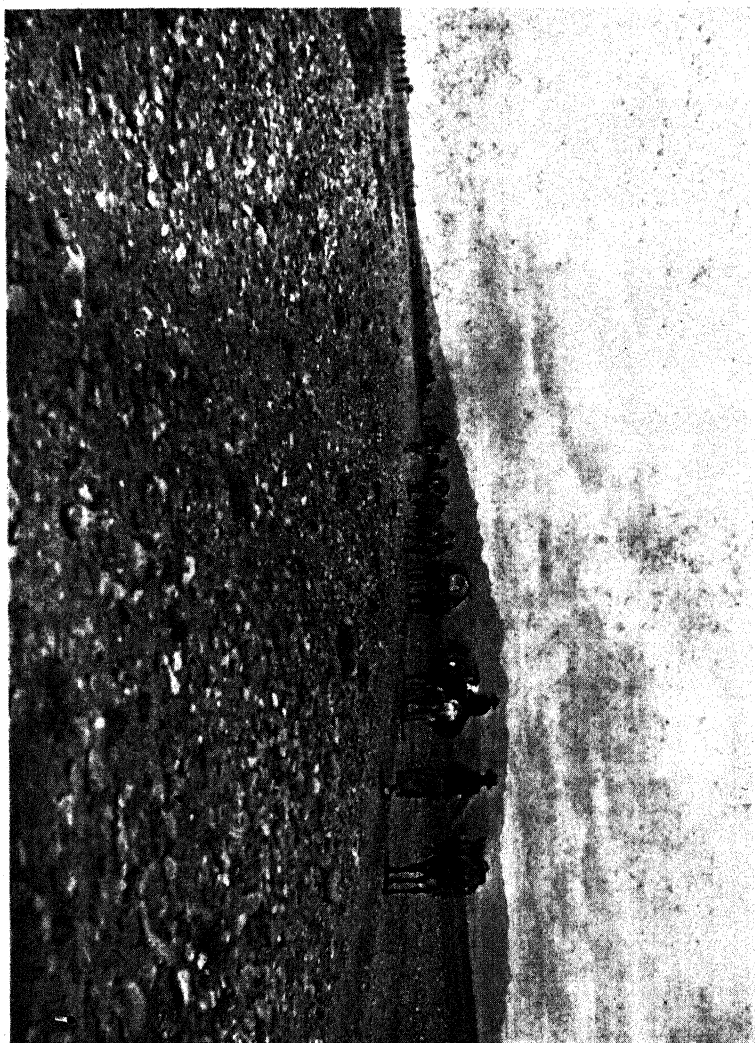
In these days we are accustomed to such commissions of enquiry. But in 1901 here was a novel suggestion and it was essential that the right man for the expedition should be selected. There was no doubt as to the choice.

Dr. Geil was a layman, not ordained by any Church. To his friends who forwarded letters to him, his instructions were explicit. Under no circumstances were they to address him as "Reverend." Because he was a layman, he could sit in the smoking-room of a steamer and listen to the normal conversation. He heard men speak freely what was in their minds.

He was wholly independent, moreover, of all missionary organizations—a point that appealed to a popular audience. Also, in leaving the United States he was surrendering his assured career as a lecturer and writer, nor was it possible to attribute to him any save a disinterested motive. By his book on Patmos he had shown himself to be a keen observer and an adept in the art of description. Also, he knew by long training in thrift what value should be yielded by a mission or any other enterprise for a given expenditure of money. Dr. Geil was invited, therefore, to undertake the responsibility of investigation and it was made possible for him to traverse the immense distances involved.

William Edgar Geil was never a man to complain of his fortunes. He took what came to him, good luck or bad, with a cheerful confidence that all luck is Providence. But

ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET





I do find in his papers a note, written it is true when he was ill and near the end, which suggests that his services in combating the onslaught against missions were not appreciated at their value by the organizations thus defended. He expressed the hope that, in due course, some hand, other than his own, would render him a due recognition. I am content to let the facts themselves speak. They are adequate and conclusive.

While the criticism of missions could not be ignored, Dr. Geil realized that there was nothing of novelty about it. When the Prophet Isaiah wrote, "Listen, O isles, unto me and hearken, ye people from afar," he was surrounded by an idolatry that was nearly universal. Yet as Dr. Geil insisted it was Isaiah who had the future on his side.

So with Foreign Missions. As we now know it, the movement had its origin during the latter half of the Eighteenth Century when—to quote the Explorer—"Rationalism ruled Europe, and Deism was powerful in England, and France abolished Christianity, and Germany was in the hands of philosophers and critics and scientists whose blows were directed against the Bible." It was thus against "every opposing force" that the missionary always had contended and always would have to contend.

So far from evading the charges that had been made against missions, therefore, the Explorer stated the whole issue in its most exacting—some would say combative—terms. It was undeniable that Our Lord had claimed the absolute right to rule this world and that, in Scripture, His universal dominion had been triumphantly prophesied. Yet in 1901, the population of the world was 1,500,000,000 of whom fewer than 500,000,000 of the people, or no more than one-third of mankind, had accepted the Faith. The number of Protestant Evangelical Missionaries, men and women included, did not exceed 16,000, and the spread of Christianity even in a nominal sense, was barely keeping pace with the increase of the human family.

While, therefore, it could not be denied that, during the

century just concluded, missions had made marvelous progress, the Cause, if estimated merely by statistics, had yet to be advanced far further before success—even a nominal success—could be regarded as achieved. What had been described as the failure of missions was thus, to Dr. Geil, a call to yet further sacrifice and yet more efficient service.

To win men was his aim, as much as ever. The revival was still among his methods. But he realized that preaching, however admirable and eager, was not enough. In order to win men, so he was convinced, one must get to know them, their circumstances, their historic and even legendary background, the atmosphere of superstition which they breathed, their inherited instincts, sympathies and animosities, their diseases of body and soul, their industries, amusements and their religions. True, the goal was salvation. But to every goal there must be a path, and the path to salvation was insight.

Statistics were thus no reliable test of a Faith. On his outward journey to San Francisco, Dr. Geil met Mr. Fulton, a missionary from China, who told him that, in ten years, he recorded only 25 converts while it was not until a second ten years had elapsed that he had a thousand.

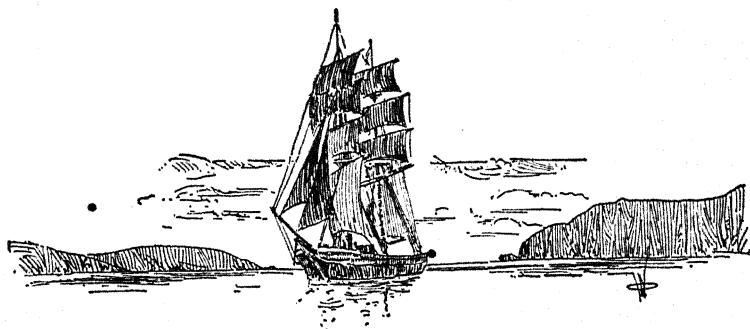
On Thursday Island his host was to be the Bishop of Carpentaria who quoted John Keble's advice, "make a *few* saints"—and so influence the many. As Dr. Geil wrote, "missionary progress is greater than the sum of conversions, adherents, societies and institutions." Account should be taken of "the direct and indirect effect of missionary work upon the intellectual, moral and spiritual state" of the community. The question that here arose in his mind was whether "reformation by environment" was of value without a "regeneration by inward grace." Of the Y.M.C.A. at this date, which, on Hawaii, was "visiting transports, steamers and prisons, giving travellers a kind word and helping Christian workers, including missionaries *en route*," he spoke in warm appreciation. But he believed not less strongly in them before conversion.

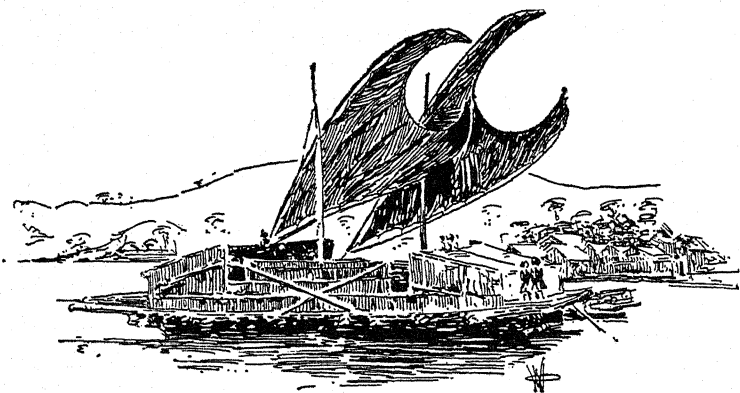
At every instant he was conscious in fact of the issues of life and death. To every one whom he met he attached an importance only to be described by the word eternal; and as a lightning conductor draws to itself the electric flame, so did he evoke and attract to himself the drama around him. •

On the Pullman *en route* to San Francisco, there was a passenger, to outward seeming no more than one among many passengers. It was to Dr. Geil that this man—a doctor—confided as strangers often did, his intimate troubles—how he was fleeing from the officers of the law—he, a man born and bred “in a godly home.”

Within the Golden Gate of the Pacific lay all that was left of an ill-fated ship, the *Rio de Janeiro*, which had sunk, carrying her passengers with her, many of them trapped under the awning that covered the deck. There had been three standing together while that disaster developed. One of the three climbed over the rail and so managed to escape. This survivor was among the Explorer’s companions.

Thus human, thus sympathetic, thus descriptive both of the secular and the sacred, was the Explorer’s investigation into the progress of the Christian gospel along the far-flung horizons of the faith.





## 2. Salt of the South Seas

*An Image-maker Never Worships Idols.*

IT was in May, 1901, that the Explorer set forth on what, for ten years, was a scarcely interrupted Odyssey. The rest of that year was devoted to the South Seas.

To follow him from island to island, date by date, would be to hamper ourselves with mere itinerary. Let us then imagine him arranging for unusual passages, trying to obtain interpreters and so finding himself, first, at Hawaii, "the crossways of the Pacific"; then successively among the Tongans, the Fijians, the Maoris of New Zealand and the Papuans of New Guinea. Wherever he went, he secured brief vivid glances of life that was rapidly changing.

So fierce was the ancient Fiji dance that, as the performers shook their spears at him, he exclaimed hastily to his friend, "Bennett, I hope these men are converted."

Such travel was not without hardship and danger. There were seasons consecrated to hurricane, and at a signal station—for instance, Kobe in Japan, the hoist of a black ball announced the approach of a typhoon, of which dreaded visitation the Explorer had a taste. Flickering at the mast head, St. Elmo's fire was as unwelcome as it was picturesque.



"How they thunder," wrote he, of the waves around the Tongan Islands, "rolling in from a boisterous ocean with crests fifteen feet high, blue to the reef, then an emerald green, so breaking into snow-white foam"! The breakers in the Fijis did more than thunder. They soaked the Explorer to the skin.

The charts were not to be regarded as infallible. In one perilous strait the course of the ship had to be changed because the floor of the ocean was silently rising. On the island of Niau Fooou, so difficult was the landing that mails were delivered by skyrocket. Unfortunately the rocket set fire to a house, after which mishap the letters were sealed in a kerosene tin and thrown overboard for native swimmers to pick up.

Volcanic eruptions had swallowed up entire villages and it was still remembered nearly fifty years later, how a native preacher, confronted by the catastrophe, had selected as his text, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In regions where men still believed that the gods lifted the lid off a mountain to let out the fire, where, moreover, malaria was attributed to the breath of a snake, forty feet long and eighteen inches in diameter which lived in Tauan Island and found its way at night by means of a diamond held in its teeth, this sermon, surely, with its appeal to such an utterance by St. Paul, borders on the heroic.

Everybody told travelers' tales of a more or less ascertained veracity. From an officer and eyewitness, the Explorer heard how during the war between China and Japan, the transport *Tusu Maru*, with hundreds of horses aboard, was seized by a tornado, how the horse boxes, built with Japanese delicacy, gave way, and of the appalling scenes which left scarcely an animal with life in its mangled body. A grim business, and typical!

On the platform the Explorer was fond of rattling off a sentence "right is right and wrong is wrong and right can

never be wrong and wrong can never be right." But in these remote places where volcano and typhoon were symbolic of a chaos in ethics also, he had to ask himself, what is wrong? And what is right?

He was told the story of that sailing craft which, built for pleasure, had been stricken by tempest in mid-ocean and found itself, for many days, unable to make the land. With the water exhausted, a boy, unconscious, was at the point of death. His companions, in excess of thirst, opened his veins, and saved their lives. Assuming that he would have died anyway, was it murder?

In deep waters, scored by reefs, hundreds of ships had sunk. Others left their wreckage along the shores where they lay like huge skeletons.

Survivors from the sea did not always survive on land. On Mobyag Island, in the old days, the natives did not know that the salt pork, beef and flour on a wreck were good to eat so they threw these things away. But they killed the crew.

What sank the *Titanic* was an uncharted iceberg. In these tropical seas, the dread of the pilot was the uncharted reef, rising unseen within waters, apparently calm, apparently safe. In drydock, a mail steamer revealed a scratch, lengthwise,—happily only a scratch.

A similar vessel, the *Quetta*, had been less fortunate. The scratch had been an inch too deep. To prevent an explosion, the engineers stayed at their posts, opened the valves and died. The vessel itself had felt no shock but she sank, and above the pulpit of the Quetta Memorial Church on Thursday Island, there hung one of her life-buoys.

It goes without saying that of premonitions before a disaster, there were stories repeated with chapter and verse, and firmly believed.

You had to be ready at any time for the unexpected. A fish of large size would leap on to the deck and get entan-

gled with the rigging; and the toad fish when caught would earn its name by swelling its poisonous self to three times its normal dimensions.

On one vessel, bound for New Guinea, the mate had no certificate. It meant that the Explorer could not travel as a passenger but had to sign on as supercargo. The other members of the crew were natives, clad in long hair and little else. The food was appalling—"Hash! Hash! Hash!"—with onion to deaden the smell. To keep off the vermin, the Explorer slept in his clothes on deck.

Under all the circumstances, his health was good. But with an open wound on a boil that had troubled him at Honolulu, he did not think it prudent to visit the lepers.

Everywhere fact and fiction were blended like the oxygen and nitrogen in the air we breathe. There were wonderful stories of the bird that laid an egg larger than itself and of watersnakes which had so completely forgotten how to use their poisonous fangs that children handled them with impunity. Legends, travelers' tales, scenery, birds, beasts, fruits, flowers—all nature, all the mind of man fascinated Ulysses.

The Pelicans, on Mobyag Island, flying in lines across the blue water, were a source of valuable guano. The turtles would open their mouths only when you pressed their eyes. The dinner of cocoanut would be served on tables with neckties round their legs to keep off the ants. The big-headed sea slugs were two feet long.

In the Torres Straits, "You are awake, sir," was the daily greeting; "I go to sleep" the farewell; and the sport was killing snakes—thirty-seven in a bag, with 28 to 33 black rings to each reptile. A surgeon, anxious for his instruments, confessed ruefully that the sole of a native foot was tough as leather.

Off the Island of Nuavabu, there was the lovers' cave, described by Byron. At low water, its mouth is submerged ten feet, and here it was that, when pursued, a girl dived

into the depths and led her lover to safety. The Explorer met one of the few white men who had attempted the same feat. It was only after repeated endeavors that, weak and lacerated, he was able to time his exit so as to catch the outward turn of the current.

Then, that sunset as seen from the deck of the *White Star*—clouds like islands in a sky of delicate purple—their edges parallel with the clear horizon—the sun of glorious gold descending and scattering the stray mists with streamers of light! It was unforgettable and unforgettably described.

To the Explorer's broadening outlook upon men and faith, this travel was appropriate. It fitted into the logic of his career. The tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson on the Samoan Island of Apia impressed him. He would quote the famous epitaph. But his own review of the scene was essentially different from Stevenson's. He was in the South Seas not to reside; he sought no literary Nirvana; he was an ambassador with credentials.

In Europe he had been startled by the contrast between what is and what ought to be; and the contrast had a dark side. But in Polynesia, the contrast was between what is and what used to be. Paganism was no dim and distant memory, interesting chiefly to artists and scholars. Paganism was still an active challenge to Christianity; and between the two cultures, it was still possible to draw a definite distinction.

Broadly, the idea was that the islanders, whatever their racial origin, were living a simple and an indolent life. Their raiment might be reduced to a minimum. They might enjoy happiness rather than pursue it. But it was no kindness to turn them from their contented selves into something different and often worse. Missions in the South Seas were thus, so it had been argued, a mistake.

To begin with, the Explorer pointed out that this very argument involved a degradation of man. It condemned communities to exist, without past, without future, receiving nothing from mankind and giving nothing to mankind,

not reading, not writing, not singing; whatever else the gospel had or had not done, at least, it had elevated the natives to the level of history.

Again, was it true that these children of the sun and the surf, playing in their garden of Eden, "without tomorrow, without yesterday," were basking as alleged in an atmosphere of happiness? Among the Tongans, you could see a vast mound. It was the sepulcher of a chieftain. The strange thing was that the name of the chieftain was unknown. The place was called the Tomb of the Hundred Slaves. Only the men who had been forced to toil over it and had, perhaps, died within it were remembered.

Into the origin of good and evil the Explorer peered, as into the dim recesses of a cavern, and he is entitled to his impressions. He found it impossible to regard the natives as creatures, rising from a lower to a higher civilization by a mechanical process called evolution. Their heathenism did not seem to him to be a step upward but a step backward. It was, as he considered, an obvious perversion and diversion of an earlier and purer appreciation of God.

The staggering theory that the South Sea Islands, with their mysterious ruins of a bygone day, are really the mountain tops of a submerged continent, called Wu, had not become, as yet, a part of the thought with which the Explorer had to deal. If it be accepted and if the civilization of Wu was highly elaborated, we have a testimony, subsequent to



the Explorer's observation, that confirms what he deduced from the social evidence.

On this "common paternity" of the whole human race Dr. Geil founded his belief in "the inborn and inalienable rights of man, whether savage or civilized"; and on these rights, said he, "the Founder of Christianity has built the golden rule that rests upon the moral equality of all men before God." Hence, "the rights and duties of all"—hence the code of conduct that is binding on every conscience. Whatever is or is not to be said about the Explorer's dogma, its application, at least, was a sound and equitable democracy. To the Explorer, it was apparent, then, that within the souls of these naked savages, there had smoldered for centuries the unquenchable fires of a divine, yet remorseless discontent, which had tortured them into paroxysms of scarcely conceivable inhumanity. Between islands and groups of islands there were differences of reputation. Compared with the savages of Fiji, the Samoans were gentle. But the idea that, in recent centuries, Polynesia or any part of it had been a Paradise was a myth.

The Explorer encountered many men and women, now Christian, who had been brought up as cannibals. At Doba, off New Guinea, he ate a meal from a chicken, a tender bird, cooked for him in a leaf, by a chieftain who was actually on the borderline between cannibalism and Christianity. He had himself killed at least fifty persons. He was still influenced by sorcery, but he had begun to support the mission.

In a single Fijian village scores of natives had been slaughtered for food at a date so recent as 1871. Over the ghastly sacrament, the priest pronounced a benediction and parents cultivated the tastes of their children by rubbing human flesh over their lips.

Among the Fijians the rules of war were not without chivalry and "it was considered the greatest breach of good form to take an enemy unawares." But prisoners, captured in battle, were consumed as food; indeed, to capture one's

foe and refuse to eat him was a deadly insult, and under the stress of this fearful vice, the rules of war were suspended. It was an eye-witness—Old Peter, who told the Explorer of the last massacre on the island of Viwa in which the bribe that bought betrayal was a whale's tooth. It was a ruthless slaughter of 200 men by means of flintlock muskets, spears and clubs. How the missionary with all reverence gathered into a boat and buried what was left after that unspeakable outbreak of savagery was also told by Old Peter in tones that vibrated with emotion.

What impressed the Explorer about these terrible customs was not the physical fact that the natives had themselves killed and eaten, it might be, their own kith and kin, nor even the hideous candor with which they could still discuss the particular flavor of this or that part of the human body, in man, woman and child. In the wars of Christendom lives also were lost and under circumstances at least as cruel. It was the reason for cannibalism that gave one cause to shudder.

The explanation of the practice was not hatred but horror—a horror so intense that it broke down every restraint whether of love or of rectitude. It was horror that drove parents to kill and eat their children. It was horror that impelled tribes to excesses of treachery.

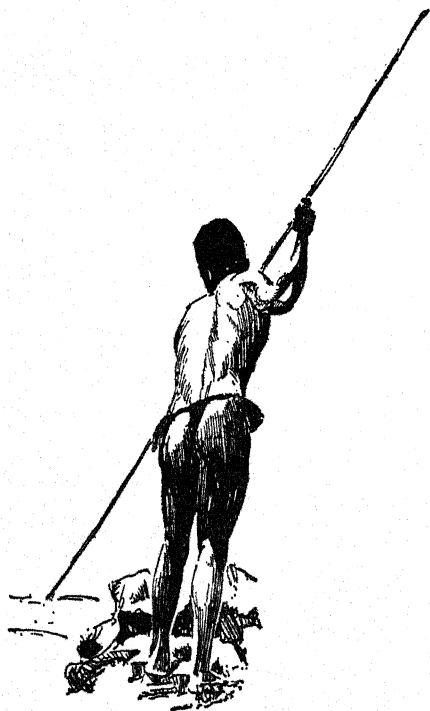
What was it that evoked this horror which pursued peoples, otherwise simple and harmless? It was the fear of death that held them all their lifetime subject to bondage. Cannibalism was a desperate effort by men and women to add other lives to their own and so to promote longevity.

Indeed, it was no wonder. For the aged there had been no mercy. A hereditary chieftain on the Fiji Islands whose appearance reminded the Explorer of Prince Bismarck, guided him to the cave where earlier chieftains than he, when old and sick, had been carried and left to perish. To the piteous appeals of these unfortunates for food and water he had listened for days at a time. But it was forbidden to relieve their needs.

To the student of anthropology, such phenomena present many points, doubtless, of a curious and scientific interest. The peculiarity of the missionary was that he was unconcerned with any science that failed to save. Like the anthropologist he studied cannibalism, but it was only in order to stop it.

In India the practice of suttee was abolished by law. Against cannibalism also, the law has been invoked but sometimes with a curious result. It has been found—if I remember aright—that the custom, however dreadful, was a means of grace. Without it natives lost their interest in life, and an alternative, therefore, must be found. Following the precedent of a famous though frustrated sacrifice—that of Isaac by Abraham—the alternative selected might be an animal which the natives could use instead of human beings.

The civil authority—if I may supplement Dr. Geil's evidence—had thus been compelled to recognize that the cannibal himself is a mystic. They wished to prolong this present life but this present life was not enough for them. They yearned for the life beyond. "Lord Jesus, catch my spirit"—this had been the dying prayer of the Christian chief of the Tongans—catch as one catches a ball.





If a chief, on building his house, bound four human victims to the corner posts and buried them alive, the reason again was religion. It was his version or perversion of the Psalmist's *Nisi Dominus Frustra*, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it." Religion was the motive and it was a religion inspired by terror.

Just as in Rome the Christians turned the temples into churches, so on the Fiji Islands, the Wesleyans had used the materials of a heathen shrine. Their church stood where banquets of human flesh had been frequent. The stone where the victims were crushed was now a font. The great drum Yali, made of wood, which had summoned the people to their orgy, was used as a bell, ringing for worship.

The missionaries, visited by Dr. Geil, were not content with the symbol of an atonement. They applied the act itself. Among the Papuans, wrote the Explorer, "one can pass quickly from the region of the Lord's Supper to the section where to refuse a morsel of human flesh would be to have no longer the respect of a coffee-house savage." Under cannibalism horror had obliterated love. Under Christianity love obliterated horror.

It was, indeed, at the supreme and final crisis of cannibalism that the Explorer arrived in New Guinea. The jungle on that great island was still rough going. It was strange, also, to be ferried over rapids and around rocks on a raft, hastily built by the natives with an ax, and steered by no rudder but by native savages swimming in the stream.

On the Island of Goaribari, the cannibal system was in full force. Commerce itself was consecrated by the ritual of death and after a hunt for turtles, the spoils were divided on a Dobo or sacred stage in the Aravo, or house of the skulls. Of these temples there were five of considerable area, in which could be seen thousands of heads, each with the lower jaw tied by rattan. No such temple could be dedicated without victims and a new one was needed.

Among missionaries, James Chalmers, called Tamate or teacher, was a man beloved by all and honored throughout

the world. With Oliver Fellows Tomkins and eleven natives of the mission, he visited Goaribari in a longboat, was entertained by the natives, and treacherously clubbed to death with the whole party. The bodies were cut up and eaten. The Explorer was told that the heart of the great teacher was given to a child.

It was the very boat, the *Parua*, on which the Explorer was supercargo, that accompanied the Lieutenant-Governor on his punitive expedition. The Explorer heard the story also from missionaries to whom the recent martyrdom was still an absorbing emotion. With solemn urgency they had appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor to abstain from reprisals, and while the natives themselves by their volleys of arrows forced the use of firearms, the law was vindicated with a due regard to that mercy of which James Chalmers himself had been an example.



### 3. *Savor of the Salt*

*New Clothes but Old Friends Are Best.*

THE challenge to missions, which Dr. Geil had to investigate, was reduced to simple terms. Here was no nicely adjusted criticism by scientists and philosophers, impartially weighing phenomena. "Two consciences" were in active collision—"white against white"—on the one hand, men and women who were "honestly trying to be a blessing to the native races," and on the other hand, those who delighted in "negating their good deeds."

The theory that, without missions, the natives would continue to live in their primitive innocence was lacking in reality. Captain Cook—to give one instance—who touched at the Fiji Islands, was no missionary nor were the traders and pirates who followed in his wake. On New Guinea, there flew the flags of Holland, Britain and Germany. Over the Philippines and Hawaii, there flew the Stars and Stripes. But neither these nor any other Australasian territories were "the Paradise some optimists would have us think." The withdrawal of missionaries for a time from

certain areas might have been a financial necessity but it was a social disaster.

The Explorer was not what is called "a radical." The administration of the Fiji Islands by the British seemed to him to be equitable; and under the United States, the City of Manila was "clean and safe." There was drunkenness, certainly, but not among the soldiers. The police were the finest that he had ever seen. The public school was gaining ground. "The air," he wrote, "is full of change and new things." What he did say, however, was that "civilization is not grace"; a railroad and a factory are no substitute for "God's commandments"; in the Philippines, as in Hawaii, a great flag must be assisted by a still greater faith.

Everywhere there was an intermingling of races. Cruising through the Torres Straits, the Explorer witnessed the capture of a man, accused of thieving, among other things, a hen. He was a Malay. The owner of the hen was a Madras Indian. The witness to the theft was a Fijian. The constable who made the arrest was a Scot. The captain of the vessel which removed the thief was a German from Hamburg. The boy who recovered the hen was an aboriginal from Australia. The judge, appointed to try the case, was English. The jailer was Irish, and the cook West Indian. As an anonymous poet expressed it:

Up in regions equatorial,  
Blest with scenery pictorial,  
Pursuits mainly piscatorial,  
Lies an island known to fame.  
Pearling lives, and pearling thrives there,  
White men only risk their lives there.  
Thursday Island is its name.

Every race it opes its gates to,  
Every country it relates to,  
Key to Hell and Torres Straits too,  
Tho a speck upon the map.  
What! the whites first trod upon it!  
What! the Anglo-Saxons won it!  
Chows and Cingalese now run it,  
Aided by the wily Jap.

To the white man, race seemed to be the only thing to be considered. But to the Explorer, race, however important as a factor, was not dominant over destiny. Race was subordinate to what he called redemption. Caste was subject to character.

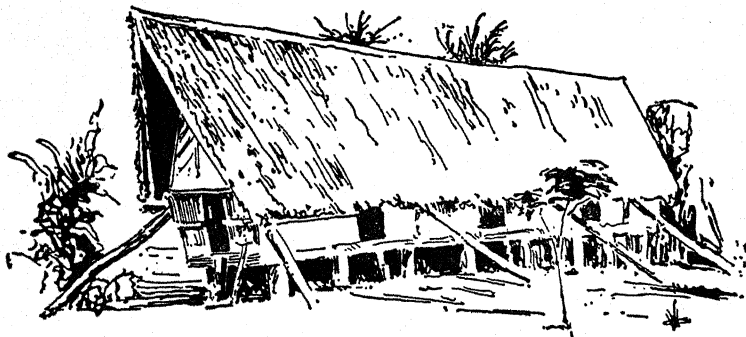
We may agree with him—we may disagree—but at least we cannot dispute the piquancy and aptness of his cases in point. If, so he agreed, there were especial perils in the Torres Straits, then it did not matter in the least to the passengers whether the pilot were Chinese or English. What did matter was that he be sober and reliable. It need not be added that his rebuke to pilots who might be otherwise, aroused a fierce resentment and was a topic of correspondence in the press.

The soul of man, including all races, was thus a battlefield between the devil in him and the divine. In the case of the Kanakas, it was not enough to say that you had race meeting race. According to Dr. Geil you had the good which is the same for all races, meeting the evil which is the same for all races. Some whites of Australia had tempted the Kanakas to drink, seduced their women, and robbed them of their money. But on the other hand, the whites of Australia had furnished protection to the Kanakas against these abuses—homes, missions and education.

The Kanaka himself had to take a part in this conflict between light and darkness. He was to be seen as a vicious and violent slave to passion. He was also to be seen as a Christian who found it easier to pronounce the word Jesus, than any English word, and would say, "I think along my heart." Here were men, drawn from islands, still cannibal in tradition, and to see them under examination for baptism, as the Explorer saw them, was to witness a change more marvelous than the magic of the Dervish in the black tents of the Bedouin.

Chinese, like Americans, British, or any other people, had to be judged, individual by individual, and judged on merits. Race may be lust but race may be loyalty. On the

very day of his departure from Australia, the Explorer, like the Australians themselves, was stirred by the news of a tragedy. From the peaceful city of Truro in Cornwall where the spires of a noble cathedral were rising, strong and slender, above the homes of a simple and reverent people, a bride, barely twenty-one, had made her way across the world to Lizard Island, in the Tropics. The husband, twice her age, went slug-hunting along the reefs, leaving his wife and her new-born baby to the care of a Chinese servant, Ah San.



The blacks became restive, and the mother, her babe and Ah San escaped over the water in an empty tank. Her diary, a broken record of blood and tears, was shown to and studied by the Explorer. Feeding her child, she had fought, day by day, for life, but had been beaten by hunger, by thirst and by exposure. To the end, the Chinese servant remained with her. He also died the death; and to the white woman, her white babe and the Chinese protector of her person, there was accorded a public funeral.

To be sympathetic with China was one thing. To be sentimental over her, was quite another. If Chinese passengers on peaceful merchantmen were subjected to search, there was a reason. On several occasions, passengers, appearing to be as peaceful as they, had proved to be pirates. These bandits, so the Explorer was told, had not hesitated to slay

and outrage their victims, sparing neither age nor sex, and one defense against such attacks was a hose pipe, laid on to the engine room. There had to be precautions, too, against junks, which would surround a merchantman and overcome her by a bombardment of "stinkpots"—a missile loaded with poison gas.

The question at issue was thus whether or not missions were making a valuable contribution to communities so complex. Some of the critics did not greatly impress the Explorer. On a certain island which he named, a foul-mouthed fellow, full of liquor, poured forth an unpleasant tale of missionary scandal into the ear of the Explorer, who sat and listened, not disclosing his own identity. In his subsequent cruises, he proceeded to lead into conversation the men he met who had come from the island and one after the other they repeated these stories as they had been told to the Explorer himself, claiming in each case that they knew the thing, not by hearsay, but as eyewitnesses. Such gossip as this, therefore, should be sifted with care before it was accepted as the truth.

Missionaries were not infallible. At Honolulu there appeared to be substance in the complaint that their families had "gobbled up land in a way that was legally fair but not morally right.". Once or twice, the Explorer came across an individual missionary who had gone wrong, kept company with native women and committed other follies.

But that the missionaries as a class were disinterested could not be doubted by any fair mind. In New Guinea these men were working for their keep and twenty pounds a year, and the women for ten pounds a year salary. Even so, there were cases of a missionary advancing his salary to meet some expense of the cause.

On Mobyag Island there was a missionary who said frankly, "I am not a religious woman. My father was an atheist and I admire his honesty. But in the Epistle of St. James, Christ laid down a law which I accept—that religion means to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction

and to keep himself unspotted from the world. I give the children lessons in obedience, first to God, then to parents and thirdly to teacher."

It was not the whole gospel as received by the Explorer but it was sincerely practiced and he respected this missionary.

In the Philippines the Explorer met and photographed the Friars. His report on them was candid and not in any way withheld. The rule of celibacy which is a part of the Roman discipline seemed to him to be unwise. According to his information, the enforcement of this rule had led to domestic irregularities which were grave and notorious.

The Friars had 800 churches, substantially built, and 200 churches constructed of bamboo. There were, moreover, 5000 chapels where service was held on Feast Days. The general conclusion of the Explorer was that the clergy were rendering important services to the people.

Not that the Catholic method could ever be his method. At Manila he witnessed a Christmas Pageant in which the birth of the Savior was represented. To him it was not a colorful survival of medieval realism but a descent into sheer "blasphemy"; and in Hawaii, to attempt to cure a sick boy by setting a medallion of the Virgin on his breast was—so he held—mere superstition. If the Protestants were called "Bible missionaries" it was because they alone had been conspicuous in translating and circulating the Scriptures and promoting their regular use in church and home.

The Explorer was indeed somewhat shocked at Hawaii by an auction of cakes held on the Feast of the Holy Ghost. Into the cakes coins had been stuck which stimulated the bidding. On Samoa, so he was told, the Catholics were instituting "a continental Sunday," and the Marist Brothers and Sisters did not, as educators, develop the reasoning faculties of their pupils. Whether Dr. Geil's own observation bore out this opinion is, perhaps, a question. The examination papers, so he thought, showed good work and the reading of English was creditable.



The Explorer came into contact with the Mormons. Indeed, one of them tried to convert him. Dr. Geil suggested that the matter might receive his favorable consideration if he be permitted to photograph the golden plates on which the Book of Mormon is engraved. His acquaintance assured him that this could be arranged, but next day he came to Dr. Geil and confessed that the golden plates had been given back to the angel.

The activity of the Mormons was much in evidence and in certain respects, not unworthy of emulation. Their missionaries would visit the homes of the natives and share their difficulties while fresh workers were brought constantly into the field.

It is possible that the first impression created by the advent of the Mormons was the most favorable. On Hawaii there were feasts in which the chief delicacy was roast pig, which flair for so hospitable a propaganda—for instance among the Maoris—did not always last. The Mormons had a way of letting other missionaries do the converting to Christianity and then coming in later with a supplementary revelation.

There were memories of an advocacy of plural marriage. An aged missionary in New Zealand quoted a Maori's remark, "If they want us to have more wives they ought to supply them." But the information of the Explorer seems to have been that the Mormon missionaries of the year, 1901, were not in a position to challenge the custom which is common to the rest of Christendom.

In Samoa the traders appeared to be divided in opinion. A small group favored missions and contributed to their support. The majority were against the Cause.

There was one merchant who had married a native wife. He swore liberally and condemned all missions except the Catholic. Under every fourth cocoanut tree, he said, they had built a church and they educated the natives too much. Why should girls learn such a lot about the planets—Neptune, Mars and Jupiter—that they wake up their husbands

at night to show them the Milky Way and outline the nebular hypothesis?

The Explorer was no theorist. He agreed with Pestalozzi that "half the education of women comes through her fingers." But he noticed a comparison: on the one hand native women, dressed in male clothes, who accompanied white men around the shores of New Guinea, with the inevitable sequel of a half-caste population; and on the other hand, the women of Tonga, who had been educated to a self-respect that despite their youth and charm enabled them to avoid "running about with sailors" or even meeting the ship on its arrival. It was significant perhaps that the very merchant who disapproved of education for women as a whole, sent his own daughters away to school.

During his visit to Samoa, Dr. Geil attended a wedding of native Christians and was impressed by the solemnity of the service. At Malua College there was no rule against students marrying, provided that it be at the end of term. At instruction in trades, the wives, even with babies, were welcome. It was assumed that a Christian must be content with one wife. If any other view is expressed to-day, it was not recorded by the Explorer in the year 1901.

The Governor on Samoa was a German and what he favored was Mohammedanism. Much more valuable than instruction of the natives in morals, so he suggested to the Explorer, was encouragement to go bathing. The Explorer admitted that Islam introduced a certain discipline into life which—for instance, at Suva—had diminished crime.

After all, the trader who criticized missions was not always a philanthropist. Sometimes he was a sheer gambler, and often the gravamen of his accusation was that the mission prevented his profiteering.

Among the Hawaiians "powerful firms were conducting a liquor traffic which was inevitably anti-social"; and the Japanese, described by a captain of police as "the greatest law-breakers" had remitted money orders home in one month to the value of 20,000 dollars.

On Thursday Island the boats engaged in pearl-fishing had been organized on what was called the "floating system." This meant that the boats returned to port only at long intervals and with large sums of money payable to the natives employed. There was apt to be a rich harvest for the saloons with riot, bloodshed and murder.



It was contended that the natives were lazy. But the Explorer argued that the Samoan who "lies about on his fine mat, smoking a cigar of banana-leaves and home grown tobacco, plays marbles and enjoys a feast of young roast pig" is in all essentials the equal in ethics to an American millionaire "lounging around seaside resorts, smoking and making merry, who lives on the product of stocks and bonds." Indeed, the Samoan, being tattooed on his forearm, "never tries to hide his identity"; and, if an appeal is made to him, he will "lay aside his shirt and help build the walls of a church or school."

If, at times, there were natives who were disinclined to

work, the thing to do was to find out why. On Thursday Island the Explorer listened with interest to a sermon delivered in "Pidgin English." Said the preacher, "spose man he no work and catch him food for wife and picanninies alonga im, God he wild alonga im, all same fellow no believe a God." He applied an illustration. "See knife I hold up. You look this fellow knife, spose he no work, he lay back, he no work one month, two months, three months, he all rusty, no more can open him."

The congregation was impressed, but after the service was over, a deputation waited on the preacher. Why, asked the natives, should they go out pearl-fishing when they were defrauded by the traders of the agreed reward for their toil? There was nobody in the business whom they could trust to be honest.

Out of his own pocket the missionary lent them a sum of £200 for a boat. In fifteen months these natives had paid back the cost of the vessel. Indeed, they went further. Happening to make a haul of copper ingots, supposed to have been left by a Spanish galleon which had been wrecked and rotted in the ocean, they spent not a penny on liquor but gave £250 to build a church, making also a feast, clothing their families and putting away the balance for a rainy day.

In another case, the natives, finding a pearl worth £80, gave £30 to the mission.

It was untrue that native Christians declined themselves to contribute to the Cause. In the Island of Olusinga, a community, small in numbers and resources, had given \$2000 out of the sum of \$3000 required for a school. At the College of Malua no fewer than 1200 preachers had completed a course of four years' training without financial assistance from the whites. The Jubilee Hall, holding a thousand and costing \$10,000 to build, was erected by the natives themselves, and many other instances of such enterprise could be mentioned.

The danger of the weaker nations dying out was present in every mind. Towns and graveyards on Tonga indicated

that numbers had greatly decreased; one third, it was said, since the days of Captain Cook. European diseases—whooping cough, measles, tuberculosis—and intermarriage were among the causes. To save the natives was the aim of a mission and there was evidence that, once more, the Tongans were recovering their population. "The whole man," wrote Dr. Geil, "body, soul and spirit had to be attended to." The battle began with the cradle and did not end until the grave.

At a mission station on New Guinea the Explorer met a little girl who was receiving instruction. As a babe she had lost her mother and had been bound alive to that mother's bosom. In a chair, photographed by the Explorer, the dead mother had been seated and, with her child, she was to have been buried in a circular grave. It was only the prolonged plea of the missionary's wife that saved the infant from its fate. Was it any wonder that the Governor, talking with the Explorer, praised the missionaries "in no uncertain terms"? "The people," said he, "who adversely criticize missions do not know what missions are accomplishing."

On the Island of Kandava ninety native sisters, neatly dressed and distinguished by a white band and Maltese cross on the bare arm, had been trained to visit the sick, to give instruction in the proper care of babies, and especially in the importance of burning mats and examining mosquito nets. These sisters did not dye their hair like other natives but limed it every Saturday, anointed it with cocoanut oil and perfume of sandalwood and decked it on Sunday with flowers.

The Explorer encountered royalty. Clad in the black pinafore which sometimes reached her knees, the Princess of Bau, an important personage, joined the party. In sorrow for deceased chieftains, the Princess had dutifully severed both her little fingers at the first joint. The Explorer heard of a girl who was stricken with pneumonia and he visited her. It was evening and in the shadows he was awed by the

silence of the natives as, hour after hour, they sat in sympathy, watching the sick.

With the little kingdom of Tonga the Explorer was fascinated. Common honesty was there a national virtue. He happened to leave a bag unlocked, of which the contents—namely, instruments—were worth £50. Nothing was touched or taken. The islands had a government—one of the few of this planet—which lived within its income and refused to contract a debt even when offered by the foreigner at a low rate of interest.

His Majesty of Tonga was King George II. He weighed 22 stone and, as some of his loving subjects thought that he had married the wrong wife, he was heavily guarded. The Explorer was the first private citizen of the United States to be received by the king, whose palace was of wood, with a roof of corrugated iron, painted white, a throne of gilded wood, decorated with a crown and candelabra with cut glass. He wore a black Albert suit, stand up collar, large variegated tie, heavy gold watch-chain and the Tongan cross as a charm.

That they got on famously together is evident. They agreed that on the Tongan Islands there were neither beggars nor lepers. They agreed that the King's horses should not be disembarked from a ship on Sunday and that white men who taught the natives to drink spirits and swear were trash. And the King begged his guest to remember that civilization among his subjects was still only a recent development.

At Nukualofa public worship was conducted with dignity. Teachers from the college wore mortar boards and the students wore uniform. Most of the congregation sat in the pews; but in the aisles the people crowded on to the floor. There was an excellent attendance of babies. On two heavy chairs, upholstered in red plush, there were seated the King and Queen. The King's shoes were of patent leather and he carried a black ebony cane. He was a musician who played several instruments. Dr. Geil continues:

The Queen is a Tongan noblewoman and a beauty. She was tastefully attired in cream silk with pink trimmings and looked charming in a Gainsborough hat with ostrich feathers of no mean variety and leather shoes. The whole was a Parisian affair and very becoming.

The service concluded with prayer by the Prime Minister and with the Tongan anthem during which the military escort stood at salute.

Dr. Geil himself was, as we have seen, a Baptist, and in this as in other matters of faith, he was ready on occasion to defend his position. But Dr. Fosdick himself, in the year 1926, has not stood more firmly for coöperation between all Christians than did Dr. Geil twenty-five years earlier. On Hawaii he was carried away with enthusiasm over the Union Church—the most remarkable, he declared, to be found anywhere, with “a college man in every pew.”

Holding these broad and liberal views of Christian fellowship, Dr. Geil could not but condemn whatever he was able to discover of competition between churches. When a governor in New Guinea assigned what may be called missionary dioceses to the several organizations at work in his territory, it was, said Dr. Geil, “a most sensible arrangement.” If “the stock of savage sinners becomes scarce,” then and not until then will it be time to encourage “a free trade in converts.”

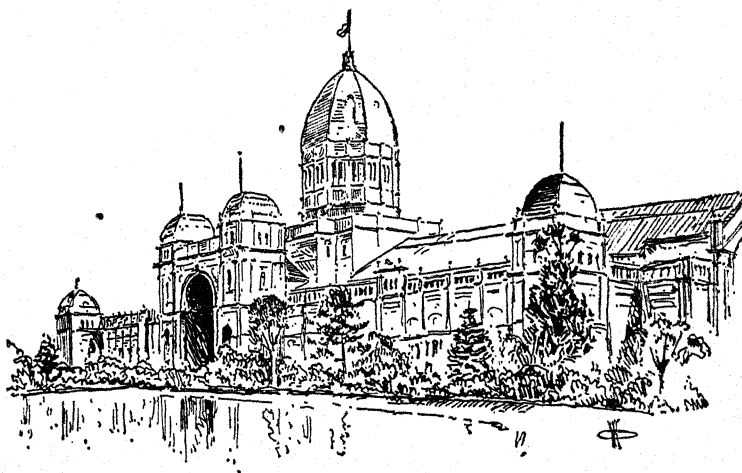
The Explorer was a Protestant; and of the Roman Catholic Church he could write with an uncompromising candor. Yet in the test case of New Guinea he approved of assigning areas to wholly Catholic influence. There was plenty of room for the Protestants to work elsewhere.

What fascinated him in the spectacle of evangelical worship, wherever he took part in it, was the initiative which was evoked. The native did not receive a blessing merely; he was stimulated himself to return the blessing. There were colleges where he studied. There were pulpits where he preached. There were Sunday Schools where he taught.

There were Bibles that he owned and read. There was money that he gave. And above all, there were hymns that he sang. There, amid the South Seas, in churches open seven days a week, you could hear some of the most magnificent community singing (and the Explorer knew what he was talking about) in the world.

Here in essentials was the early church of the first century transported across the intervening years to our own day and our own world. It was Ephesus glorified by her first love.





#### 4. *The Voice of One*

*The Candle of One Man Can Illumine One Hundred.*

IN October 1901 the Explorer was cruising over the Tasman Sea on his way to Australia. The propeller of the vessel broke; there was, of course, no wireless with which to signal S.O.S.; and the ship drifted helplessly for six days. Water was cut down and also food; some of the passengers began to suffer from hysteria.

Happily, the ship in distress was sighted and at this deliverance from a predicament that had become awkward, the company sang the Doxology and gathered round the Explorer as he uttered a prayer of sincere thanksgiving.

"I want to give my life anew," wrote William Edgar Geil on one of his scraps of paper, "to make my Mother's ideals live again in me." It was this voyage, thus interrupted, that was the preliminary to his leadership of the mammoth mission which swept over Australia with a momentum irresistible.

There are certain arts, dramatic in their essence, which vanish with the artist. Cold print is impotent to perpetuate

the voice of a Jenny Lind; it must be heard to be believed; and so with the gesture of a Gladstone; it must be seen.

The preacher also transcends description. Only by the effect he produces can we measure his genius. In the Duomo at Florence a monk called Savonarola flings forth phrases. The city burns her books and afterwards burns the monk. A George Eliot herself cannot tell you why.

Here was an American of Americans—not rich—not known save to a few and by hearsay. He arrives. To such strangers Britain and Australia are not always given to hospitality. Yet this man enters at once on to the front page of the daily press. To his mission there are devoted grave editorials, indignant repudiations and cartoons, caricatures, character-sketches and rimed lampoons, the very impudence of which is a form of admiration. Of his Australian mission alone, he has preserved more than a hundred pages, three columns to the page, of newspaper reports with comments—attentions shared at times by Dr. Torrey and the singer of evangel, Mr. Alexander.

That multitudes thronged to hear Dr. Geil hardly expresses the truth of what happened. In Melbourne, at mid-day, the service in the Town Hall had to be "double-barreled." Three thousand women filled the building for 45 minutes and after their departure there were three thousand men. The vast auditorium of the Exhibition, able on a great occasion to accommodate ten thousand, had been engaged for a missionary meeting to begin at a quarter to eight. At half past three in the afternoon crowds began to collect. Employers were begged to grant leave to their workers who wanted to find seats. When the doors were opened at six o'clock, every place was taken and the meeting started an hour before time. The people had been sitting for three hours before Dr. Geil spoke. He arose and warned them that he would keep them for another hour at least and he invited those who were weary to depart. The only effect of opening the doors was to admit other hundreds who were waiting outside.

From the Board of Management  
Melbourne Young Men's

and Members of the  
Christian Association.

# W. Edgar Geil D.C.L.

Our Sirs Gent,

His thankfulness to Almighty God we hereby desire to  
express our high appreciation of the extremely heavy and effective work done by you  
in connection with the most **STIMULATING** Session just concluded.

We regret that you will be leaving each other before January have  
been the means of leading to a number of persons young and old to the Christian and  
of deeply stirring themselves to a full consecration and service.

We are grateful for the splendid effect you made at the annual  
meeting of 8,000 (thru only) in the Exhibition Hall on Tuesday 15th May 1902.  
That grandstand work, more than secured to the amount of £139 which added to the  
£1,900 promptly given to the meeting has given the fund a substantial start.

The effect of your month's labor here will no doubt witness a  
flowing to thousands of consecrated men and women throughout the whole of the State  
trusting that God may continue to bless abundantly your labors  
for the salvation of souls and that He may preserve and guide you in the very  
important investigations you are making in foreign mission fields.

We are, Dear Sirs,

Yours sincerely and respectfully

W. Edgar Geil

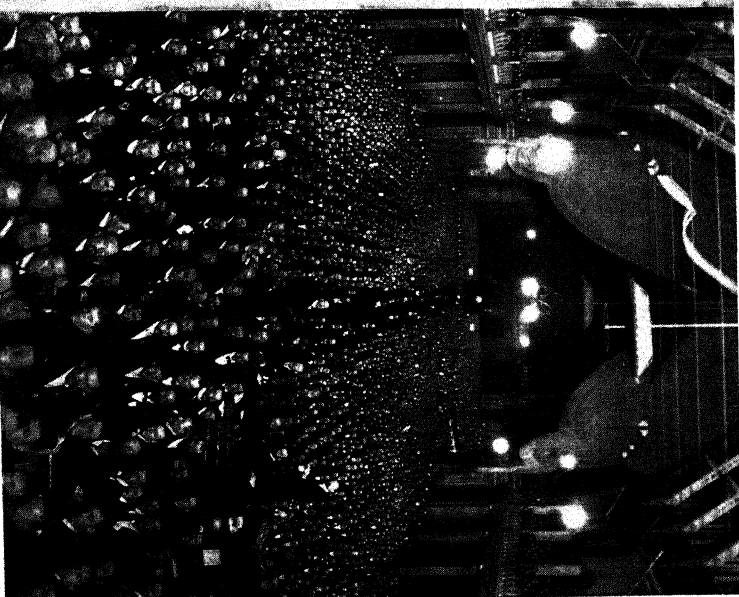
Melbourne

May 31, 1902

*J. H. Thompson, Secy. & Pres. of the  
Melbourne Young Men's  
Christian Association*

cc'd etc

A TRIBUTE AND A GREAT MEETING, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA





If there had been novelty in his message, or politics, if he had been a President or a Prime Minister or a Prince, such a sensation, though unusual under any circumstances, might have been explained. But the subject on which he was announced to speak was merely whether missions in the South Seas are a success or a failure. He was like an author—say Jane Austen or Arnold Bennett—who discovers romance and humor, not in oddities, not in battles and murder, but in the routine of an ordinary day, lived by ordinary people. He was to be reckoned among the experts in the usual.

To his personality and fascination the famous editor, W. T. Stead, who was to lose his life on the *Titanic*, thought it worth while to devote one of his special publications. He described the Evangelist as "an original," that is as "a man altogether different" from others and "quite distinct." "No fault is found," wrote one editor, "except from those who are at enmity with all such aggressive church work." In the terms of a game that Australia understands, a post card informed Dr. Geil, "You got lots of wickets." "To the man who has helped me more than any other," is the inscription on one little card. "The village needs help," so reads an invitation, "needs it very sorely, needs it as a matter of life."

To begin with, he was a great sportsman. He hit hard but when he was hit back, as sometimes happened, he took it in good part. As a collector of cuttings from the newspapers, he specialized on insults. One day a colonial sheet, enlarging its type to the full, scoffed at "Geil the Goat . . . A Blasphemous Bible-Banging Bounder . . . [who with] Holy, Hellfire Yankee Hummer, Ministers to the Methodist Mugs by Pietistic Patter in the Pulpit and a Saturnalia of Sly Sactimony." Dr. Geil's comment was merely that the poor fellow had served a term in jail and was not worth a suit for libel. As for thumbnail sketches of himself, however unprepossessing, he enjoyed them.

After all, here he was in Australia, challenging certain of the most cherished instincts of the people. At Fremantle they called on a brewer and asked him for a subscription for

the expenses of the mission. "Subscription!" exclaimed the brewer. "But the fellow's stolen my best clerk." Asked to explain, the brewer said that his clerk had been converted and had refused any longer to be employed in the liquor trade. Indeed, he was at once offered another job at a higher salary.

So with racing, Dr. Geil shrewdly observed that while an American enjoys his work for its own sake, an Australian works only for the sake of the play that comes afterwards. He would gamble on anything: gold, weather and even the dances of the aborigines. At Kalgoorlie one man bet another that he could not attend three of "Geil's meetings" without getting converted.

Evangelism was thus a victory for faith. The newspapers—English, American, Australian—give an impression of achievement. "The Gospel Wins" was one characteristic headline.

On the question whether and to what extent humor is permissible in the pulpit, tastes differ. According to Greville, Dean Sydney Smith reserved his wit for Holland House but in the pulpit of St. Paul's was solemnity itself. Dr. Geil, however, agreed with John Weiss that "the laughter of man is the contentment of God." Stead wrote of him—"the most humorous evangelist I have ever met," and Stead had met them all.

"I like your stand-up and knock-down blows," wrote one correspondent, and in Dr. Geil we see the quick audacious wit which is peculiar to America and especially to the America that produced Mark Train. It is a wit in which the element of surprise is often a sudden exaggeration. Here are a few examples gathered at random:

. . . . .

A rut is a grave with the ends knocked out.

. . . . .

Daniel would have felt at home in Africa, the land of lions. He learned how to give lions the Lock Jaw.

Though a mechanic, Jesus did not make better beds for people. He healed them.

Mathematics is a discovery, not an invention.

A human heart is not large enough to love the neighbor until it has been expanded by the love of God.

Do not understate your faith. Appear to be as good as you are.

Christ must not be crucified again. Once was enough.

A bad man is good material wasted.

Empty wagons often make more noise than loaded ones.

Never separate God's commands from His promises.

A favorite anecdote:

An old woman in Darmstadt was in receipt of 6d a week from the parish. The Princess Alice went often to see her and at last the old woman enquired: "And who is the lady to whom I am indebted for all this exceeding kindness?" The princess replied, "I myself am nobody but my Mother is the Queen of England."

No virtue is safe which is not enthusiastic.

Death is the friend of the saint and the foe of the sinner.

Do not arrest the drunken man; every business has a show window.

God cannot lie and we should not.

I believe in sport; but do not care to kick a football with a brick in it or a bet on it.

It was with an alphabet of ten plagues that the Almighty sought to write the Ten Commandments in the heart of a Pharaoh.

Murder may be committed by breaking hearts.

Do you select your friends or have you permitted others to select you? Think.

Long meals make short lives.

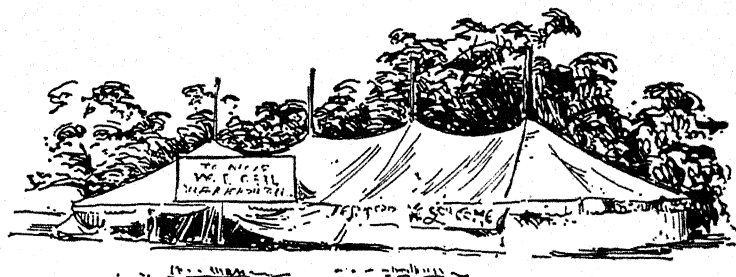
Do not spread thorns on your mother's pillow.

"I'm a better judge of an egg than the hen that laid it," he would say, "and I may be a better judge of missions than the missionary who does the work."

Humor is a bad master but a good servant. Dr. Geil used it to break down the barriers. He argued that when a man has laughed he will listen. A quip, moreover, often answers a question. To tell people that faith without works is dead, may be admirable, but they will remember it if, in addition, you advise them to "take pills and prayer mixed." Scholars argue over the miracle of the Gadarene swine and admittedly here is a mystery. But there was room also for a



man who, interpreting the public opinion of Gadara, described how the business men came to Christ and said, "Your religion is too expensive. Four thousand hams is too much to pay for a soul." Again, "I would be glad if that young couple in the gallery would make their arrangements for getting married outside. I cannot keep this vast audience waiting. Last night, three thousand persons had to catch one train." As a writer said at Adelaide, "The shining humor of the audience was reflected in his face." His was not a broadcast by radio but by radiance. "I am delighted



with this crowd," he would begin by saying. "I like the size of it, I like the shape of it, and I like the looks of it."

In Australia his attacks on powerful evils drew various rejoinders, among others that he was out for "the three-penny bits." As a matter of fact, he rendered the whole of this magnificent service to the Commonwealth without one shilling of compensation, direct or indirect, and on one occasion subscribed £5 out of his own pocket. There were many ways in which the people showed their appreciation—one day, an umbrella; another day, a vast box of jujubes—but if a city like Perth raised £300 for the mission, it went to posters and leaflets, not to the pocket of the preacher. "I am not afraid of you," he would say, cheerfully. "You can't reduce my salary"; and the Australians knew it to be the fact. Apart from any other circumstance, his rôle in these missions, therefore, set forth the best impulses of his nation.

Here was a citizen of the United States over whom no dollar had ever been almighty.

Indeed, his diaries are full of references, showing how precise he was, and had to be, over money. His friends would ask him to recommend hotels, say in China, only to find that they could not put up with the economies to which cheerfully he had submitted. In some of his most notable missions the collection plate was hardly seen and he printed the instruction that the sale of hymn-books, stopped altogether on Sunday, must not be pressed. Yet at Melbourne the editions ran to 60,000 of the hymnals.

When he conducted missions in the United States, it was the rule that the expenses be contributed in advance and deposited in the bank at least a fortnight before the meetings began. But his own compensation, if any, was the product of free-will offerings and was considered only towards the close of the revival.

Here, then, as Stead put it, was "a son of Anak," built to be "an athlete," with face "full of resolution and character" and with "the lines about the mouth and chin, both firm and strong"; indeed, "a fine example of muscular Christianity," a man "virile, energetic, bubbling over with enthusiasm, shrewd, hard-headed and practical," who traveled, not as other explorers, with musket and sword, but with a typewriter and camera.

Yet that was not the whole truth. They asked him, "Do you prepare your addresses?" and he answered, "I rather guess I do." In order to verify some allusion, he would buy a dozen books and to a single lecture he would devote weeks of study, preparing ten times the material that could be used and dictating elaborate preliminaries to a typist. Lloyd George once said to me that no sermon becomes a sermon till it has been delivered five times. Over and over again Dr. Geil would write out notes for the same address.

Moreover, manner was held to be as important as matter. In his study at Doylestown, there is a full length mirror which, perhaps, is significant. He was a born actor and,

wrote a reporter, "what the actor does for the stage Mr. Geil does for the gospel. He likes plenty of room in which he can freely stride; gesticulate and swing his right arm." A description of him, brilliant but discriminating, appeared in *The Presbyterian Banner* of Adelaide, Australia, on June 25th, 1902:

King Canute set his chair on the edge of the ocean and said to the waves: "Thus far, but no farther," but he had to retire. Mr. Geil never retired. He faced the tide of human feeling which he had himself aroused, and he did what he liked with it. His audience might rock to and fro and reel and stagger like a drunken man, but he was always calm. With all his love of souls he must have perfect order and quietness. If a woman faints, he orders his ushers in the voice of a magistrate to see her out at once. If a man at the back of the hall interjects a remark he warns him; if it occurs again he calls on his ushers to carry out his orders and hand the man over to the policeman. There must be no interruption. His ushers seem to be everywhere, quite a little army of them, drilled and disciplined like Napoleon's grenadiers. And he was the Napoleon—autocratic, imperious at times, with a face calm as destiny. What Peter and Paul did when, in the name of Jesus Christ, they made the lame to walk and the dead to arise, (that is) cause a sensation and bring the multitudes together, Mr. W. Edgar Geil could do by taking the largest public buildings and printing the most expansive advertisements and scattering his name on tens of thousands of printed slips, to the end that the common people might hear the Gospel call. He gave very little Scriptural teaching, but he announced the message that the Divine Christ is a living Saviour and is able and willing to save all who come unto God by Him. . . . In this there was the thin line of blood-red sincerity. As an ambassador for Christ, he threw naked the invisible roots of his own life and appealed as a man to men.

The statement that he did not give instruction in Scripture is true, doubtless, in the sense intended by the writer. The occasion was not one on which an elaborate exegesis would have been in place. But with sidelights on Scripture, his addresses scintillated. As Edmund Kean revealed Hamlet by flashes of lightning, so did William Edgar Geil illuminate a text. He would talk of a hen gathering her chicks under her wing and would ask what it is that the cluck of a hen signifies to her brood. First, he would say, it is a warning against danger; secondly, it is a call to food, and thirdly, it is a summons to rest. That is good Scripture and it is also good comment. Moreover, it reveals a method.

It was the belief of Dr. Geil that, in all things, Our Lord was appointed to be an example; and of Him who spake as spake none other, it is said that never did He speak without a parable. As a disciple of "The Man of Galilee," Dr. Geil regarded simile and symbol as the very alphabet of the gospel. It was not theory that he uttered but continuous allusion to life itself. It was life that made what he said thus vivid. A good story was to him an arrow in the quiver; and by his method he encouraged others. "I am further studying the art of illustration," wrote a preacher to him; "that too I owe to you."

If he seemed to be so sure of himself, it was because he had stooped to conquer. On a visit to England when he was already a man of note, he would spend his time, not in the pulpit but in the pew, listening to Joseph Parker, to Spurgeon and to other preachers from whom he might derive a guidance. Of their sermons he made elaborate notes, carefully recording the arrangement of the sequence, himself a master of exposition, yet ever a disciple. It was because he had thus bowed himself to the best he could find that he did not hesitate afterwards to assume the lead. Every man, he would say, "is my master at some point."

To Great Britain his approach was fraught with sympathy. It is the custom of Americans to visit Kenilworth Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. We find the Evangelist spending days

and nights amid the mean streets of industrial cities like Leeds and Bradford. As a schoolboy learns a lesson, so did he learn the homes and labor of the people.

In Manchester he was accompanied at night by the police; around Old Edinburgh, he was escorted by officials and social workers. He put his impressions into writing and was asked to deliver an address. I have read many addresses. Seldom if ever have I read an address, at once so tactful, so humorous yet so plain in its home truths as this speech by an American to a Scots audience, on the social conditions in Scotland's famous city:

Tonight we are going to deal with Edinburgh, and I want you to get ready to hear some things you don't like. Get ready. Make all the necessary preparations and sit there like men, and take your dose. Let me thrash the Mormons when I am lecturing on Mormons and you will say, "Amen." If I say something of the atrocities of the Congo Free State, probably you would jump up, throw your hats in the air and give terrific cheers. That is all right. They are a long way off. We are dealing now with Edinburgh and I don't expect much applause to-night.

I must take a text. You will find it in "Shoemakers Land," Canongate—"Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider." I started out on Saturday night with a couple of inspectors, splendid fellows, and a certain well known gentleman, whose name I will not mention just now. We went first into the region where Robert Burns at one time lived, they say on 3s. a week. And he seemed to be able to sing pretty well and to write wonderfully. In the midst of Lawnmarket I went into a typical tenement house as I was told. Under one roof were fifty houses and in these fifty houses 250 people were living, so I was informed. Of course I did not tap each one and count them. If that is true, five people to

a house is a good many if the house contains only one room.

When I came to Edinburgh I was not disappointed in regard to its beauty. In the midst of these exquisite surroundings there lived, I am told, 67,000 people, three or more in a room. Three or more in a room—so I gather—is one-fifth of the population of this beautiful city. You say this is a question of bricks and mortar. I say finally, yes, but first it is a question of religion. You can get religion into a man quicker than bricks and mortar. It is a serious moral problem when three or more people live in one room, and as I went about this city on Saturday night, unintentionally, I suppose, I kept comparing these various conditions with some similar conditions among the savage tribes of the earth. Do not get angry; I will land all right. In the South Seas I have seen eight or ten people, men and women, boys and girls, all sleeping in the same room. I saw that in Tonga. I have seen seven people in one room in the Samoan Islands. I have seen more than that in New Guinea; and twelve or thirteen in Fiji. But there is this difference between the crowding in the Lawnmarket or other portions of Edinburgh. There, they have fresh air, but on Saturday night I got my nostrils and throat so full of a peculiar species of air that I have not completely got it out of me yet. There is another difference. The South Sea Islands have plenty of good food, and I gravely question—I am not prepared to make a dogmatic statement—but I gravely question whether the 67,000 people living in the most beautiful city in the world, and that city the capital of the most Christian country on the face of the globe, have sufficient of the best kind of food.

I went to Fishmarket Close and dropped into the Night Asylum with no intention of stopping there. I went down into the kitchen by invitation and do not remember ever seeing things cleaner than I saw them down there. I

looked at the porridge; the most delicious odor came up from it. I really developed an appetite just then; and the milk was very good indeed. I think that place is well conducted. In the reception room form after form was crowded with men and women waiting to be admitted into the box and speak a little information more or less truthful to the Manager, who took down a name—nobody knew exactly whose name—and age, and a few other things. The air in that reception room was ultra-microbic. I suppose all sorts of microbes were there except that of sleeping sickness and yet everybody appeared to be more or less sleepy.

I looked at these rows of faces in the Night Asylum. They were dejected; they were cast down. There was not a smile in that room, not one. Even the fact that they knew they were going to have good porridge and milk and a warm place to sleep in did not bring a smile. There were no signs of hope, no prospect for the future that I could see in those faces. It is pretty hard. It is quite impossible for us to imagine ourselves in a similar situation. No friends, no money, stuck in here for the night, permitted to sleep on an inclined plank bed. A safe place, a warm place. Splendid philanthropy, yet no future. Cannot stop there tomorrow night; you must move on. Where? Don't know.

. . . . .

I cannot go into child labor tonight. I think it sad. If a boy goes to school at nine o'clock in the morning, and then goes out to work after school hours up till nine at night and gets 2/- or 3/- a week, I think that is hard on the poor fellow.

. . . . .

I come to the lowest of society. I went into a building . . . In one room there was a drunken woman wrapped up in rags and dirt lying on a bench. When I wakened her, she turned, looked up and swore at us. She

was down as low as you could get. As I went along the passage I nearly stumbled over three bundles of filth and human beings in the hall, drunken sleeping women. Frightful! Enough to break your heart. Just look at them lying there, and when wakened up see that awful face. They were too drunk or they would have been out in the dark parts of the city.

• • • • •  
Talk about hell. There will be a hell beyond question I reckon, there will be a dreadful hell for a man who robs a woman. Drop the curtain.

• • • • •  
I hope when I read you this it will not precipitate a riot. Over-licensing in Central Edinburgh means keen competition among the publicans and that means a large output of drunkards. I think you have an excellent police force. I have been profoundly impressed with your policemen. I like the look of them, and, a curious thing, on Saturday night all the drunken people I saw were short and all the policemen were tall. . . . I never have seen in all my travels in any part of Christendom or any part of heathendom as many drunken people in the same time and upon the same space as I saw on Saturday night, in the capital of the most Christian country in the world.

• • • • •  
. . . Your visitors see the tourists' Edinburgh. They see Princes Street and these monuments, and the wonderful Calton Hill and the old Castle and a lot of things like that and leave a considerable amount of their money to show their good will. But you would not want them to see Subterranean Edinburgh, would you? Why, then, wipe it out of existence!

Without allowing for Dr. Geil's social sympathies, we cannot understand why Newcastle-on-Tyne—to give one case—should have supported him in the tremendous *tour-de-*



*force* by which, in one month, he delivered eighty addresses to eighty immense audiences. To conduct a Bible Class of 3000 Tynesiders, men and women, rich and poor, to tell them the truth yet retain their good temper—it was a marvelous exhibition of a will subordinate to an influence beyond himself. At one meeting, where 5000 were admitted and thousands turned away, the chief organizer, in some excitement, declared, "I have carried out your plans but would not do it again for an archangel." In order to be sure of their seats, the workers abandoned the preliminary prayer meeting and left the Evangelist to himself. When he himself tried to get in, the police told him that not another person would they admit, and he had to go to another door. This, be it noted, was for a missionary meeting.

An illustration will lead us to a further aspect of his evangelism. He would talk of the cities of refuge and how the judges of Israel, at least once a year, would gather the stones out of the roads converging on these cities, lest anyone fleeing for safety encounter a stumbling block. At Constantinople he had himself seen the Turks preparing such a clear path for the Sultan, ere he proceeded to prayer. As a popular description of a missionary's task, this idea of removing obstacles is surely perfect, whether as rhetoric or as literature.

If, then, Dr. Geil prepared himself for his task, so did he prepare the field where the seed was to be sown. To a line he knew how much and how little of print should be carried on a poster. He could see no reason why an address should be interrupted by the banging of doors and the opening of windows. Over details like badges, hymn books and the seating of the people, the doorkeepers in the house of the Lord were bidden to be solicitous in carrying out instructions.

A mission, as he conceived it, was not an effort by a man only but a campaign by the community. Laymen, occupied in business, were recruited and undertook the organization of areas. There were weeks of preliminary prayer meetings,

held in homes and not too prolonged. Above all, the churches were invited to "subordinate their individual interests to the common work" and were assured that "no matter of conscience as to custom or opinion of any church will be violated by this compact." An aim of the mission was thus to bring Christians together and to enable them to find their voices.

That a mission, so organized, may be no more than a mechanism is possible enough. Like all other expressions of the mind, religion may cease to be a force and may become merely a form. But of these missions, the mechanism was less evident than the hurricane that followed. Indeed, neither hurricane nor mechanism is the adequate word to use. Here was Spirit.

It is Hilaire Belloc who with Gallic lucidity has defined the French Revolution as a return from the artificial to the normal. France, having drifted into wrong, suddenly reverted to the right. In a similar strain, Dr. Geil once wrote, "a country that needs a prophet must be in a bad way." A revival, like a revolution, was thus subject to an exact science. What happens is that the atmosphere of ethics and morals and worship is depressed; the wind blows where it listeth; and the equilibrium is restored.

To say that Dr. Geil, especially in his earlier period, was sometimes criticized, is no criticism. The younger Pitt himself, as Prime Minister in his twenties, was not more severely tested by the problems with which he was called upon to deal. There was a phenomenon in the world called sin. The consciences of men and women were ill at ease, and with ample reason. Life, twisted and deformed, was not a growth but a grumble; and to live meant Christ.

The diaries are full of conversions, recorded but never told in print. There was the undiscovered murderer who confessed his dreadful secret; there was the addict to liquor who was aroused to resist an "awful appetite"; and in Melbourne, the very girls off the streets slipped into the meetings and were brought back at last to their families. These

were among the imperative reasons why the Evangelists of that day, coöperating with the clergy, laid an entire community for months at a time under the spell of prayer and praise and repentance.

Suppose it be true that of psycho-analysis, as to-day developed, they had made no study. Even so, what would have been the fate, here and hereafter, of that drunkard, of those girls, of the murderer, if the Evangelists had stood aside, waiting for the psycho-analyst, at his leisure, to come along? And do the statistics of crime, of suicide, of divorce suggest that psycho-analysis can yet dispense with the power of God unto salvation?

It is in the light of history that evangelism should be examined. Here is a phenomenon that seems to be sudden but is really recurrent. The need of men and women for the Best cannot be denied. If the churches and colleges withhold the Best, the people will find Him and He will find the people some other way. There is no levee that can restrain the flood tide of such a love for all of us. From time to time the banks will break down and a river, not of death but of life, will—as the Nile itself—refresh the nations.

That Dr. Geil laid great emphasis upon the sumptuary laws of Puritanism is quite true, but the supreme value of his appeal was its honesty. He stripped society of shams. "Be one thing or the other," was what he urged. "Do not halt between two opinions":

I now declare in the name of the great and mighty God that if you do not now openly take a stand for Jesus Christ, men, angels and devils will understand that your answer is no. Eternal no. No to the Father; No to the Son; No to the Holy Spirit.

Yet he remembered also the Beatitudes and could preach what he called a "fireside sermon":

God is love. God is the Father of Jesus Christ. Therefore Jesus is the Son of love. That a holy cheerfulness

pervaded the life of Jesus there seems to my mind not a small aperture for doubt. For it is said of love that it is kind, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked and rejoiceth in the truth. These are the things that make for and fairly build a happy life. Hatred is like dynamite which a man explodes on his own property. While it is true that it throws a rock into his neighbor's onion bed, yet it destroys more on the man's own estate. It takes up the herbs, uproots whole flower gardens, scatters the soil, hurls out the rocks, frightens the family, smashes the plate glass, stops the clock and leaves a great unsightly hole in the lawn. Hatred is terribly subjective. No person can be really happy and hate anybody. The opposite is love and they who have it are the ones who have a good time. A sweet child of the meadows told a sedate church member that she believed that Jesus often laughed. The antique specimen, with a perpendicular countenance, quickly asked the farmer's daughter why she thought so, and obtained a ready answer:

"Because the children all liked Him."

Could Jesus fail to be happy, who as a child stood looking from His mountain home and saw the sun rise over the hills of Bashan, the plains of Moab and the vale of Esdraelon and set behind the uplands of Tabor? I think that the most popular boy in Nazareth was the carpenter's little son, who had gained the admiration of the learned men of the temple. Is there no joy in Heaven? Was not the Master from the land of the angels, where naught enters that can possibly form a tear? The Christ of Heaven is our Saviour!

So challenging a phenomenon as a revival could not escape the breath of skepticism. People asked, as they still ask, whether the results are permanent. It may be that some missions are no more than plowing the sands. But, on the other hand, missionaries like George Fox and the Wesleys and Moody wrought changes in society to which history at-

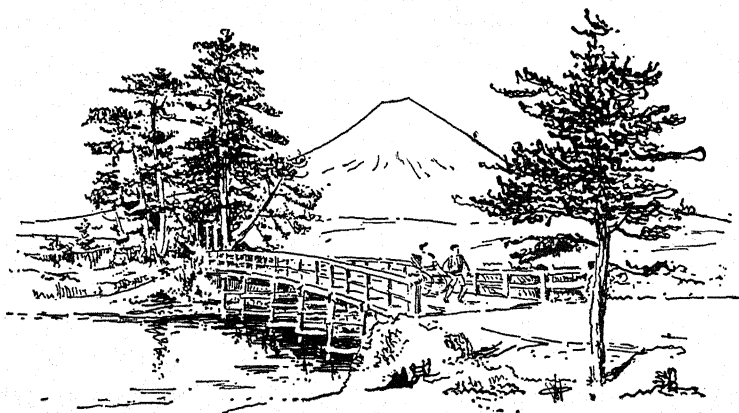
tributes an importance, far exceeding the results of treaties and conquests.

How are we to measure "results"? Very recently a man from Yorkshire, who had met Dr. Geil, told of a case where an atheist who attended the mission dropped his atheism and has been an active member of the church ever since. It is only to omniscience that "results" can ever be fully known.

Dr. Geil would invoke common sense. He told the Christians of Sydney not to freeze their converts but to feed them; and as a memorial let them build not a monument which gives a man rheumatism if he leans against it, but a building for the Young Women's Christian Association. "The enclosed church" was never his church, and he quoted Boss Tweed who refused to subscribe to the cost of a stone wall around the local cemetery because, as he said, "the people inside cannot get out and the people outside don't want to get in."

He was practical. If in Australia, he preached the gospel, he was also instrumental in raising \$25,000 for the Y.M. C.A. and this was by no means the only case of the kind. His magnetic personality carried through such appeals to a successful conclusion.

There were friends of Dr. Geil who used to say that, with his gifts of oratory, he ought not to have interrupted his calling as an Evangelist in order to pursue the career of an Explorer. Was it not more important that Christ should be proclaimed than that the sacred mountains of China should be ascended? It is true that sometimes men fall victim to their own versatility, yet the very criticism here quoted, disposes of the idea that the Evangelist was a mere seeker after notoriety. If he had filled the stage, he could also leave the stage behind. Amid the crowds he was captain of his soul.



## 5. *Thresholds of China*

*First Impressions Rule the Mind.*

DURING the year 1902 the Explorer traversed the threshold of that great theater of human destiny which is known simply and clearly as the Far East. He was beginning to be conscious of the lure of China.

"As the narrow-minded Greek regarded every foreigner as a barbarian," wrote John D. Long, in words that Dr. Geil approved, "so we have been brought up to regard with a sort of contemptuous condescension the character, the religion, the literature and the institutions of this great people." To break down this contemptuous condescension became, year by year, the absorbing task of William Edgar Geil.

On leaving Australian waters in 1902, he began by traversing China's threshold. If we may use the language of the airman, his next "hop" was over a varied and majestic meridian, stretching a distance of 8000 miles or more from Queensland on the south to remote Siberia. The course of the good ship *Kunamo Maro*, ex Brisbane, lay within the Great Barrier Reef and through the Torres Straits; thence, across the Arafura and Benda Seas to Manila, to Canton and

Hongkong and so to Japan. It was a voyage of a month.

In his exhaustion after the strain of a revival, Dwight L. Moody would go home and, for days at a time, sleep the clock round. From such a reaction, physical and mental, William Edgar Geil was by no means immune. He was tired.

Nor was weariness the only test. Rapidly he was descending into what John Bunyan has called the Valley of Humiliation. It was as a prince of the faith that Australia had honored him. Lest his meetings be disturbed, the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney had courteously silenced the bells of his Cathedral. In order that he might speak at Perth, a steamer had politely delayed its passage by eighteen hours. In the train and at the stations, people were anxious to get a glimpse of him; and on the quay at Brisbane, an appreciative crowd gathered to bid him farewell with three cheers. There was, indeed, an anthem written in his honor which was sung with a rousing chorus.

But as the good ship *Kunamo Maro* slipped from her moorings, he who had been Somebody became Anybody. Even in Divine Service, which for the captain was an overture to a friendly glass of wine and a pleasant rubber of whist, he was not invited to take the smallest part. As a layman, he was reduced to a cipher.

Once more a mere passenger, he was alone, his triumphs behind him and his trials ahead.

Rapidly his mind was absorbed by the problems that lay immediately ahead of him. A Christian cause was here in contact, not with the savage simplicities of the South Seas but with civilizations, older and not less sophisticated than Europe herself.

That mankind everywhere was making a fresh start in the pursuit of happiness could not be denied. But might not a fresh start be a false start? That was the real question. Would happiness be pursued along the Trans-Siberian Railroad?

At Kalgoorlie, the Explorer visited the mines. A man

had been prospecting for six years without finding gold and the saloon-keepers were not above planting out the metal in order to promote a rush. Science had intervened, with the use of cyanide of potassium, which chemical, though a poison for man, was an admirable process for Mammon. Yet even in the best regulated properties, there were experts who would conceal gold under their tongues, within their beards and between their candles and the clay that served as candle-stick.

A lady of the Australian aborigines had achieved a social reputation by appearing in a dinner jacket, and on the *Kunamo Maro*—as the Explorer, with Mennonite whim, remarked—"white men were dressing for dinner in precisely the same cut of coat."

Sentinel over the islanded waters of Hongkong, there rose in exquisite silhouette the snowy lighthouse, a monument of efficiency and correctitude. The Chinese in their simple way had built their boats to skim the ocean like a bird. But here were the boats of the foreigner which cut the ocean like a fish.

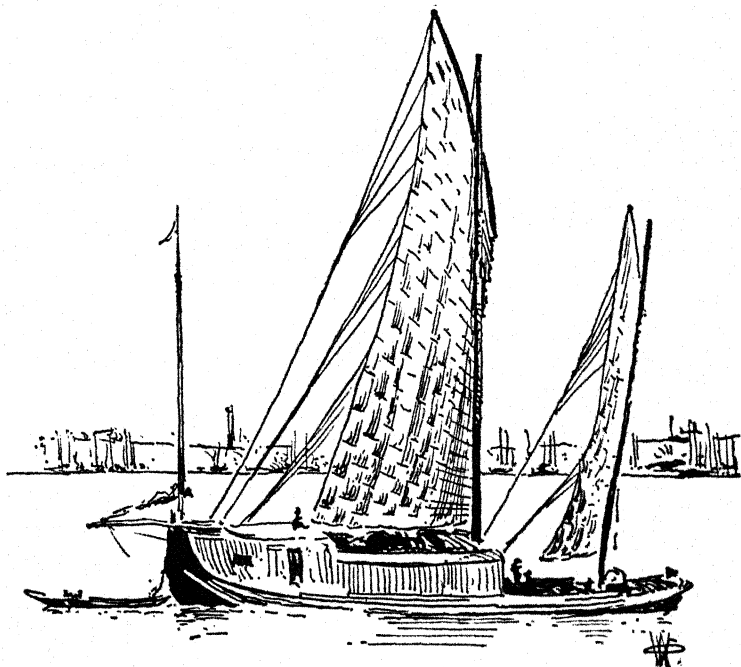
The island itself was of a size and structure that recalled Patmos, but the residences that crowned the heights and the great buildings that dominated the depths were mercantile, not monastic.

That such development was overdue, could not be denied. So pitiful was the poverty of the people that the coolie who carried the Explorer's minor belongings was glad to receive 20 cents Mexican for his day's work. On the one hand, a Chinese lady with bound feet was in such height of the fashion that she had to be carried on board the steamer to Canton. On the other hand, her Chinese sisters were at once captain and crew of the rough sanpan, while you could see a stern wheeler with a score of men treading out the power with their feet—a bit of modern machinery driven not by steam but by serfs.

The hope was that the foreigner would improve the standards of life; and undoubtedly he had made a difference.



The Chinese themselves—so the Explorer observed—preferred to live in a foreign concession and under a western jurisdiction. To their malefactors, when arrested, there was no fate so dreadful as to be handed over by the British to Chinese justice. In his biography, it had been recorded that



on three occasions Li Hung Chang ordered the punishment, known as "slicing into a thousand pieces," himself presiding over one of these surgical ceremonies; public decapitations, moreover, were frequent. To be carried by the coolies of Hongkong into the open street, to be forced to the knees, to have the pigtail held aloft by the sword bearer while the executioner severs the neck with a sword three feet long, four inches deep, and heavy in the blade,—this was retribution. Nor might the bodies be removed from the street for

burial until, as an object lesson, they had impressed the people with the majesty of criminal justice. A technicality of importance to the individual must not be omitted. At an execution the victims were counted, not identified. Provided that the number was correct, it made no difference afterwards whether they did or did not happen to be the criminals actually condemned.

Yet the foreigner, despite his institutions, was not wholly popular. To the Japanese, when he addressed them, the Explorer could say, "You have the railway and you like it. You have the telephone and you like it. Will you not examine the faith of the men who made the railway and invented the telephone and see whether this also will not appeal to you?" In Japan, civilization was an argument for Christianity.

But if, in Japan, western methods were accepted, it was because the Japanese themselves applied them. Everywhere the Explorer observed that the country was run by young men. It was they who, at Nagasaki, squirted carbolic over the mailbags, and as officers of the customs, stepped from the launch with awning of blue. It was they who drove the trains with a shriek through the tunnels. Elder statesmen might be at the helm but youth was at the prow.

In China it was the West that imposed itself upon the East, and this made all the difference. "Everybody," wrote a correspondent to Dr. Geil, "discriminates against an engineer who merely attempts to lay steel rails."

Perhaps there were reasons. Take the case of Hongkong. To carry people to the hotel on the hill, there was a cable railroad. But the Explorer, with his inconvenient curiosity, was dissatisfied merely with riding in the car. He insisted upon descending the hill on foot and looking at the people who could not use such facilities. To his surprise he noticed that, while the privileged rode in comfort, coolies were laboring up the incline, loaded with as many as 22 bricks on each side of their shoulders, while an aged man was staggering under the weight of four planks of timber. It took

no fewer than fourteen men to haul a piece of electrical machinery, and among the beasts of burden, there were old women and girls. The whole of the material, used in the building of the beautiful mansions on the summit, had been borne on a human back. "I was greatly impressed by the faithfulness of the carriers," wrote he, "and by the dullness of their future outlook."

That Dr. Geil's finger here pointed out the spark which later flamed forth into so terrible a conflagration, is clear enough. But the social selfishness was not European merely; it was human. At a much later date, it was noticed that in Honan, the sons of Yuan-Shih-Kai were using human labor to carry materials for their new and ample mansions on the mountains.

The way to treat the Chinese was already a problem. The Explorer noticed that at Hankow, a city of doom, the Europeans would not allow any of the Chinese, rich or poor, to walk or ride on the Bund—that magnificent foreshore that skirts the River Yangtze. It was by western initiative that the Bund had been built and the exclusion, so he then thought, was "reasonable." Yet his mind was already ill at ease. For there were other instances of race inequality.

A ship, carrying 400 Chinese immigrants on a lower deck, was overwhelmed by storm and waterlogged. The captain believed that she was sinking. Yet to release the Chinese would mean that the boats would be rushed. Had he a right to leave the immigrants below hatches and take to the boats?

Anyway he did it and a poetic justice was the sequel. Several of the boats, filled with whites, were swamped. But when the Chinese, finding themselves abandoned, broke loose, they were able to steer the vessel safe to port.

In Japan there was progress—marvelous progress—but was it exaggerated? The Explorer wrote of what he saw in the year, 1902. At the seaport of Nagasaki, fifteen people were dying daily of cholera; there was, too, that island where the magistrate put up a notice, "suicide not permitted

here." In the trains, the meals were pleasantly served but a glimpse of the kitchen with its disarray shattered illusions. The soft voice of the bathroom steward was soothing, but up country fifteen people might be asked to use the same hot water. To be accurate, the Explorer was the fourth. Assuredly, the waiting maid at the hotel who, with forehead bowed low, took her instructions, was a picture. But as he looked at the paddyfields of rice, the Explorer found himself "more and more inclined to keep out of the cities and see the real life of the people in the country districts."

Christian civilization! By all means. But did it consist only of telephones and railways? Did not the young men of Japan also throng those silent warships in the harbor? And for warships also, of Christian design, there was a reason.

To the Explorer, then, the man on whom history depended, even in China and Japan, was still, not the general and admiral and diplomatist, but the missionary.

In Hongkong, it was a stern hard fight for the missions, with much of service and little of sensation to record. Even in Japan, with all her progress, the Christians were merely one in a thousand.

Possibly the Explorer became impatient. Were not the missionaries too cautious in their evangelism? Would not Japan respond to an appeal on the large scale? To win Japan for Christ—so replied the missionaries—will mean a siege.

To convert the Japanese *en masse*, there was, indeed, one way. That was to convert the Emperor. However vivacious might be an audience when pictures were shown on the screen, there would be silence when the lantern illuminated the portrait of the Mikado. In a prison at Yokohama, visited by the Explorer, it was a part of the punishment that the portrait of the Emperor was not to be seen. If then the Emperor were to play the rôle of Constantine, the people would flock to the altar at which he worshiped.

It was a possibility that much interested the Roman Cath-

olics. Whatever truth there might be in the yarn that one of their priests in Tokyo spent his time collecting botanical specimens, it was certainly a fact that his Church had an eye on the future rather than the present. Sites suitable for churches were acquired and it used to be said that, if there



were a Japanese Pope, the conversion of Japan would be a matter of course. The objection of the Japanese to Christianity of every kind was that it transcended their nationalism. Catholicism announced an infallibility at Rome. Protestantism presented a Bible that attributed the creation even of Japan to Jehovah. The Japanese wanted their Churches, like their colleges, to be autonomous nor was it flattering to their national pride that Rome should ordain

as priests only those Japanese who were Christians of the third generation.

The progress of Christianity might be slow but it had stirred the Buddhists to anger and activity. There was talk of a Young People's Buddhist Society but the missionaries did not attach much importance to it. Christianity might have victories yet to be won but, at least, it had reduced other faiths to the status of a survival. A Buddhist priest from the monastery of Koya returned from Oxford to offer a damning comparison between the fruits of his own faith and the fruits of Christianity. The Churches might be few yet those few were situated in the cities where the people lived. But, although Kyoto had been superseded as capital, it had 3,500 Buddhist temples, one of them with 33,333 deities and 8,000 priests, while Shintoism, closely related to the Throne, had 2,500 shrines and more than 1,000 priests.

There was an abbot, so holy that the water of his bath and even the water used to wash his corpse when he died, was sold in bottles as a sacred drink. Immense sums had been subscribed for the completion of his new and gorgeous temple in which was a statue of huge size and a monster of a bell, sounded by a beam of wood, swung on ropes. Worshipers were entering this shrine and paying their money, yet the religious foundation was heavily and inexplicably in debt.

What stood between Japan and Christ was an obstacle, simple and definite. For education, the Japanese were enthusiastic, and they understood advertising. But they resented the idea that they should admit sin. Christian civilization—yes—this they would accept; Christian repentance—no.

To put the case for Christianity to the Japanese was not easy. Even the converts would say that they had "a Christian heart but a Buddhist head." In his addresses Dr. Geil had to face the demand for a preacher who "knows something beside the Bible."

Yet in the East as in the West, sin was a challenging fact. There, jutting far into the Gulf of Pechili, rose the fortified ramparts of Pott Arthur still the citadel of ultimate Russia and apparently impregnable. An eyewitness of the surrender who met the Explorer in later years told him how a shipload of prostitutes had to be removed by the Japanese. Dr. Geil examined the condition of Shanghai. There were 894 houses of ill fame and more than 5,000 women condemned to an evil life. The system might be analyzed into strata of higher and lower luxury, but in essence it was the same for all, whether he be the Chinese citizen or the foreign resident from Scotland or Berlin. In Japan Buddhism frankly accepted prostitution and added formal benedictions to the houses where it was practiced. About the domesticities of the successive abbots at Kyoto, there was no misunderstanding. They were surrounded by concubines whose strange awe was so deep that, if the abbot fell ill, they dared not render assistance to so exalted a personage. It was thus no wonder that a Buddhist temple regarded the abolition of an evil house in its neighborhood as a discouragement of religion.

In direct contrast to the attitude of the Buddhists, the Christians of Japan had developed at once an opposition to these abuses. At Nagoya, the Explorer came into contact with the facts of the case which we may briefly summarize. The Methodists had undertaken rescue work among the Geishas. That a romance attached to these girls, the Explorer did not deny. At Nikko, he saw the usual dance of a Geisha, with preternaturally pale face, who belonged to a Shinto Temple. The black hair, dressed around a tortoiseshell comb, the gorgeous kimono, the sandaled feet—it was all very picturesque. But once learn the sordid aspect of the business and the poetry is dispelled.

These women were licensed by law and paid a fee. The profits of the houses where they lived were recorded and taxed. The women themselves kept an account of their earnings in books, provided for the purpose. They were

divided into three classes and were paid by the hour, respectively 1 yen; 50 to 60 sen; 30 to 40 sen. Before the use of clocks, the hour was measured by the burning of incense sticks and in four years, one girl, known to the mission, had burned 11,000 sticks, receiving about \$1,650.

It was the advent of the Methodists that opened a way of escape from this compulsory life, often forced on a girl by legal guardians. Despite violence and danger, the mission insisted on offering an asylum to women who fled for freedom. Their exploiters appealed to the courts and Japan was confronted by the spectacle of the foreigner, risking his safety and spending his money to rescue Japanese women whom Japan herself did not protect. The best mind of the nation was aroused and in the two years, immediately preceding Dr. Geil's visit, the number of these unfortunates had been reduced from 52,000 to 40,000.

On embarking at Nagasaki, Dr. Geil noticed several Japanese police on the vessel whose duty it was to intercept any emigrants leaving the country for an immoral purpose. A year or two earlier, seven such persons, anxious to escape detection, had concealed themselves in an empty tank. Unaware of their presence on the ship, the engineer had turned on the hot water and all of the seven stowaways had been scalded to death.

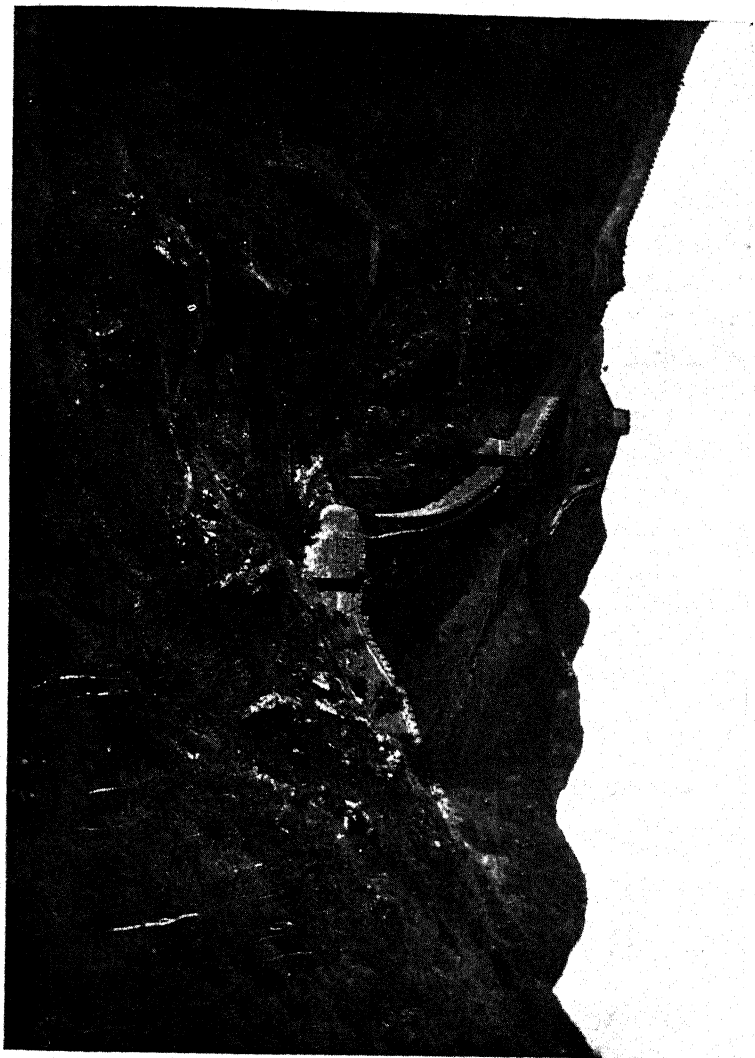
On October 11, 1902, the Explorer stood on the deck of the *Ise Maru*, bound for Vladivostok, and there appeared on the horizon an array of headlands. They had sighted Korea.

The Kingdom was still in name autonomous but it was the eve of that Russo-Japanese War which decided its fate.

There were a few hours to spare and the Explorer went ashore. It was his first glimpse of a Korean village and what interested him was an old woman of amiable countenance who was keeping a candy store. With expert eye, the Explorer valued her entire stock in trade at 5 cents. It is true that the purchasing power for 5 cents in Korea was eight or ten times what it was in the United States. But



HUANG HO-LU PASS, THE GREAT WALL.





the people were poor. A day's wage for a skilled workman was 3 yang or 21 cents. Common labor received half that pay.

The Explorer visited Pyeng Yang, the capital of the north. The Lord of Ten Thousand Isles who still ruled Korea was building there a new palace; for no reason apparently, except the word of a soothsayer that only by building palaces could he keep his dynasty alive. To raise money, he issued certificates of admission to the Yang Ban or gentlemen class at 300 yang apiece and as Koreans did not wish to become gentlemen at such a price, the privilege was made compulsory.

Despite their troubles, the good humor of the Koreans was fascinating. They loved all manner of games—flying regiments of kites which battled with each other amid the storms, walking the tight rope, spinning tops, standing on the seesaw, and indulging also in archery, dice and dominoes.

To Korea Christianity had come as a grateful resurrection. At Pyeng Yang, the Church on Sunday was packed with a congregation of 1,300 persons, many listening through the windows. Wrote Dr. Geil:

I was impressed with the architecture of the mission buildings. Both the new Academy and the residences of the missionaries are after the Korean style. This strikes one as being good sense and good taste. From the standpoint of the Korean there lies upon his landscape no foreign innovation; and equally worthy of note, no careless or careful traveler, Christian or otherwise, can point out some vast building suggesting a Governor's residence or palace, and enquiring who occupies it, be startled with the information, "a Christian missionary." The residences of the foreign workers are comfortable as they should be, but I can see no reason why native races should not be Christianised without forcing on them the expensive, unnecessary, nerve-exhausting western civilization.

On the other hand, the Church of Korea was opposed to compromises. "A man," we read, "is never admitted unless he has been telling the gospel to some one else." Many Christians, traveling as merchants, carried with them Christian books for distribution.

The Sunday was strictly observed. Total abstinence from liquor, while not enacted by rule, was tacitly assumed, nor over marriage was there laxity. Whatever might be the attitude in other Churches, the Korean Christians refused to accept a polygamist as a member. They argued that such membership is not necessary to salvation and that the organization itself must assume a strict attitude.

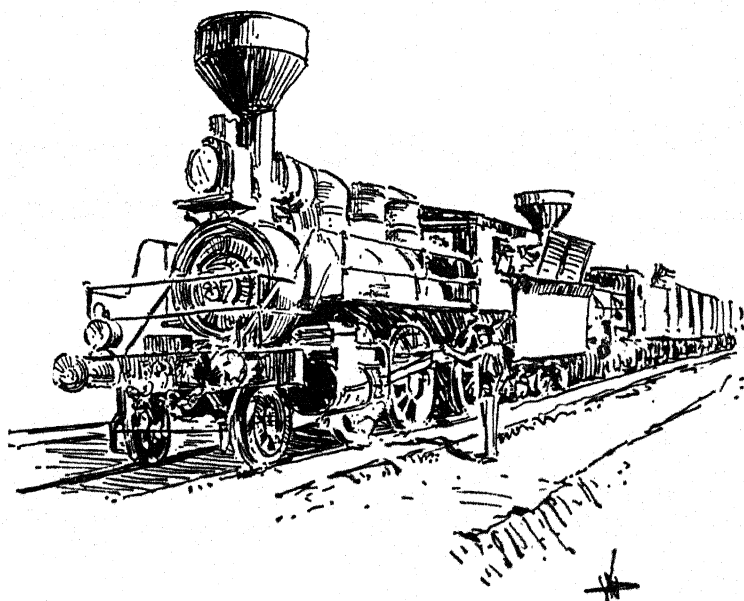
To Vladivostok the approach was dramatic. Seen from a distance the very islands loomed like huge cannon. The land, steep and rusty in color, looked as if "burnt heather had been swept by the scourge of war." It was the language of foresight.

The Russians were not unmindful of religion. A large rock was surmounted by a huge Cross. The Emperor Nicholas II himself initiated a fund for providing the settlers with Churches, of which there were 150 in number, and 100 schools.

But there were also "guns everywhere," barracks, fortifications, sentries, officers. The examination of passports was a prolonged ceremonial. To photograph, you must be escorted and the Explorer with his typewriter was an object of great curiosity and even of serious suspicion which was allayed by the American flag! Perhaps, it was no wonder. He had a passion for jotting down details, many of which had a military significance. Indeed, he formed the opinion that the Russians who were occupying towns of recent growth were not traders merely but potential soldiers, waiting for a crisis.

Travel over the Trans-Siberian Railway with its thirty miles of bridges was, as he put it, like "a monster dragging coaches over a track that consisted of saw teeth." The dining saloon heated by a stove, had rum served at one end,

and at the other end religion—that is, a picture of Our Lord. The cook wore clothes so white that they seemed to have drifted through a coal mine. At the booking offices there was a persistent endeavor to give short change. At Harbin, the Secretary's bag with his passport, left for a



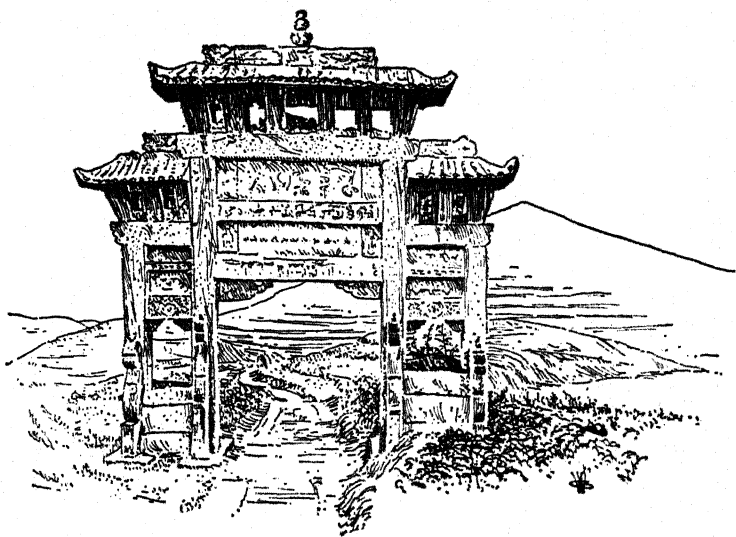
moment unwatched, was promptly stolen and in a fruitless search the train was delayed twenty minutes.

There were country folk eating in groups on the platforms of the stations; there were high officers who might have stepped straight from the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. But the passengers were, as a rule, "Chinese with a pigtail at one end and Russian boots at the other." Not only was it with rough courtesy alone that they were treated, the police using sticks, but their susceptibilities were regarded as of secondary importance. In places the line had been laid across cemeteries of Chinese ancestors. The Russians were

powerful; they were respected; but they were not beloved.

On one occasion, the train stopped with a jerk and, near the engine, two Chinese were discovered "trying to do something to a third." The Cossack officer explained matters to the Explorer by drawing a picture of the rails, with the Chinaman putting something on them. At a spot where the line ran thirty feet above a river, there had been an attempt to wreck the locomotive. The culprit was taken along, his face showing ugly wounds, and the guard of soldiers was reënforced.

So it was that, shadowed everywhere by Russian agents, William Edgar Geil made his way across Manchuria and arrived again at the coast. He reached Newchang. His rapid but comprehensive survey of China's threshold was over. He was now to open the door and enter the most bewildering country in the world.



## 6. Yankee on Yangtze

*Water May Run in a Thousand Channels but All Returns to the Sea.*

IN the year 1927, when these words are written, it is impossible to open a newspaper without encountering columns of print devoted to the chaos in China. The fact must be emphasized, therefore, that the date when William Edgar Geil ascended the Yangtze Kiang was not 1927, nor even the year of revolution, 1912, but 1903, a moment in the history of the Far East to be described as the sultry calm between two thunderstorms. The Boxer Rebellion was over; other and further reaching events were as yet undisclosed.

The Dowager-Empress—"one of the most masterful women on the face of the earth"—was still reigning over China as a conquest of the Manchus. On occasion, her judgment was worthy of Solomon. Two brothers quarreled over some property. As one had a long purse while

the other had a troop of soldiers, neither could be offended. The Empress decided, therefore, that the younger should divide the property into two parts, of which the elder should then take the first choice.

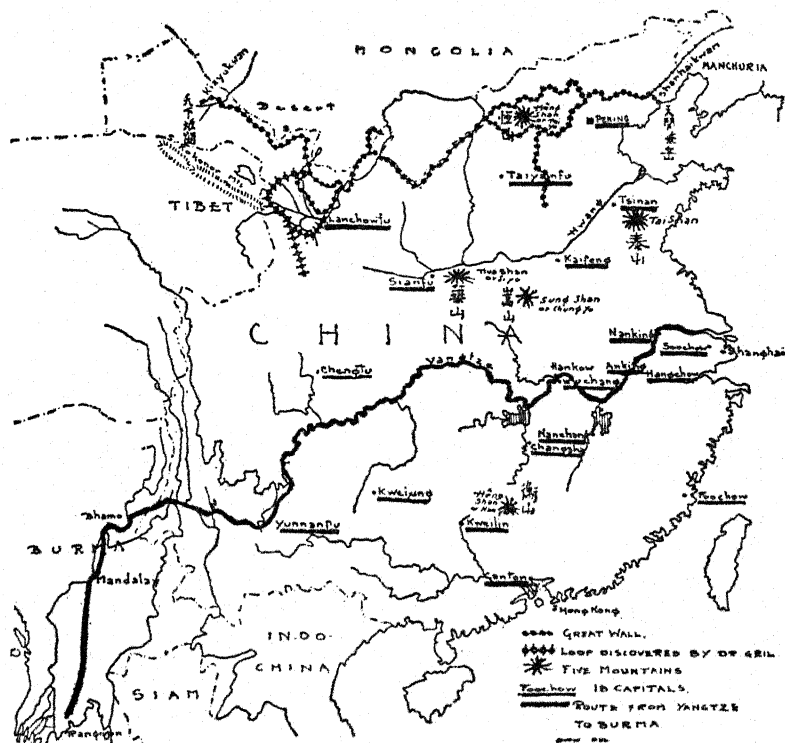
Under her sway, the Celestial Empire maintained an uneasy but peaceful unity. The merchants could trade; the missionaries could serve; and an American citizen like William Edgar Geil could travel.

We must realize, too, that the Explorer had not yet made that long and eager study of Chinese tradition and history which was to mature his judgment and stimulate his sympathies. His journey up the great river is to be regarded as his introduction to China. He looked upon the scene, frankly, as an incomparable picture book. By the grotesque he was amused; by the mysterious he was puzzled; by the heroic he was thrilled; and by the tragic he was moved to an outspoken indignation.

The river itself was a majestic phenomenon. Thirty miles off shore, its outflow changed the blue of mid-ocean to saffron and chocolate and on a broad delta which once had been the open sea, there dwelt the cultivators of rice and cotton and wheat. A high tide, entering the estuary at a breadth of sixty miles, was contracted to ten miles and so raised to two gigantic ramparts of water, sometimes as much as twenty-five feet high, which advanced at a speed of thirteen miles an hour with a roar like the roar of the rapids of Niagara.

At the little village of Woosung, passengers left the Pacific liner and, on a tug, crossed the Heaven-sent Barrier, so reaching Shanghai, the great metropolis of the east. With the panorama of modern buildings fronting the river, Dr. Geil was as astonished as are all visitors; nor was it merely a façade; over miles of hinterland, there lay the American, English and French settlements, with factories in full operation, making silk fabrics, thread, matches and other commodities. At midday, this cosmopolis of commerce emptied itself into the streets for lunch, when traffic was a chaos of





MAP OF CHINA

carriages, dogcarts, motorcars, rickshas, wheelbarrows and even sedan chairs—the old and the new in confusion, neither assimilated to the other. So also on the river. Junks, lorchas, sanpans, liners, schooners, tugs and men-of-war brought the west into contact and, indeed, into friction with the east. Here was a modern Babel—one enterprise but many languages; Chinese, first; and then American, English, German, French, Russian, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, Japanese and Korean.

Just as New York is not the United States, so did the Explorer perceive that Shanghai is merely a mask on the face of China. As he contemplated his journey inland, his mind was full of questions. Would “the Yellow Man with the white money” squeeze out “the White Man with the yellow money”? Suppose that British Columbia, California and Australia excluded the Yellow Man himself, would they be able to keep out his goods? Many times had “the East menaced the very existence of Europe.” Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane might be “hardly remembered today,” but once those names were mentioned “with bated breath” and “their track was marked by ruined cities and pyramids of human heads. Even now, barbarians who have planted on the Bosphorus these methods of Turkestan trample on and massacre thousands of miserable Europeans.”

The Chinese had been victims of caricature. “Not one in ten had oblique eyes, and after all,” argued the Explorer, “even complexion is a matter of taste.” A good healthy yellow might be admired as much as a consumptive white. Here were men of strong passions, including a desire for money, whence their amazing industry and their fondness for a wager. The westerner gambled on stocks and the futures of cotton; what the coolie did was to take his wages and, at the tea shop, risk them at dice, dominoes or wheels.”

The Chinese looked solemn, but in reality they loved pleasure. The Explorer had described certain islands of the South Seas as a region of play without playhouses. In

Shanghai he visited the Chinese theater and found it "on the whole a respectable place." Tea was served at little tables and two thousand people could be accommodated. The drama was prolonged and illustrated the early triumphs of China over a host of enemies. Nearly all the actors were men; and while there was no applause, the audience indulged in continuous laughter. The men wore hats; the women were bareheaded; it was the drama of the East before the advent of the movie.

At midnight, Dr. Geil sallied forth from Shanghai, or Top of the Ocean, to begin what he called "my long hegira," which was to carry him overland into Burmah. A wobbly tender bore him to his vessel, *The Great Prosperity*. The steamer, with its three decks, reminded him of similar craft on the Mississippi, and his stateroom opened upon the Chinese saloon.

Next morning, *The Great Prosperity* was in midstream, well on her voyage, the Yangtze spreading ten miles from shore to shore. The Admiralty Directory gave "comforting and quieting" hints on navigation.

Caution: Changes in the River. Caution: False Channel.

Caution: Prevailing Diseases. Caution: Kiang Lung Wreck Light.

Caution: Velocity of the Current. Caution: Havoc Rocks.

Caution: Boulder Shoal. Caution: Ichang Gorge.

Caution: a lifeboat is stationed at each dangerous place all the way down from Chungking to Ichang.

Hence it was that, in fear of accidents, Dr. Geil had sent his heavy baggage direct to Rangoon, carrying with him overland no more than his photographic instruments and a bamboo box for other necessities.

He had selected this steamer because it was one on which foreign passengers were permitted to travel in native style. Incidentally, it meant that he had to use his own bedding in a bunk that was too short for his stature.

"Early Rice" was served at a quarter to nine; "Middle

Rice" at noon. His stewards rejoiced in the names of Always-With-a-Fair-End and Last-Born.

To the former, "a slick-looking youth, who carried a bull's-eye lantern in his head and always smiled with his face, locality was a matter of indifference." The latter was "nice and plump and smiling but frigid when hustled." As a toothpick, he improvised a weapon four inches long from the stick of a local broom!

Of the repast itself, Dr. Geil wrote:

On the round table lay a white cloth. Around the edge were the rice bowls and red chop-sticks, and in the middle four chinaware vessels of appetizers. These dishes bore frightful dragon and other terrifying decorations, and contained first, superannuated and odoriferous shrimps; second, sickly bean curd floating gently on a summer sea of native vinegar and mustard seed oil; the third dish boasted pickled turnip tops and other refuse; and the fourth, bean curd cheese which reminded me of wild-cat's liver soaked in sulphurated hydrogen.

It was, indeed, a strange scene. The saloon and the corridors were crowded with Chinese. But at the table sat a party of missionaries. Only by the friendship of two Viceroy's had they escaped martyrdom at the hands of the Boxers. Yet they were returning to their post of duty. With a heroism amid discomfort and an unusual diet, they sang their Grace in harmony—

How good is the Lord we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,  
We praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that shall come.<sup>1</sup>

Along every mile of his journey, the Explorer encountered paradoxes. In memory the Chinese were giants; a

thousand years before Caxton, they had printing. Yet they had fallen far behind the western world in inventive achievement. The nation that had long used the compass had known nothing of the use of the screw; and owing to an arrested development, it required, even in 1903, "ten Chinese to do the work of one American." If the farmers raised three crops a year, it was by hand-planting and a wooden plow. In China there were great achievements. The Imperial Canal was 360 miles long, and the Great Wall, to be explored in due course, had a cubical content of stone, exceeding the entire buildings of England and Scotland. Yet engineering was regarded as common labor, unworthy of a gentleman.

Take the approach to Chungking, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, not reckoning the suburbs. The track was not always as much as two feet wide. Along terraces devoted to rice, a false step would have meant a plunge into a cold bath of fertilized mud; and there was "no option but to cross" a one-plank bridge, spanning a gully.

The ascent from the ferry to the city was by steps, slippery by the use of six thousand coolies who carried water to the shops and residences. So carefully did the farmers preserve all that fertilizes a field that the river was unpolluted. Yet here was an astonishing contrast to the reservoirs which serve a modern community. A contrast with a freight train, not less startling, was the file of coolies, carrying coal in baskets on the end of their shoulder poles, whom Dr. Geil met on the highroad, along one reach of which there were said to be one hundred thousand of such burden bearers. Human power was cheap. It was by the treadmill that water was hoisted from a lower to a higher rice field. But Dr. Geil discovered that traveling in China slowly at incredibly low rates was far more expensive than traveling in the United States quickly over the same distance.

That China needed communications was obvious. On the upper Yangtze, Dr. Geil saw how the footpaths would not

even accommodate the lightest of two-wheel carts. In the nineties, therefore, Li Hung Chang had proposed a railway from Canton through Hankow to Peking. But how was it to be built? The progressive Viceroy of Canton, Chang Chih Tung, had strongly opposed the use of foreign capital and consequent submission to foreign domination. He failed, however, to lay one mile of track. Dr. Geil found the Belgians, therefore, holding the concession under Russian protection, while the finance and style of the enterprise were French. For five years, the trunk line to Peking had been under construction; and over a route of 130 miles only, trains were running. For the first month the receipts had been no more than \$240 gold, and at the fifth month, the revenue had been only \$10,400. The management seemed "to lack good sense." Employees did not long remain at their jobs; and in the tariff rates, the first item was four-wheeled carriages, of which there are few, if any, in central China. The general impression was that China had driven a hard bargain with the railway which, in consequence, would not pay.

Chinese money, too, was in confusion. On the Upper Yangtze, Dr. Geil used lump silver and 10,000 cash on long strings which had to be carried in a wheelbarrow. Not only was the currency cumbrous but it was uncertain in its designation. The sum named would be, let us say, one thousand cash. But the sum actually meant would be only 800 cash or less. It reminded the Explorer of the old man "whose clock was slightly out of order" but who "managed to calculate the correct time by the rule: 'When it points to four, it strikes eleven, and then I know it's seven-twenty!'" Even to ecclesiastical statistics, there was, as it were, a local rate of exchange. At Hankow an aged Christian had celebrated his eightieth birthday. And he eagerly prayed for twenty converts to be added to the church. The number admitted was only fourteen. And the old man's urgent plea that six more applicants be received was denied. Next morning, however, "he was quite joyful," for his prayer

had been answered! Local reckoning made seven equal to ten; and fourteen thus represented twenty!

Under the circumstances, it was perhaps no wonder that, at Ichang, Dr. Geil found many native banks closing their doors. One banker called to solicit his business; and on being asked if his concern was steady, gave the picturesque reply, "Keep your heart in its place." At Hankow, the Viceroy, Chang Chih Tung, tried to stabilize the currency by the simple process of minting cash which, with the same amount of metal, would have five times the former value, and, in due course, he added unlimited and unsecured paper. The result of this, as of all inflation, was that prices rose, wages remained the same and poverty was intensified.

On the way to the Examination Hall at Nanking, the Explorer passed two whitewashed baby towers where, in that year, 1903, was a perpendicular sign, stating that the services of the keeper were entirely free. In front of the towers was an arrangement where the bodies were burned. His information was that in some parts of the Empire such structures were used for the disposal of girl babies whose cries were heart-rending. Restless in his inadequate bunk, the Explorer could not escape from these gruesome towers, as a nightmare.

Chinese fiction disclosed a respect for women, but no one could honestly say that her status was what it ought to be. Many were sold into slavery. On one boat, ironically named the *Handsome Investment*, all the first-class native cabins, save the Explorer's own, were occupied by a wealthy merchant, his wives and domestics. The feet of the women were tightly bound "in a compass no larger than a baby's hand and their cheeks and the center of the lower lips were daubed with red paint."

Over the young wife there lay the shadow of a mother-in-law's tyranny and a woman had to wait until she was a widow before she could expect a full measure of recognition. The Indian widow, when permitted, has shared her husband's funeral pyre. In China, the Explorer saw many

a memorial arch raised to widows who refused to marry a second time.

From Hankow to Ichang, Dr. Geil was a passenger among native Chinese in the *Harmony of the River*, a twin-screw vessel, "well-equipped," and 276 feet in length. She drew 5 feet 8 inches of water.

On the second night, "dull and misty," the boat called at Yochow, in Hunan, a name that means Mother-in-Law. Here had occurred recently a riot characteristic of Chinese placidity, when upset. A ship's cook, with his assistant, had gone ashore to exchange oranges for eggs. A company of roughs seized the oranges, chased the cook to the river and provoked the arrest of the assistant. In a sampan, the cook reached his ship, and mobilized the Cantonese crew, who with capstan bars, winch levers, furnace pokers and other firearms set forth, bent on rescue and vengeance. Rushing to the Court, where the assistant was under trial, the Cantonese so frightened the magistrate that he cried to the prisoner, "You are acquitted," and took to his heels. In running away, however, the Mandarin gave two toots to his horn, so summoning the soldiers who drove the Cantonese back to their ship where, considerably cut about, the wounded were "laid up for repairs."

After Shasi, where the crowd on the landing stage was one mass of blue, the landscape changed. The river flowed no longer over flat, alluvial plains but in undulating and soon to be mountainous country. The twin promontories of Tiger Teeth Gorge were capped by temples which regulated the spirits passing through "this exquisite bit of landscape."

It was Christmas Eve when Dr. Geil reached Ichang, the City of *Deserving Prosperity*. On this "great day for foreigners," as an official called it, the British gunboat on the river was decorated, but not "her German cousin, the man-of-war, just across the way." Native craft, ancient and modern, crowded the harbor—tall junks, some of them, with high cabins over the stern. Houseboats, too, furnished



with various degrees of luxury, awaited passengers, and some vessels were in the western style. The owners of these alleged that the foreigners in their shipbuilding had adopted models which the Chinese had once devised but had now forgotten, a theory of origins that sustained a due sense of celestial superiority. The beach was adorned by immense rudders for the junks, oiled and drying, and the Japanese



were constructing a large "godown" or warehouse. They, too, were penetrating the Yangtze valley.

The Explorer embarked on a Red Life Boat, propelled Chinese fashion, like a gondola. Her mast was as tall as she was long, and at her stern was a monster sweep. With a crew of six persons, she had saved a hundred or more lives and each sailor received per month about three taels or two dollars gold, finding his own rice. At every considerable rapid, boats of this kind were to be seen, and only too often there was work for them to do. At a rock near the Tun-gling Rapid—to give one instance—lay in deep water a German steamer in which, within twenty minutes, many

Chinese went down, some of them through their own fault.

For saving lives there is a regular scale of rewards which was explained to the Explorer by the skipper of the Red Boat as, in a tea-house at Chintan, they ate cakes cooked in lamp oil. For the rescue of a live man, the Emperor used to pay 800 cash—about 40 cents—while for a dead man 400 cash was the reward. This arrangement, however, was reversed, the reason being that a dead man costs more than a live man, because in his case funeral expenses must be included. If the rescuer has so easy a task that his clothes are not wet, the reward is only 200 cash.

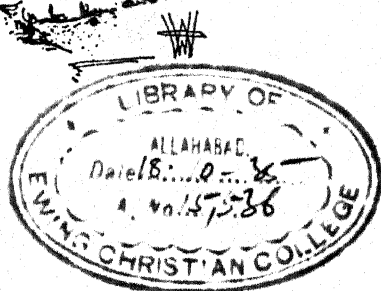
At a village, perched on a narrow ledge of rock, Dr. Geil saw a Chinese funeral. In front of the house was a paper pagoda altar. On a round block lay a goat's head, the blood scattered as in Exodus. On the opposite side of the altar was a pig's head, and a fowl would have been in order. There was also incense; and a candle, stuck in a turnip. The coffin had a curved top, and the mourners were dressed in white. A Taoist priest explained that, if there were sacrifices, it was to atone for the many sins of the deceased. It was a case of *De mortuis, nil nisi verum*—an epitaph, not of virtues but of truth. While the Chinese say that the dead "ascend into heaven," there is a vivid belief in hell.

It is not unusual to send a coffin to a friend as a present, and at one inn, the Great Prosperity, the Explorer was allotted a room where the landlord kept a coffin, ordered in advance for his wife. In Hunan, there were to be seen three graves of generals, still alive. Coffins had been there buried with the generals' hair, and geomancers were discovering whether the site was propitious.

From the Red Boat, Dr. Geil was transferred to a Chinese gunboat where he was met by a mandarin—Chen, the Powerful—attired in his best silk, with beautiful earwarmers, zephyr-embroidered and edged with fine fur. Never before had a foreigner proceeded up the river in such a native vessel of war. The Explorer was welcomed



IN THE GORGES



by a salute of three guns at which, from bow to stern, the boat quivered.

With a square prow and a high stern, the gunboat was forty feet long. The one mast, forty feet high, stood in a socket and could thus be lowered, if need be, with ease. The top mast was colored red and carried three little flags on the port side. There was, too, a sail of flimsy calico which was supported at regular intervals by a fan-like arrangement of eight bamboo rods, brought home by a block at the stern-post. The boat carried a long fishblade oar, with T-topped handle, strung with a leathern thong. There were ten oarsmen, six abaft the mast and four forward, and there was the cook's galley, the stove of which was fed by cakes of coal that gave no smoke and burned day and night. So, "like a Delaware duck," sat on the water "as trim and natty a little vessel as one could wish to find," boasting one cannon forward, supposed to carry a mile, a stack of rifles in the captain's cabin, huge horse pistols for the crew and "other firing irons." With "Gunboat No. 7 of the Advance Squadron of the Ichang District," Dr. Geil was at once enamored.

The captain—*Long Bow*—aged 42 years, had gone to sea at sixteen and had since been kept busy chasing robbers. The coxswain was, by name, *An Official Bound for Glory*. And the crew consisted of: *The-Ever-Victorious-Colour*, *Special-Promise*, *Red-Cinnamon-Grove*, *Little-Profit*, *Great-Treasure-of-a-Drum*, *Graceful-Rest*, *Keeper-of-Truce*, and *Crab-tree-who-takes-hold-of-Benevolence*.

On the gunboat there was no longer any question of traveling in native costume and encumbered with a pigtail. The Explorer appeared in an enormous overcoat of sheepskin, which he wore with the dark blue lining outside, a costume completed by tan boots and heavy gray sweater. Standing on the rudder post or, it may be, on a Chinese trunk of basket, he did his best to miss nothing of the unusual panorama unfolded to his gaze, and to his secretary, seated in the cabin at a typewriter, he dictated from dawn

to dusk his impressions. Glorious vistas, cliffs that leap from the water edge to a sheer height of 2,000 feet, a skyline of double that altitude, gloomy cañons in the mountains guarded by dizzily poised temples, and a foreground of swirling river that rises and falls full fifty feet with the seasons—of all this, he has furnished an enthusiastic and often eloquent description. "Here," he wrote, "were the most colossal cliffs and palisades that I had ever seen since leaving the wonderland of New Zealand. Along the summit of those crags, an eagle soared to its lofty eyrie."

"Weirdly romantic," too, were the customs of the rivermen. Usually at embarkation a cock was killed and his blood and feathers smeared over the bow of the boat, while rice was scattered over her, and firecrackers exploded, as she put off from the shore. If, in this case, the ceremonies were omitted, the reason was only that a foreigner was on board. When, however, the cook, in using a clumsy ax on bamboo rope which he was chopping into lengths for torches, cut his hand, he smeared his fingers with his own blood and wrote charms—quite an art—on the deck. Over the wound he rubbed powder which he described as "pulverized dragon bones."

The Red Cow Temple showed where a heifer of that hue, subsequently carried up into heaven, guided the idol, Kang Yeh. He held her by the tail, and so discovered the gorge through which, in flood time, the river found a new channel for its flow.

Every morning three guns saluted the Stars and Stripes; and the Explorer, the skipper and his crew cheered.

Industries included bamboo rope and lampwick by the thousands of miles. Limestone was quarried and there were immense kilns. But at Wan—shortly to be made an open port and already consisting of 200,000 inhabitants—there were as yet no foreign merchants, and only three missionaries. A ten day's journey brought salt from Nan Pu where wells, a thousand feet, were drilled by hand, a task which for even one well, takes years:

The brine is brought to the surface in long, narrow sections of the bamboo, hundreds of which are fastened together and let down. Each of these has a valve in the bottom which lets the water in. When drawn up, the valve closes and the brine is retained. The hauling up is done by a windlass worked by men; but where the well is very deep a perpendicular drum like a huge capstan, worked by ox power, is put into requisition.

Later, the Explorer was to see such a well, eleven hundred feet deep, worked with a horizontal wheel by two buffaloes, of which animals, thirty-five thousand were so employed in the area, most of them dying within the year. The yellow brine was poured into cisterns and thence into iron pans, set over fires of bituminous coal. Buffalo chips as a by-product were sold in due course for fuel, and at Suifu, Dr. Geil was to smell a glue factory, for which buffaloes and horses furnished raw materials.

Feathers, particularly head feathers of the stork, paper, and sulphur were among the resources of Szechuen which province was rich, too, in iron and coal. Cotton from Manchester and "foreign fire"—that is, matches—were also in evidence, with opium, which "regal red poppy" is extensively cultivated." In the spring the poppy is a delight to the eye; later, its product is a disaster to the mind. In 1902, there had been a drought which had reduced the output of opium, so raising the price from 150 cash an ounce (7 cents) to 500 cash (23 cents). To cure himself of opium:

One of the boatmen, who wore a white turban, kept a queer-looking lump on a stick of bamboo hanging beside his bed. This curious compound, resembling a ball of mixed clay, ginger, and chewed tobacco cuds, he used to nibble from time to time. It seemed that he smoked for five years and took this stuff in order to break off the habit. He told me that a Christian gave it to him in his native city of Suifu.

By the gate of Wan, the Explorer saw four beggar boys, curled up asleep on the ground, still warm from fires, the ashes of which they had cleared away. Here, too, he bought edible woolskeins, that is, strings of dough, cut off into convenient parcels. Fowls were boiled before plucking, not afterwards, which plan, according to Dr. Geil, left the meat tough, whatever labor it might save on the feathers. Any two men, disputing persistently over facts, had their pigtails tied together and were so haled to the temple, there to swear it out on oath.

When floods occurred, tiles were removed from the roofs of houses. Thus there were opened blowholes for the breath of the infuriated dragon. Fires were terribly destructive. A lighted taper, kindling a bamboo partition, was the occasion of one widespread conflagration, while in another case a child blew himself up in a powder factory. In anticipation of such fires, the Mandarin had issued an order to the people to climb the roof of the house, smash six eggs and throw a handful of rice into the flames. Asked if he believed in these remedies, he replied, "No, but we must do these things to satisfy the people and show them that we are earnestly seeking their welfare." When a fire got out of hand, it was the duty of a Mandarin himself to plunge into the flames. This duty he fulfilled by proxy, throwing in his dress, his hat and his boots.

At the mouth of disused wells, there were criminals' collars affixed to catch the devils dwelling therein. The collar carried a piece of paper on which were inscribed the devil's offenses. The remedies for drought were as numerous as they were bizarre. For instance, some public-spirited citizen would impersonate the Water Dragon and run the gauntlet of slopbuckets, a ceremonial impossible to describe in polite terms. What, however, can be said is that, in many of these customs, there was profound evidence of the instinct which, throughout the world, has led man to seek, and it may be, to practice a vicarious atonement.

Emerging from the Ichang Gorge, the River led the

Explorer through farmlands dotted with whitewashed stones, the purpose of which, according to the skipper, was to scare the rabbits. He traveled fast. For a journey from Wan Hsien to Chungking, ten days would be allowed. Dr. Geil did it in six days.

Pigs around Chungking grew a fine quality of bristles and in the previous year there had been an output of 400,000 goatskins. Of another staple product, Dr. Geil writes:

A man can sit in a bamboo house under a bamboo roof, on a bamboo chair at a bamboo table, with his feet resting on a bamboo footstool, with a bamboo hat on his head and bamboo sandals on his feet. He can at the same time hold in one hand a bamboo bowl, in the other bamboo chopsticks and eat bamboo sprouts. When through with his meal, which has been cooked over a bamboo fire, the table may be washed with a bamboo cloth, and he can fan himself with a bamboo fan and take a siesta on a bamboo bed, lying on a bamboo mat with his head resting on a bamboo pillow. His child might be lying in a bamboo cradle, playing with a bamboo toy. On rising, he could smoke his bamboo pipe and, taking a bamboo pen, write a letter on bamboo paper, or carry his articles in bamboo baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, with a bamboo umbrella over his head. He might then take a walk over a bamboo suspension bridge, drink water out of a bamboo ladle, and scrape himself with a bamboo sweat scraper (handkerchief).

From Chungking, for some stages, Dr. Geil, leaving his gunboat behind, traveled overland. There were two chairs, one for him, the other for his secretary and, in addition to coolies, he hired runners from the Viceroy. A certain "Mr. Eastern Region" had been himself once a coolie. But he had displayed ability, and, exactly like an American boy, he had risen to be a rich man whose "Hemp Country Agreement Firm" was probably the greatest Coolie and Mail



Depot in China. The contract between "Mr. Eastern Region" and "Guy," as the Explorer was called, was inscribed on red paper, two feet long and one foot and a half wide. The terms were precise but "the tea money" was "to be according to the generosity of the donor."

To the Chinese, in all their dealings with him on this journey, the Explorer bore testimony that, whatever preliminary haggling there might be, a contract once signed, was respected and, indeed, was difficult to modify at a later stage. After sixty days of traveling over rough country, he was able to add that nothing of his baggage had been stolen or lost. A coolie would carry as much as 200 pounds, but his ordinary load was 90 pounds and he expected to walk 20 miles a day. On this expedition the daily distance much exceeded this. The men may not have been as hilarious as South Sea Islanders but, under the strain of "dreadful drudgery," their good nature was imperturbable. "I have learned," wrote Dr. Geil, "that it pays to treat even a cannibal with politeness."

Perhaps it was no wonder that coolies, after a day of tramping, forgot their toil in an opium or gambling den. Traveling with Dr. Geil under a special contract, however, and at a special speed, they were often too tired for such indulgences, and after rice, would be curled up in sleep, and if awakened too early, they would protest, "The cock has not crowed." If, on the "hike," they wished to halt they would say, "Go Slowly." And the employers replied, "Please rest yourselves." In courtesy, the Chinese were "Chesterfields" compared with the western "troglodyte."

There was one occasion when the pilgrim lost patience and prodded the ribs of his boss coolie with his rifle barrel. The man had been habitually late. On another gang of laggards, as he regarded them, he inflicted quotations from Shakespeare, culminating in Yankee Doodle, briskly whistled, which discipline also proved effective. But with the coolies, taken as a whole, there was no trouble.

A Chinese inn might be rudimentary but there was always

an abundance of hot water for tea and other cooking. In the mountains Dr. Geil came across immense copper kettles in which the fire of wood burned in the middle, smoke rising from the top and ashes dropping at the bottom.

The inns bore picturesque names, "Perpetual Provider," "Worthy Virtue," "Complete and Prosperous Righteousness," "Glorious Flowery," "Heavenly Original," and so on. The building, in a typical instance, consisted of bamboo laths, plastered and resting on wooden beams. The floor was earth, and square tables held the viands. There were benches on which to sit, and a dinner for three, consisting of stewed meat, rice and vegetables cost 132 cash, or six cents gold. It was "ample for all of us."

The Great Provincial Road from Chungking to Chengtu, capital of Szechuen, was seven feet wide and paved with stone. There was a common verse that declared friendship to be "thin as the clouds" and the way of the world "rough" as those roads. Outside Chungking, on that misty morning, the road lay through miles of cemetery, now threaded by telegraph wire. Many were the shrines to local deities, and on the rock, Fu Tu Kwan, was set a large gilt Buddha—"Righteous, Merciful, Loving," so ran the inscription.

At one town, Lishin Chan, within a few feet of the guard-house, lay a dead man, almost naked. It was a sight, only too common, for death on a bed in a house was reckoned unlucky. Possibly the poor fellow was a stranger. At Suifu, the Explorer, when looking at an idol from the street, actually stumbled on a corpse, hastily covered with a mat. He was told of societies that bury such unhonored dead, rough coffins for the purpose being kept in many temples.

Yet, despite these phenomena, ancestor worship, as it is called, was widely in force, and "curse your ancestors" was the oath of a soldier, quarreling in a teashop with a coolie. To have children was thus an aim in life; and for a man to live unmarried was hardly respectable. For such ancestor

worship, strings of paper ingots, representing silver, were on sale, and at a village, the family, on the anniversary of a death, was burning this currency. Paper was indeed a form of proxy. When a man died, the ancient custom was to despatch his wives and slaves. Paper figures, suggestive of a household in the next world, were, however, burned instead.

At a village in Hunan, called after the partridge, Dr. Geil saw a funeral in preparation. A pole, thirty feet high, had been erected on which were hung rings of paper, representing many more thousands of cash than the deceased had ever enjoyed in his mortal existence. Paper horses and a paper sedan chair were also provided for his conveyance. A tile on the roof of his house had been removed in order that the "breath money spirit" might be released. Dr. Geil here asked whether the expression, "he has a tile loose," might not be traceable to Chinese customs.

Writing on paper is, moreover, held to be of a sacred significance. At a cemetery in Luchow, Dr. Geil was to see a man collecting scraps in a basket with two inscriptions, "Do not throw away paper" and "In respecting (written) characters, there is merit." The waste paper basket, even in shops, was an institution. Dr. Geil's own belief was that words are so wonderful that they must have been inspired by a Supreme Being.

The varying contour of the landscape was lined, as in a map, by dykes, and every inch was cultivated for rice, opium and wheat, planted in bunches, six inches apart. But the graves were respected, and the rough grass that marked them was cropped by water buffaloes. What seemed to be brown fields fooled even a dog who plunged therein. They were ponds of water, covered by a kind of fungus.

Luchow, with forty thousand people, had walls, a large iron foundry, and a great salt depot. Its umbrellas, too, were famous. The beggars alone carried walking sticks, namely, shoulder-poles with a rice-basin at the end into which shopmen, when aroused by the tinkle of cash, were

supposed to add a contribution. Iron Pile Street was named after a somewhat mystical pillar of that metal which was reputed to have no nether end! The deepest digging had failed to disclose its lower terminations!

Dr. Geil paid his respects to the Mandarin whose name was Mr. Plum-Patriotic-Mirror. The nails of his fingers were long and on the porch he sat, dispensing tea and sweets, with a water smoke pipe at his side. In the Explorer's watch, thermometer and fountain pen, he was deeply interested, and Dr. Geil, honored by pentatonic music from drums and a fiddle, which he did not pretend to appreciate, left him, a true Chinese host, "shaking hands with himself."

Over the door of the Yamen was the injunction, "In all things be careful that you love the people." Below sat offenders, with heavy squares of wood about their necks, and within the Yamen was the jail where prisoners were kept in cages. Three unfortunates wore not only the wooden cangue, but an iron collar below it, which was driven into the flesh by the weight to be carried. Tortures, which perhaps may be left undescribed, were used to extract money for the warders. Fingers and toes—even the breast bone—were crushed; and lice were skillfully applied. Also we have this:

When passing out I saw (surreptitiously, perhaps) in a large dirty room, a poor wasted consumptive, naked and hugging filthy rags, who called out to me in a thin, sepulchral voice, "Mandarin, Mandarin, do a good deed." I found out that he meant, "Ask the jailor to release me, and when I get well I will come back to be punished."

"Crowbar-like keys" admitted to the dungeon reserved for those condemned to death. Here, the first feature was a pawnshop where the very clothes of the victim were deposited in return for cash which would buy him a brief immunity from persecution. Dr. Geil who was, of course, observing conditions in the year 1903, adds the curious re-

mark that, except for the horrors of extortion, "the criminals are little worse off than they would be outside; some are even vastly better fed and housed than when at liberty." A Dantesque touch was the God of Mercy, prominently displayed for the comfort of the convicts; and another emblem, the Crucifix.

From Luchow, Dr. Geil started with three chairs, ten bearers, four soldiers, five coolies and two Yamen runners. A special agent of the Mandarin carried orders for his safety; and there were two horses. The "protecting order" described the Explorer as "the Great American Chief of



Police." And the soldiers, named "Crooked Happiness" and "Running Out" were "deputed to go and depart"; and "with a small heart" to protect the Explorer, "with no humbugging noise." The document was inserted in an envelope, fourteen inches long and six inches wide. And the signature began "all in one man, for the public, with one foot."

Suifu is situated at the confluence of the River Min with its clear waters, and the yellow Yangtze, known there as "the river of golden sands." Where the streams met, there rose the Beautiful White Pagoda, intended to restrain prosperity from floating with the current away from the city. It is with wind and tide that influences in China usually are carried over the country. On one occasion Dr. Geil's boat was moored for the day. The crew suddenly released the vessel and towed her upstream, then mooring her a second

time. The explanation was that, on the opposite bank, lay another boat, damaged, and by means of firecrackers and other ceremonial, the sailors were expelling the demons who had caused the trouble. Dr. Geil's crew were thus avoiding the path of the unwelcome spirits.

On a high rampart of stone stood a soldier who shouted that the south gate was closed. The reason was drought, and the loss to shopkeepers and the countryside was not small. If there be too much, instead of too little rain, the north gate is closed. In the city of Kwangyuan, the main gate had been shut for one hundred years, and the story was that the Mandarin's wife had eloped through this portal. If the gate were opened, property would rise to many times its present value.

Mandarins were thus a law unto themselves. They did dread, however, the drought which threatened not only famine and disease but rebellion. Hence, the proclamation of a three days' fast and the public humiliation of the officials who had walked, barefoot and poorly clad, to the temple, where daily, amid incense, they had implored the favor of heaven. Indeed, the magistrate had climbed repeatedly to the Hill of the War God and had there exposed himself to the summer sun until his head and arms were blistered. Curiously enough, the Mandarins rode back to their Yamens in their usual chairs of state!

Not that the gods, being responsible, escaped criticism. There was a case where a Mandarin, enraged by the drought, seized the idol and set it in the sun, there to blister for a while, and when wild beasts became too ferocious, a Mandarin had taken the idols and thrown them on their faces in the streets, afterwards beating them with rods. Also, the Explorer heard of a crazed mother who, on losing her son, seized a knife and proceeded to the temple, there to slay the God of Hell.

Irrigation was controlled by "the Lord of Streams." Twenty-five centuries ago, he was a mortal, an engineering superman whose canals watered the province of Szechuen.

The dykes were maintained by means of bamboo baskets, full of stones, and from the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Dr. Geil quoted the story of the huge cast iron tortoise, weighing thirty tons, and two metal oxen which regulated the streams.

No longer on a gunboat but on a "heavy leaky consumptive old tub" was Dr. Geil then a passenger. Of one skipper, he says that he "had an earnest face, but no upper teeth, which gave his nose the appearance of being about to fall into his mouth." They drew to shore at Suifu alongside a vessel with a cargo of "crushed geranium leaves." Carrots, too, ten inches long, were in brisk demand. The Explorer, on disembarking, also noticed stacks of laughing masks and sweets, ready for use at the Chinese New Year. Before pawnshops customers were hanging up their possessions and borrowing small sums for the holiday. Fortune-tellers and writers of mottoes and scrolls were in evidence. Red strips of paper were being posted on the doorposts of houses; such inscriptions were ubiquitous. On a pony's saddle, the Explorer read, "May this be a prosperous year and everything be as I want it." On the beehives—wooden boxes or baskets daubed with mud which are hung on the houses—there were mottoes wishing great prosperity to the king of the bees.

The fare on the ferry across the Min was 2 cash or one-tenth of a cent. Through the hill on the other side, there was cut a rift in the rock, the use of which, as explained to Dr. Geil, was strange. During the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, the rebel army near Suifu was small. The soldiers, therefore, were marched along the hill in full view of the imperial troops. They then slipped through the gully and marched past again. Their numbers were thus marvelously multiplied.

A mile or two from the city was the Spring of Perennial Pearls. For a thousand years it had been a playground of Mandarins. There had been carved the Hall of the Flowing Wine Cup through which the water flows along an arti-

ficial channel of stone, cut into many curves. At each turn is a seat for one, and a cup of wine is then put into the stream and allowed to float into whichever nook it may chance to drift. The Mandarin on that seat must then drink the contents—a game which, in due course, often became hilarious.

Life at Suifu illustrated at once the charm and cruelty of China. On the one hand, Mr. Chen, cultured and wealthy, entertained Dr. Geil at his elegant home and safeguarded the guest in the evening with an escort of his two sons and servants carrying lanterns big as balloons. On the other hand, a petty thief was bound by bleeding hands to the wall of the city, there to suffer as a warning.

Overland now lay the route. At the village of Cedar Streams, a squad of eighteen rifles bearing four flags and two long angelic trumpets met the party. At Peaceful Slope, eleven riflemen and eight guides were assigned as bodyguard. For the Explorer was now leaving the track of the foreigner behind him and entering a country where bandits had been in evidence. The Horizontal Stream was no more than a hundred yards wide, a swift current, so pure that the pebbles beneath its flow could be clearly seen. To the steep hills clung mud huts surrounded by beautiful groves of bamboo.

What poetry in these names! At Huangkiang, the village inn, with a sumptuous meal and draped beds, was Shining Glory. Yet, for one thousand families, there was but one school, supported by public subscription, to twenty temples, twenty medicine shops and ten undertakers.

On the second day out of Suifu, the Explorer noticed a series of Cliff Houses. On the rock face of Rat Mountain were cut a dozen doors, three feet high and eighteen inches broad. Within was an octagonal chamber, four feet high and ten feet across. In one case, a face had been formed, with the door for mouth, and at every opening there stood a figure markedly Egyptian in design and evidently a war god. Some of these figures showed a profile, with feet



turned out, while others were full-faced. Down to the knees, they wore an accordion-pleated kilt with seven rows of tucks. All the caves had a pleasant southerly aspect. The doors were heavy slabs, working in grooves.

Marching as much as thirty miles a day and ten miles before breakfast, the Explorer passed from the province of Szechuen to Yunnan. The boundary was marked by a vine, suspended from a ledge of rock, about three hundred feet above the road, which vine was planted and maintained by the authorities. If Yunnan was as poor as Szechuen was rich, there was a reason—the great turtle of Takuan is so orientated, head and tail, that it feeds on the one province and fertilizes the other.

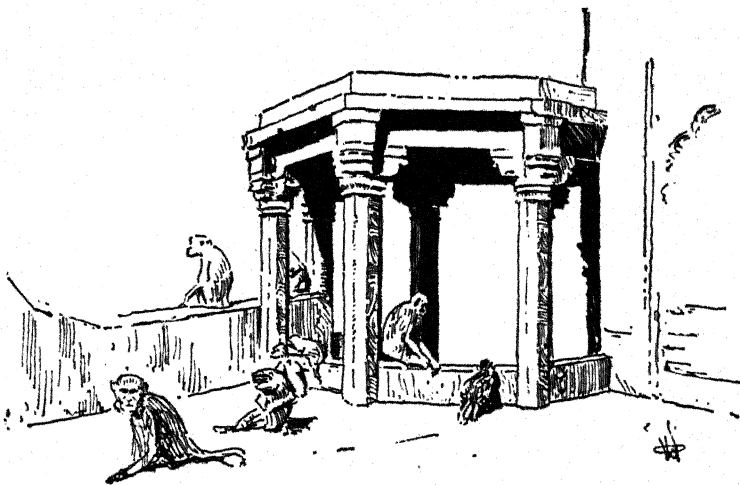
The mountains were capped with ice and films of white cloud were floating about the snowline. Near the Village of All Ears, there could be seen a tomb of the Ming Dynasty, where rest "a chieftain and his six quiet wives." The arched roof, the latticed screens, the succession of chambers suggested great expense. If the tombs were remote from cities, it was because each dynasty, as it arose, was apt to destroy the memorials of its predecessor. Loneliness of sepulture was thus a security.

It was the last day of the Chinese Year. As debts were then due to be paid, there were the usual suicides of the season while many persons with obligations absconded. At one village a debtor mobilized the local militia against his creditor who was so badly knocked about that Mr. Wellwood, an American Baptist Missionary then accompanying Dr. Geil, came to his rescue. In the fracas a native drew a knife on Mr. Wellwood, but found himself face to face with the muzzle of Dr. Geil's pistol. No shot was fired but the rioter fled. It was, perhaps, the only occasion when, on his travels, Dr. Geil threatened a fellowman with a lethal weapon. At a mad dog, which flew at him, he did, however, fire point blank. For these fierce brutes are a genuine peril. The Chinese declare that the bite of a mad dog breeds another mad dog within a person, which barks

and causes death. There was a case of a mother who, when her boy had been thus attacked, gave him several beans of *Nux Vomica* and so killed him at once. By a strange superstition, it was supposed that if a dog bites a person's shadow, it is more deadly than a bite on a man's actual body.

Over the Cormorant Rapids, a suspension bridge, constructed of iron eyebars, badly worn, defied the depths. It was the scene of a recent calamity. On the Hen River below, there had been a regatta, in which the boats competed for live ducks, hung from the bridge as prizes by wealthy patrons. In their excitement, the spectators, who thronged the bridge, crowded to one side and a large bar broke. The people then retreated to the other side where also a bar snapped. The bridge thus gave way with a crash and, amid a chorus of wild screams, four hundred persons were drowned. One man on the approach to the bridge was so frightened that he fell over the parapet. He himself was dashed to pieces but the son in his arms was unhurt.

So it was that Dr. Geil passed yet further into the heart of Asia, leaving behind him the essential China. He had seen a civilization which in 1903 was ripe for a renaissance. What he saw is not to be regarded as a picture of the China which has arisen since. Like all records of travel, these records must be read with the date kept constantly in mind.



## 7. *From Burmah to Bombay*

*Generals and Ministers Are Not Readyborn but Self-made.*

THE Explorer was now approaching the roof of the world. The aneroid indicated an altitude of 6,000 feet or more, an altitude exceeding the mile high of Denver, and hard on the lungs, until they become acclimatized. Here were regions where a foreigner was still a marvel. Wherever Dr. Geil went, the crowds gathered. In the village inn the Chinese thronged around his typewriter, a marvel never seen before, and great was the astonishment over the use of carbon paper to duplicate a manuscript. It was by drawing pictures—of a pig, for instance—that the Explorer ordered his food.

Races were now encountered which were not Chinese. Indeed, they defied Chinese authority, and against the dreaded Mantze, the villages built square towers around which the homes huddled for defense. On heights that seemed scarcely accessible, the highland chieftains dwelt in their fortresses, governing their retainers as serfs and pun-

ishing them even unto death. In these clans, there were two castes, the Black Bones or blue blood who ruled, and the White Bones who obeyed. With the Chinese, there was little intermarriage. One famous bandit, The Man with the Short Pigtail, long held the imperial troops at bay but was crushed at last by an awful reprisal. The grave of his mother was torn open and her body ruthlessly destroyed. It was a blow to the rebel's morale which he did not long survive.

In another case, at Chowtung, a rebellion was suppressed and its leader disappeared. But his wife was seized with her new-born baby and thrown into prison, the fear being that the boy might grow up to avenge his father. The widow maintained herself by keeping a pawnshop in the prison yard.

The road over the mountains now consisted in part of steps. At a turning, a god smiled away the weariness of the traveler. In a little tea-house four Taoist priests graciously entertained the Explorer and declined to be remunerated.

How the River Hen vanished just beyond Takuan, disappearing into a subterranean channel and bursting later, as it seemed, from the living rock—a familiar prank of streams in limestone regions—and how trees, resembling the ash, are bled of their sap for lacquer, were wonders less surprising than the strange fate of the village of Wuchai. Near this hamlet a tiger was captured. A night or two later, the entire place was destroyed by a fire which broke out simultaneously at the head and tail of each house. The site was regarded, therefore, as unlucky, and the village as a whole moved three miles south, accepting there the offer of a landlord to build houses at a yearly rent. The former landlord thus lost his property, nor did the law, to which he appealed, grant him any redress. After all it was the tiger who had the original grievance.

The saying of the peasantry was that a tigress bears a litter of three cubs of which the third is a leopard. The

round spot on a leopard opens into a horseshoe when it has slain a man. Wolves—gray and yellow—seized the children and even attacked men and women. One of these brutes tore the throat of a woman, almost in presence of her sons; and a poor old fellow, cutting firewood, was overpowered after a desperate struggle, nothing remaining of him but a few gnawed bones.

Various were the methods employed to dispose of wolves. There was the "tiger umbrella"—a stick five feet long, with hooked ribs, set as in that device. The stick was forced into the wolf's mouth, the umbrella was then opened, and the hooks were thus imbedded in the throat of the animal. Poisoned bolts from a crossbow were also used as ammunition, and concealed pits caught the wolves, a pack at a time. A wolfskin sold for a thousand cash or half a dollar.

Amid these picturesque surroundings, the town of Chowtung was primitive but prosperous. It was built on banks of lignite or half-formed coal, and life there was a reality. On the East Gate was a proclamation in large black letters on white paper ordering the people to cease from gambling five days after the New Year. It was a prohibition generally ignored.

Here, remote from western influences, the power of a father was without limit. At Suifu, Dr. Geil had noticed this phase of Chinese domesticity. A gambler had robbed his home and incidentally slain his stepmother. The relatives met, discussed the case and buried the young man alive. In so doing, they saved the city from disgrace. Had the offender been tried by due process of law, a portion of the city wall would have been broken down as a warning against unfilial conduct. As it was, nothing happened except that a Mandarin was degraded. In Chowtung a son, addicted to gambling, had been strangled by his parent.

At the Shrine of the Magic Pen spiritualism was practiced. A medium held the pen and wrote on sand; a con-

federate transcribed the hieroglyphics. For divination, chopsticks in a basin of water were used, while the creaking of houseboats, the squeaking of rats, the spluttering of boiled rice, and the rustling of leaves all suggested the occult. Between the living and the dead, say the people, there is no more than a sheet of paper.

The shrewdness of the Chinese was sometimes curiously displayed. Two Japanese engineers were invited by the Mandarins to prospect for copper. By way of testing their abilities, the Mandarins buried copper on the drill ground and then asked the experts whether this was a good place to find it. The Japanese, judging as geologists and not as thought readers said, "No," and were dismissed.

Five miles beyond Chowtung, there rose the Phoenix Mountain with three summits, said to have grown out of the earth. A suspension bridge across the river was guarded by two monkeys, a male and a female; and traffic was borne by strings of ponies, with a donkey to every dozen. According to ancient etiquette, that percentage of donkeys is fed free at the inns. Insects here make the wax for crayons. Eight thousand loads of such insects had been produced in Yunnan the previous year. It was a speculative culture, for if the insects were hatched before their time, all was lost. In each chrysalis, there were three insects and those with eight feet work better than those with six. The first batch come to nothing; the second breed for the next season; and the third produce. On a landscape, 8,200 feet above the sea, ice-crystals gleamed on the scant shrubs, and at the inn, charcoal burned in a firebasin. Light was furnished by a candle, swung in a basket of eggs, from a joist of bamboo.

The tramp from Chowtung to Tongchuan, a distance exceeding a hundred miles, induced in the Explorer what Chinese called "a walking stomach." Hence, a further resort to the mountain chair. "The Living Road," sighed the coolies as they shouldered their burden, "is substantial." Indeed, the way was arduous. Of the highway on the Shao Pai Mountain, it was said that the distance is fifteen li up

and ten li down. One minor worry was boots. At Chowtung, a shoemaker soled the Explorer's shoes with soft leather, sewed on with heavy twine that caused sore feet for a week. The soles came off in thirty-six hours. Another expert made top shoes an inch too short. A third supplied them an inch too long. Happily, the Explorer had watched a shoemaker at work in Doylestown. He accomplished the task himself.

At every step, the Explorer was absorbed in the scene. He noticed the house, where, over the door, was inscribed the statement that for five years there had been no dissension in the family. He was amused by the small maidens who were at once too shy to stare at the stranger yet too curious willingly to miss seeing him. Among birds, he saw the white-necked raven, "parson crows," a flock of jays, wild geese and multitudes of magpies. There in the river were a gray kite and a white-headed hawk, disputing over their prey. Sometimes, he stirred the lark, and once he shot an edible crane, weighting 15 pounds. In the valleys trees were plentiful. Any one planting ten thousand of them had been promised official rank. A verse, frequently posted on bridges, walls, hills and trees was:

Yellow Heaven and Green Earth:

I have a squalling brat at home.

Will the gentleman passing by please read this verse?

And let me sleep till early dawn?

There was a curious trap for catching fish. It consisted of stones, set like a horseshoe, with the opening down stream. The opening is shallow and many fish, entering by it, are not able to find their way out again. Horses, saddled in Yunnan City, were numerous, and carts, drawn by oxen and buffalo, sustained traffic.

To life there were harsher aspects. Three years before, Mount Nochutsao had shifted and a score of families had vanished in the landslide. One village, away on a ridge,

depended wholly on water carried, literally in cupfuls, from the stream far below. In those impoverished cottages, a sip was a luxury. "Warning!" said a placard, "The Public is warned against eating eggs in this place as there is danger of leprosy." In the province of Yunnan, there were thousands of lepers, and fire was the only known remedy. In some cases, the victim was stupefied with opium and put in a house where he was cremated.

The region around Yunnan, with its hundred kinds of rice, its mulberry trees for the silkworm, its ginger, mustard, onions and garlic, its varied Bamboo—"kind-hearted," "dragon," "dripping" and "cat's head," for instance—this region seemed to be capable of infinite development. Leaving the city itself, there was no need for the Explorer to ask his way. A telegraph wire leads the stranger direct into Burmah. It can scarcely be said that at first it was a welcome addition to the landscape. The fear was that spirits, flying through the air would be cut thereby. Foreigners were accused, moreover, of mutilating men and women and amputating the wings of fowls. But when Dr. Geil traversed the kingdom of Kublai Khan, the link had become a fixture.

Along the road, 160 miles, to Ts'u-Hsiang, there was scarcely a village of any size which did not show houses in course of erection. And amid wild and barren scenes, there were thus signs of prosperity.

At one large inn the host was Pan, who "had three mustaches, one over his mouth and the other two over his eyes." "How many taels are you worth?" asked the Explorer. "None, none" said he, fearing what in China corresponds to the income tax. "What," he next inquired, "is the best thing you ever did?" "Buy things and sell them," was the quick response.

At Ts'u-Hsiangfu the Explorer discussed life with "Old Cup," a well-dressed vender who kept a tray at the Great East Gate. On a business of 5 gold cents a day, he made 2 cents profit on which he provided for a family. Old Cup



told how, during the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, people hid their valuables in a well. When the troubles were over, they sought their property but there arose a terrific thunderstorm. The gods did not wish to restore the goods which remained in the well to that day! At least, so it was said.

Early in the morning, with only dogs and scavengers in the streets, the cavalcade set forth from Talifu. The boom of a gun aroused the old watchman whose rusty keys of huge dimensions unlocked the gate. An old cannon lay in the street and paper horses were on sale, lonely and silent. It was a region where, from one point, three hundred villages and 360 temples could be seen.

In the fortress of Hsiakwan, it was time for early rice. Here the heavy buttresses admitted the road by an arch, over which was the motto *Heaven Begets Virtue*. A natural bridge, exquisitely beautiful, leapt over the river, narrowed to 10 feet in width, and there were rapids, with the first covered wooden bridge yet seen by Dr. Geil in China. A woman passed the Explorer, on her back a basket. From the head of a black hog, carried in the basket, there was grunted "good morning." Indeed, in the hours before dawn, the cavalcade with its lanterns and torches of bamboo was always a picturesque spectacle.

. . . . .

Even the energies of Dr. Geil were severely taxed as he pushed his way over the mountains into Burmah. Early rising, prolonged marches, rough quarters, and food that was often scarcely eatable were enough to tax the nerves and the endurance. True, indeed, was the Chinese proverb that highways are "good for ten years and bad for ten thousand." On one weary day, he wrote of "the sun hot, the road rough, the soles of my shoes thin and nothing to eat since 9 A.M., except four small pieces of native nut cake, and no place to get hot water, and the heavy load to carry." The track was often a zigzag on the hillside, one descent alone being 3,500 feet by the barometer. The rivers, flowing through

gorges, were spanned by suspension bridges, one of which, just completed, could not be opened until there should dawn the favorable day. In sleeping rooms there were no luxuries. One was heavy with incense, smoldering before the God of Riches. Another was close to a pool of stagnant water. A large rooster flapped his wings near the guest and crowded the hours, and rats shared the hospitality.

Since the days of Marco Polo, the valley of the Salween had had a bad name for plague. The people attributed the fevers to mists, rising from a clay soil. In fact, anything like a natural vapor alarmed them. For instance, the steam from a thermal spring was held responsible in one region for the death of four travelers from malaria.

In that case, as with the Salween Valley, Dr. Geil disbelieved the popular prejudice. The inhabitants, subjected to the mists, were healthy. The real explanation of the fevers of which travelers complained was, he thought, the carelessness with which they, including his own coolies, drank unboiled water from the streams. Young Li, when upset by this cause, screamed, "Save my life, save my life." His comrades laid bare his arms, wetted the skin inside the elbows, and pinched him between the second joints of his first and second fingers and also in the neck.

In a cavalcade, remote from western civilization and 8,000 feet above sea level, a sick coolie was a problem. To the counter-irritant of Chinese massage, therefore, Dr. Geil added medicines which happily relieved the situation. The lack of skilled healing was, indeed, everywhere pathetic. At one isolated inn, a poor fellow with a swollen and bleeding hand, knelt to the Explorer, beseeching medical attendance, all prejudice against the foreigner obliterated by his need.

The Explorer was slowly but surely leaving China behind and approaching southern Asia. At Tengyueh, with a population of 15,000, he was entertained at the British Consulate—"pleasant quarters," wrote he, "after the miserable native huts I had been enduring." There he came into contact with the Hon. S. C. Napier, son of Lord Napier of Mag-

dala, who acted as interpreter in some of his conversations. With the Sub-Prefect at Tengyueh, the Explorer was delighted. He appreciated "the luminous smile" of his host, persistent as that of the Cheshire cat. In a gift of two ducks, two chickens, seventy eggs and a hundred sponge cakes, there was, too, an evidence of welcome. The ducks were carried later by the coolies, swung on a stirrup of woven straw that passed under their breasts. It was kinder than tying them by the legs and hauling them head downwards.

Near the city was Tumbling Water, a beautiful fall which a bachelor called Lo Lin, anxious presumably for power or irrigation, desired to fill up. His method was to bewitch the stones on the hillsides and turn them into pigs which he collected near the fall. By turning the pigs back into stones, he hoped to dam up the stream. Unfortunately, the local Buddha, in the form of a girl, refused to see anything but stones, which skepticism broke the spell and the waterfall is still there.

Dr. Geil met Blue Friend Three, Prime Minister, so to speak, of the Shan Chiefs, who rule under British and Chinese authority. He had heard of the American Civil War and of the assassination of President McKinley. But, over legends, he was disillusioned, holding that they were believed only by stupid people. However, he was persuaded to indulge in romance and it is, perhaps, a pity that inexorable limits of space prevent our narrating the strange tale of the two dragons in the mountains who played pingpong with a luminous pearl.

Recently an Imperial Post Office had been opened at Tengyueh. The average delivery of letters was as yet only two or three a week, the people still using the courier. Tengyueh was also one of 14 telegraph stations in Yunnan and received 800 messages in a year. Money could be wired from Shanghai. An illustration of routine was afforded by an operator at the telegraph who took a day off, tiger-hunting, but forgot to fit the plug on the wire connecting Tengyueh and Bhamo in Burmah, with the result that men had to

be sent to repair the connection. In the simpler shops, situated under the shade of umbrellas, Japanese matches, German knives and similar small goods from Britain and the United States were on sale, with cotton goods from Manchester.

The route lay through the territory of the Shans or "white barbarians" as the Chinese call them. Temples and pagodas were in the style of Burmah. For the first time



since he had landed in China, the Explorer heard the hearty laughter of children. They were playing in the Yamen. Indeed, the expedition itself was in a gay mood. The secretary waxed indignant over the tail of a rooster which failed to display the proper concentric curves. "Well," retorted the Explorer, "and what are you going to do about it?" Among Asiatic problems still to be solved, was the curve of those feathers.

The guest who rushed from the inn without paying his score, the soldier drawing up his trouser in frantic attempts to locate some predatory insect, the chewing of betel nut, the women's black teeth and huge turbans and faces washed in butter, the wild men from the mountains selling firewood—it was all strange, bizarre, picturesque. In a land of poverty

everyone worshiped the God of Riches. The theater itself was so placed that the idols could enjoy the performance, and as some wealthy man, or the community as a whole, paid the troop of actors, the public were admitted free. Plays, not, however, written by Bernard Shaw, lasted from ten to twenty days, and when the Explorer sampled them, two men, dressed as women, were conducting a dialogue in high falsetto. Unfortunately, the visitors proved more interesting to the audience than the drama.

There, in the grounds of the old Yamen at Kang Ai, with its mud wall, three feet thick and eight feet high and coping of blue tiles, made locally, and with its corner towers loop-holed and turreted, the Explorer, as he shaved and worked his typewriter, was a constant source of wonder to a crowd of spectators. For twenty-eight men, chairs and baggage, the charge at the ferry across the Taying River was 10 gold cents or four times what a Chinaman would have paid. The ferry was a dug-out, hollowed by fire, with bamboo outriggers and a bad leak which the punter tried to close with his toe. Here was the scene where Margary, the Englishman, was murdered, whose monument stood in Shanghai, near the Garden Bridge on the Bund.

The Kachin women enlarged the lobes of their ears to hold lattice-work cylinders of silver, an inch in diameter and six inches in length, with a brilliant tassel at the end, while above the calf of the leg, they wore anklets of rattan, carrying as many as a hundred rings, with a similar affair round the waist. The forests hummed with the life of insects.

Approaching the frontier, the Explorer passed military stockades, the gates of which were swung outwards from the top. Precisely how many soldiers were here in garrison, was a mystery. It was the common practice of a general to draw pay for twice the number of troops actually under his command and to pocket the difference, hiring coolies for reviews and inspections. One chief bought a present of fourteen eggs and was delighted to receive a present of a rupee. Another chief, wearing a blue uniform supplied by the Brit-

ish, carried a circle of wood over his right shoulder and under his left arm, which included a sheath for a sword knife. His equipment "was further adorned with the jawbone of a tiger."

And so, on Friday, March 20th, 1903, after ninety-nine days of travel, the Explorer completed the journey from Shanghai to Bhamo in Burmah, under the British Flag. He learned by experience that the last day of a long trip is as dangerous as the first. For a coolie carrying a rifle at full cock suggested a casualty.

In due course the oil blanket which had excluded so many animated discomforts, with the pukai and bedding, was given away. With gratitude and gifts the bearers were dismissed, and the Explorer wondered whether he should find himself again within the frontiers of the Chinese Empire. As he crossed the line, the bell of a temple was ringing with a mellow tone. He was entering a land where romance and mysticism are blended in an atmosphere of acquiescent ease. When a coolie carried him across the stream, he was in Burmah. Thence he proceeded to Sarawak in Borneo, to Singapore, to Madras and so through India to Bombay.

Here was British sovereignty, a phenomenon challenging and inescapable. Of that phenomenon William Edgar Geil expressed an opinion at once candid and appreciative. He did not hesitate to criticize; he did not withhold his praise.

In Rangoon he was told that a famous brewer had been building schools and churches and he was delighted with the story of the American who, on seeing these edifices, remarked, "Well, well! We have some great things in our country but this beats me. Here is a man running damnation, education and salvation, all at the same time."

At Rangoon, too, he saw a new Lieutenant Governor arrive with the Star of India gleaming on his breast, who, standing on a platform, bedecked with flags, "got stuck in his speech, which was a trying moment for the audience," but was saved by a paper which he pulled from his pocket.

But while he saw things with his own eyes and said things

in his own words, he was fair. He was never anti-anybody for the sake of being anti.

In Calcutta he was interviewed for *The Englishman*. He stated that the Chinese "discriminated between British and other foreigners," that "an American reaped the benefit of the good impression which British officials have created," that he had himself never once heard the epithet "foreign devil" hurled at him, and that the quiet dignity, the diligent study of the language, and the constant endeavor to understand the Chinese, shown by British officials were responsible for the prestige which they enjoyed, especially in the Imperial Customs and Consular Services where the men were carefully selected. Whatever may be the position today and the attitude of China towards Great Britain, that was the situation, as the Explorer saw it in 1903.

In Burmah there were Sikh soldiers, acting as police; there were rest houses, provided by the Government at a rupee a day, with bathrooms, kitchens, and with quarters for servants and stabling detached. "Even the comforts and conveniences for the outer man," wrote the Explorer, with feeling, "which Christianity brings, ought to be enough proof of its divine origin."

The Explorer visited Sarawak, the kingdom of Borneo over which the Brooke family reigns as a dynasty of Rajahs. At Kuchin, the capital visited by Dr. Geil, there was a golf course cut out of the jungle. There was the fine Rock Road. There were clubs for the ladies and the gentlemen. There was a four page leaflet called *The Sarawak Gazette* which was sold for ten cents and announced "a strange and unexpected occurrence," namely the discovery of an oil well, with the cancellation of an embargo on wooden tongs and coffins; and incidentally we may add that the debt, as at



Tonga, was *nil*. But did this mean that there was no place for the missionary?

There may have been missionaries—I think there were—who did not wholly appreciate Dr. Geil's methods of gathering information from them and using it in his writings and speeches. Their view was, perhaps, human, but it was, I am convinced, unjust.

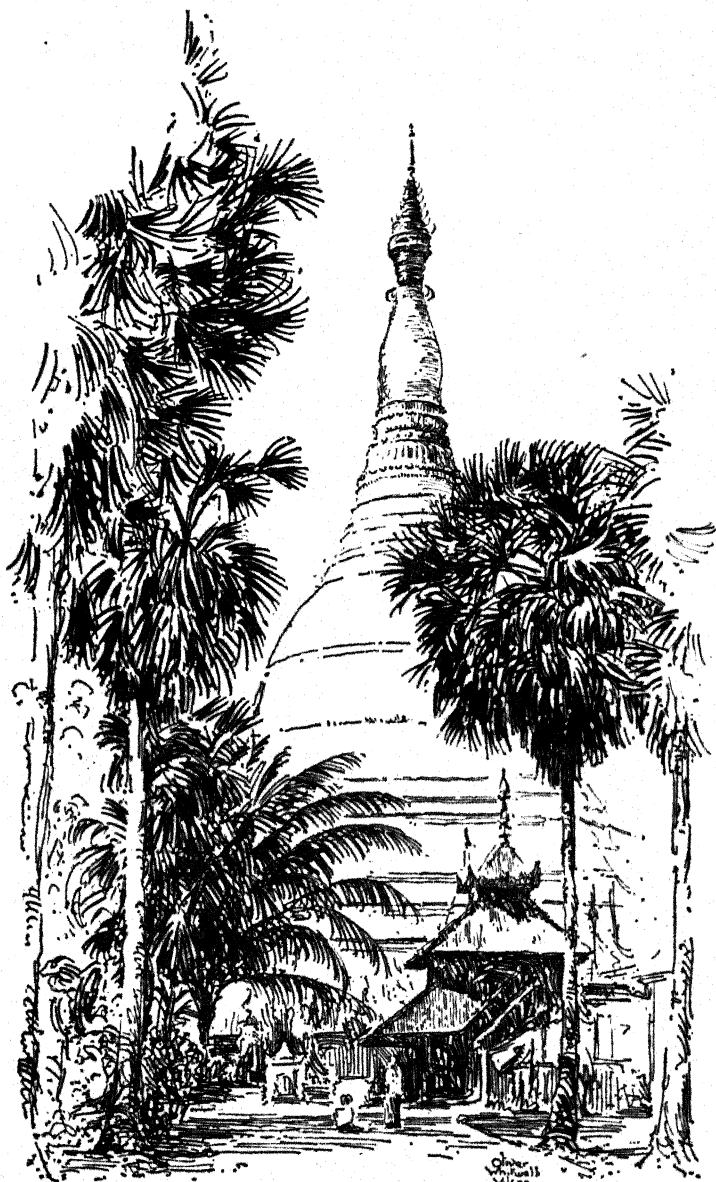
There was, indeed, a traveler of this kind who had been recently across China and had been entertained by the missionaries free, and yet this traveler had sneered at them later. For such a man the Explorer reserved a stinging sarcasm. It was only because the missionaries did not see Dr. Geil's diaries that, in some cases they wondered whether or not he also was seeking a sensation.

The Explorer was now surveying some of the most fascinating scenes in the world; he felt their fascination and at Darjeeling he confessed that he was tempted to plunge into Tibet. How the newspapers would talk! Indeed, he wondered whether he might not have pressed nearer to the unapproachable summits of Everest and Kinchinjunga. But he resisted the temptation. "Notoriety," he wrote, "is usually very short lived. It is but for a moment—then gone. If fame I have, may it be because of some good done by the Grace of God for the human race."

While, then, he kept his eyes open, he did not spend his time merely sightseeing. At Rangoon, doubtless, he fed the sacred fish. At Benares he saw the burning ghats, but at the Taj Mahal, with a true touch of Mark Twain he expressed a sardonic admiration for the lightning conductor!

It was thus to the details of mission schools and churches, the number of children in a class, their clothes and cleanliness, an old lady of seventy who had surrendered her Buddhism—all the wearisome minutiae of obscure routine, that he devoted his time, his energy and the output of his typewriter. Day by day he was obsessed by the importance of the infinitely little. Wherever he went he spoke, and wherever he spoke, he was more interested in his audience





GOLDEN PAGODA, RANGOON

than in his discourse. For instance, in Rangoon, the congregation was a feast of delicate color—soft greens and pinks, deeper crimson and gold, purple around the waist and jackets of immaculate white. At a Burmese village small boys attended church, clad for the occasion in their best anklets.

It was a tour that took its toll of the man. Setting forth to visit the Karen prophet, San Ye, the Explorer and his friends got lost for a while in the jungle. At midnight they picked up other wayfarers but their troubles were not over. Looking into a cart to see if there were bananas for sale, the Explorer received a violent kick from the ox on his knee joint, and for some days he had to be carried along.

The prophet, away in the jungle, had been converted to Christianity. He was a man of grave dignity who reminded Dr. Geil of Sir Henry Irving, with a touch of the soothsayer added. Possessed of private revenues, he built churches of astonishing size, away in the forests. Himself, he retained no property, except a steam launch which was used by the missionaries. At service when it was warm, he removed his shirt and when he took a collection from the people, the coins had to be dropped into a silver vessel containing water. "Money," said the prophet, "is hot and should be cooled off." He refused to be photographed. His fear was that the picture might be worshiped.

In Burmah, at any rate, the battle was between the gospel and Buddhism, whose orange-robed priests were very numerous as were the begging monks. That the gospel was winning, Dr. Geil entertained no doubt. At Rangoon the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda might be sheathed with plates of gold, but it was built around eight hairs of the Buddha, which, in the Explorer's opinion, were not adequate to redemption. Before another temple you could see bedsteads where the devout could lie and, when asleep, receive a blessing from the equally unconscious idols.

Against all this, there were at work the printing plant, schools and chapels of the American Baptist Mission. In-

deed, the Explorer saw an idol submitting calmly to demolition. A missionary had purchased land on which the image sat full thirteen feet in height. No Burman would touch it, but Indians brought a crowbar and a Bible and smashed the head off. The Burmans were then ready to join in and inside the idol was discovered a silver heart, containing strips of gold on which had been inscribed the sacred characters of the Pali and a tooth set in a ring. Of course, as the Explorer observed, Buddha's mouth was furnished with an unusual number of sacred molars.

One instance of changing conditions was the fact that a Buddhist nun on whom the Explorer paid a call, not only chewed betel nut and shaved her head, but used a sewing machine. Her husband had been a Christian.

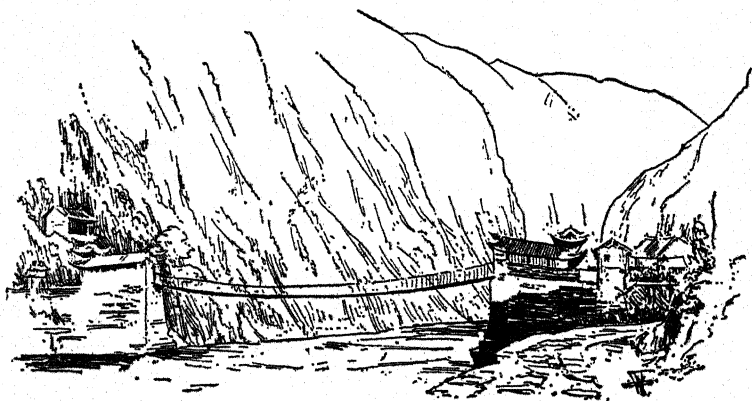
In bidding God speed to the Explorer, Robert E. Speer had said to him in New York that he would not merely yield inspiration to the missionaries but receive it. Throughout his journey, William Edgar Geil was like a car that gathers electricity, as it proceeds, from a continuous wire. He was conscious of "the spiritual depression wrought by heathenism" which missionaries have to face. But, on the other hand, these pioneers occupied positions which call for initiative. Their sphere might be limited, but it was one in which character could be developed. The missionary was a person who could not afford to "have nerves."

Dr. Geil was greatly impressed by the care with which money was handled. By dealing with sight drafts in gold, the China Inland Mission financed him across China in a manner so prompt and efficient that it would have done credit to a bank. When the Explorer showed all his baggage at Madras to be weighed for excess charge, the official assumed that, being thus honest, he must be a missionary.

Nor was he at all of the opinion that the missionary should live a life of unreasoning self-denial. At Kuching he did think that the Bishop's house with its ample lawns was more suitable for a millionaire than for a mission. But on the other hand, he thought that missionaries should have serv-

ants and even shotguns. What could be more refreshing, so he argued, for the mind and body of such a servant of the people than a morning of genuine sport, ending in a nice fresh duck for dinner?

It was not the glories of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty, it was not the gathering impetus of Indian nationalism that interested Dr. Geil. It was the silent working of that leaven in the barrel of meal which permeated the world and so prepares the kingdom of happiness.





## 8. Across Africa

*It Is too Late to Rein in Your Horse When on a Precipice and to Mend  
a Leak When in Midstream.*

FROM the next of his enterprises, it was fortunate for the Explorer, perhaps, that he emerged, a living man. He crossed what he calls "the Leg-o'-Mutton Continent of Africa—that hottest of continents, all of whose edges are wet."

To traverse Africa is, even to-day, a considerable undertaking but what lends an importance to the achievement of Dr. Geil is the fact that, following his usual custom, he left the beaten track and plunged into the depths of the Congolese jungle which few white men had penetrated. About these dim recesses of forest no books to be had in Bombay, whether new or second-hand, offered him information.

It is true that he carried firearms. But against man in Africa, he never aimed a weapon. While, then, the Explorer thinks he saw a hippopotamus, he is sure he hit the water! Even of snakes he caught a glimpse of only two. One of the reptiles was shot in the spine by an American who happened to be in the party. The other attended public worship and when excommunicated spit venom at a range of several feet, straight into a native's eye, causing an infinite smart. To sum up zoölogy, he watched the giraffes, heard the hyenas, and saw multitudes of parrots and monkeys.

The aim of the Explorer was not to shoot big game but to find little men. He himself would have said that in searching for the pigmies of mid-Africa, he was obeying "a guidance." At least, he was conforming to logic. In the very soul of him, he believed that even pigmies belong to the family of God and are as important, therefore, as princes.

In presenting what we have found to be a fascinating narrative, we will begin by following the Explorer from coast to coast. The pigmies will thus have a succeeding chapter all to themselves.

To persons who asked him later whether they should travel in tropical Africa, his first word of advice was, "Don't." If, however, that counsel was ignored, he would describe the necessary equipment. He had a theory that English bishops in Africa, protected as they are by clerical apron and gaiters, cannot die of fever. Hence, the traveler should furnish himself with a square yard of good oiled baize, useful to sit on, to shield a camera from the rain, and above all, when tramping through wet grass, to wear as bishops wear the apron. In addition, there should be two rubber blankets and ample netting, not as a defense against mosquitoes only but against big black spiders.

The sun was treacherous. The brim of the pith helmet and of three felt hats to fit within it, must be therefore wide as the horizon. Hitherto in his travels, he had never carried a tent and, on this trip also, he started without one. But his British friends in Uganda insisted that before he entered the forest, he must acquire this shelter.

For many weeks of hard marching, the Explorer had to depend on his own feet. It is true that somewhere he had a ride on a donkey. But the animal had such very short legs and such very long ears that he wondered afterwards why it had not occurred to him to turn it upside down. However, as he put it, the donkey and he arrived at their destination at practically the same time. Boots with double soles were thus of a vital significance. They must be a perfect fit and, to

exclude insects, layers of wool must rise to meet the stout knickerbockers.

The danger to be dreaded was not the lion and the elephant but the microbe. Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones of the Phelps Stokes Fund has insisted that much of Africa is not unhealthy and Dr. Geil himself noted at a much earlier day that, at a station in the highlands of Kenya, 8,500 feet above the sea, an English girl could grow up to be fourteen years old, the picture of perfect health. But all of Africa does not profit by such altitudes, and in 1903 the one topic of discussion was an "uncanny disease" called sleeping sickness which had just been traced to the tsetse fly and was beginning to attack Europeans. In a limited area, the deaths recorded had been 68,000; entire villages had been wiped out; it was like that famine in the Dabida Mountains where all that the hyenas left were bleached skulls. At Mombasa the Explorer visited the segregated victims of this scourge and at Leopoldville he discussed the possible remedies with heroic scientists one of whom, at least, was to sacrifice his life to the investigations.

Africa was thus a perilous plaything and one animal's fodder might be another animal's poison. The Explorer came across a kind of grass that fattened donkeys, mules and goats but had just killed sixty cattle. Even in church you had to be on guard against the jigger—a burrowing flea which had been imported in a slave ship from Brazil and carried across the continent in Stanley's expedition. During a sermon, natives would be seen eliminating these pests from their fingers and toes; indeed, on one occasion, the Explorer himself, finding what looked like a splinter under his nail, promptly applied cold steel and a drop of carbolic.

To safeguard health every precaution had to be taken. There were elaborate inoculations. Wherever possible, the meat to be eaten was fresh. A Bedouin had once advised the Explorer to eat onions as an immunity against changes of water and this rule he followed. He resolutely declined to carry alcohol, but his medicine chest contained remedies

which, though few in number and simple in purpose, were abundant in amount.

In Bombay he ordered 200 mirrors, with painted frames, but these did not reach him on the ship. However, he was furnished with suitable gifts—knives and safety pins, for instance—of great value to natives whose life was so simple that women were to be seen in a cave, making pots of clay, while water for irrigation was conducted over a distance of a mile or more by the use of banana stems. Dr. Geil insisted that gifts should be useful. "Do not fool the natives," he writes, "do not deceive them! Finally, you should travel fast, pay your interpreter in order to control him and, last but not least, carry a Bible." To the Explorer, it was as essential when in danger, to rest the mind as the body.

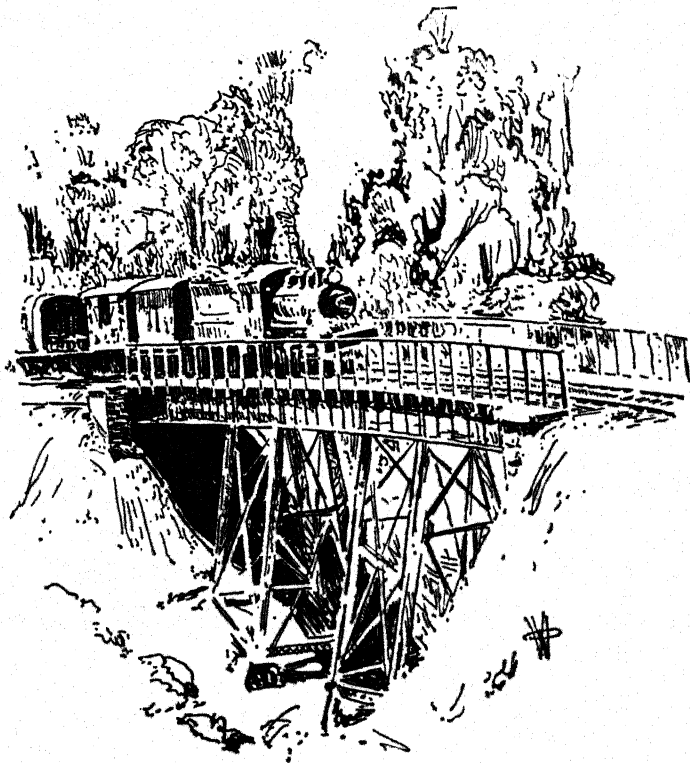
The journey as a whole lasted from July 1903, when Dr. Geil sailed from Bombay, to January 1904, when he reached the Pacific. He crossed the Equator four times, once in the Indian Ocean, twice in mid-Africa and again on the Atlantic seaboard. The passage of the continent was from Mombasa on the east to Banana on the west, with a detour north that included the slopes of Mount Ruwenzori. This distance was about 2,500 miles—one-third in British and two-thirds in Belgian territory. In the party the numbers varied and the bearers were, of course, changed as the expedition advanced. From a dozen to a score would be usual in the caravan.

As the steamship, *Politana*, sailed from Bombay, a southwest monsoon on the Indian Ocean threw the vessel into three motions—"a roll, a pitch and a wiggle." But the Explorer, though playfully wondering whether life was still worth living, was cheered at finding a clerk who had just completed a poem, forty-six pages in length, on "Men, Women and Society"; also, he watched the Boer prisoners-of-war, who, as they returned to their homes in the Transvaal, sat on a pile of 780,000 onions, carried at owner's risk, and sang bareheaded their plaintive evening hymn. With



these strong, stubborn, spiritual men Dr. Geil was aroused to sympathy.

The first question that confronted the Explorer has since become a subject of bitter recrimination. At Mombasa the



Indian rupee was the standard of currency. But was the Indian immigrant a valuable citizen? Doubtless the Parsees were able and educated but they were a class apart. Other Indians away from home were a "blight." On the Fiji Islands the imported coolie had earned a bad name for dishonesty and on the east coast of Africa these men were no-

torious as thieves. They had just stolen the shawl of the Bishop himself. By their ill-treatment of Negro women, the Indians had provoked raids by the Masai and other combative tribes.

The Governor of Mombasa, himself an Arab, told the Explorer how marvelous in recent years had been the progress of the city under western rule. There were still fourteen mosques, but with the suppression of slavery, the one business that interested the Moslem was gone. Natives, accepting Islam, became bigoted. But their faith was shallow. They still wore charms and persisted in devil dances. Islam remarked the Explorer was thus a kind of vaccination that rendered them more impervious to the deeper changes wrought by Christianity.

The British to the east and the Belgians to the west had been constructing the first links of what would be one day a trans-African railroad. With natives dropping matches into a barrel of explosives, to give one illustration, such engineering had been costly in life and limb, but it had put an end to the cruel portage by natives which had connected the coasts with the Victoria Nyanza, in one case, and Leopoldville on the Congo in the other. On the Uganda Railway Dr. Geil was the guest of Sir Charles Eliot, the High Commissioner and he much appreciated the comfort of the one available saloon car. The railway carried its passengers a distance of 600 miles inland in 54 hours, over a ridge a mile and a half high, with stoppages for meals. The fares ranged from 25 shillings to £7 10s od. There was an American engine that consumed six tons of wood and the previous traveler who had ridden on its cowcatcher was the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, at that time the very high-priest of British imperialism.

At the Great Lake of Victoria Nyanza, the second largest in the world, with its floating islands of an entrancing loveliness and its storms of insects, the unwearied Explorer found himself in Uganda, a land where you could still see natives unclothed. Changes, rapid and fundamental, were pro-

ceeding. The latest steamer could be brought from the coast by railway and not, like the last, on men's heads. American popcorn was to be purchased and an American sawmill was to be erected.

One day he was greeted by a native who cried, "If you have the wisdom of an Englishman, you are older than your father." The Portuguese fort at Mombasa might be a mere survival but there in the harbor lay nine modern warships flying the Union Jack. The question that Dr. Geil had to face was whether he did or did not approve of western rule. It was a question debated in the British Parliament itself where there was a strong demand for withdrawal from Uganda, partly on the ground that the British Empire was too big already and partly on the ground that there would be an unfair exploitation of the natives. At this date, moreover, the horrible methods by which the late King Leopold of Belgium was securing rubber were beginning to agitate the conscience of mankind.

Dr. Geil did not admire every British official—"a copious subject" was his description of one ruddy example. But, on the main issue, his only objection to the Union Jack was that sometimes, when it was flown, it was tattered by time and storm. At the British capital, Entebbe, where there were sixty Europeans, including ten ladies, he was amazed at the charm and brilliance of a function in the Residency.

But if he approved of this political occupation of the country, there was another and deeper reason. Under the régime, the mission was treated no longer as the Cinderella of western influence. In the annals of mid-Africa incomparably the most illustrious of names was David Livingstone, and the Explorer met "Mr. Man-of-Eyebrows" who helped to carry the body of the great pioneer from Chitambo's village to the ocean, *en route* for Westminster Abbey. The hospitals, the schools and the churches established by the missions, and their general influence were regarded by the authorities as an indispensable factor in the progress of the people. Indeed, we detect in these records the tendency to

close coöperation between the official and the missionary which is to-day a topic of some argument.

From the seaboard of the Indian Ocean to the snowy slopes of Mount Ruwenzori, rising with a majesty—as the Explorer described it—at once delicate and strong, into the regions of exquisite and roseate sun-glow, East Africa was the scene, then, of a momentous revolution in the minds, manners and morals of the natives. In the town of Rabai, the hill was still shown from which strangled infants had been hurled to death. Now there was a church with a picture in the porch which represented the still recent liberation of 1,420 slaves. After the usual service, which the Explorer attended, the men sat, allowing the women and girls to leave first—a wholly new standard of courtesy.

Everywhere the Christian Faith was obliterating cruelties. At the death of a chief, his retinue had been condemned to mutilation of hands and feet and afterwards was impaled on spears in a pit, the favorite wife being the first to suffer amid the beating of drums. Where that horror had been perpetrated, there rose another church. Torture by red ants was a nightmare of the past, and a boy or girl, unscarred by fire and knife and retaining all the teeth, was known as “a Jesus child.” Old people were no longer bound by thongs and cast into the swamps of papyrus. Among the Bakonja who had always practiced circumcision, the discovery of the rite in the Bible came as a surprise. They began to give to God the presents hitherto reserved for the evil spirits.

Marriage was becoming a different institution. Where a wife, suffering cancer, had been sent back by the husband to her tribe as useless, you could see bridegrooms, clad in white, proceeding to the town to obtain a regular license. The Belgians, too, were beginning to establish a legal recognition of matrimony. Precisely what to do with a convert who already had several wives was—as elsewhere—a difficult problem. As a local preacher, the Chief Mazeras had parted with three out of four of the women in his home. On the other hand, the Explorer was impressed by a Welsh

missionary on Belgian soil who went straight ahead with his work, leaving retrospective polygamy to die out of itself.

It was obvious to the eye that Christians were more cleanly in their habits than other natives. The day was going by when a man would carefully sweep that part of his hut only where the cow was to be accommodated; when a great hole with hot stones would be the only bath. For the time being, it was the fine sand of the rivers that the natives used as soap. But they were discovering western luxuries. In the Dabida Mountains, there was one convert, visited by the Explorer, whose Christian name, recently adopted, was Castor Oil. He kept his books in a kerosene tin to protect them from the white ants and, in his zeal for calligraphy, had possessed himself of three slates.

There were various ways of summoning the faithful to public worship. At a shot from the Explorer's own gun, the natives would leave even their dances and begin the devotions. The war drum, too, was consecrated to the service of the Prince of Peace, and in one case, a steel rail, provided by the railway, was found effective. There was an orthodox bell, called *Holiness to the Lord*. To some natives, however, such a bell still meant, not that people should come to church but that evil spirits should be driven away.

The congregations addressed by the Explorer were picturesque. Fierce clansmen and robbers, armed with spears and arrows, soaked in poison—women with 200 yards of beads about their neck—boys with pitifully distended stomachs—dudes with thirty rings in the lobe of an ear—so would these worshipers assemble, nor would they hesitate to state their needs in candid terms. One worshiper had appeared with 150 rats, all killed near a single hut. "Rats, rats, rats," he cried. "Master, pray that the Almighty will stop the rats." They sang well—these racial ancestors of the American Negro with his Spirituals—but in those areas where they could not use semi-tones, no instrument was of value to accompany their rendering of the hymns.

Of the reality of the native's faith the Explorer enter-

tained no doubt. One youth, asked if he was a Christian, answered with deep solemnity, "I have seen Him"; and King Kasagama, faced in his council by a demand for a return to heathendom said quietly, "Let us pray about it," which devotion settled the matter. Sixty-five bunches of bananas, a fine sheep and a goat were among the King's several substantial contributions to the Explorer's progress. His war drum sounded only for a leopard hunt. His musketeers with red tarbooshes, blue sweaters, white Grecian trousers and puttees, accompanied Dr. Geil for a time as an escort of honor.

Among some missionaries, there was at times a curious assumption of nonchalance. Dr. Geil had been much interested in the fact that, from the vocabulary of the native, the very word gratitude had vanished. But a breezy pseudocynic, acknowledged to be the best doctor in Mombasa, only laughed. "Gratitude!" said this missionary gayly. "My dear fellow, every African can be matched with a European and what gratitude do you expect in the slums of London?"

A man thus brilliant, who has consecrated his entire career to others is entitled to a jest, even at his own expense. But what actually happened was that the Explorer would find at his feet some unexpected Negro, who would offer him eggs, new laid and wrapped with care in banana leaves, a gift inspired solely by devotion to his best friends, the missionaries. It was true that, at the outset, mothers along the Congo asked the missionaries to pay them for allowing their girls to come to school. But that was only an error of perception. At Yakasu a missionary had succumbed to his duties and died. The natives habitually referred to him as *Akelalou*, and *Akelalou*, being interpreted, means "He was a good man." To those who heard Dr. Geil lecture on Africa, his enunciation of the words, "He was a good man" was unforgettable.

In Uganda Dr. Geil's host was that great builder of civilization, Bishop Tucker, a kindred spirit, indeed. Here was no theorist merely, nor ecclesiastic, but a painter from

Wordsworth's country in Westmoreland, one of three brothers who on a single day had walked 65 miles, climbing the three peaks, Skiddaw, Helvellyn and Scawfell-Pike, a combined ascent of 10,000 feet. So much for the athletic value of total abstinence! Dr. Tucker, so Dr. Geil would remark, was the berserker turned apostle. He was the first curate to be consecrated an Anglican Bishop.

The appalling assassination of his predecessor, Bishop Hannington, by order of King Mwanga, is a classic story in the annals of Christian martyrdom. It was from Bishop Tucker's own lips that the Explorer heard the sequel—how the body of the Bishop had been identified and buried at the Cathedral, with King Mwanga himself as a mourner. "The past will be forgiven," said the Bishop, on that dramatic occasion, adding pointedly, "and the murderer will be forgiven." Mwanga's sons were baptized by the sons of Bishop Hannington.

On the younger king, who succeeded Mwanga, the Explorer paid a call. In front of his palace, a brick house with a galvanized iron roof, there was a brazier with a fire burning which is only extinguished at the sovereign's death. The boy was seven years old and, having ourselves met him in London, some years later, we are not surprised that the Explorer should have noticed his sincere and dignified demeanor.

The route to the Belgian frontier lay over the Grasslands. A stalk, when measured by the Explorer, was taller than 16 feet, but there was a path and the going was good. There were evidences of civilization. At Bigo the chief had a keyless watch of which he was so careful that he would not himself wind it up but waited until a white man came along. The mimosa was beautiful to the eye; to the taste, sweet potatoes mashed, were delicious. Still, the Explorer was approaching the edge of the western world. At one mission station, never before had five whites sat together at a meal, and there were areas where no white woman had yet been seen. Fish sometimes included worms. The native plan

was to eat them at night when the intruders would not be visible to the eye. At Balanga there were hot springs where you could cook your food. The Scriptural conies, who are "but feeble folk," were killed as they left their holes, by a simple blow on the head with a stick.

Climate began to be interesting. The kingdom of Toro was swept by African rain and storms were so violent that the head ached with the thunder or the electricity or both. It happened that the Explorer's thermometer was taking the temperature one day outside a window when a small boy tested the glass with his stick. But as Mrs. Fisher, wife of a missionary, discovered when on Mount Ruwenzori she became the first white woman to tread an African glacier, there were sudden variations from heat to cold. Indeed, sun and shade were two zones, separate by many degrees Fahrenheit.

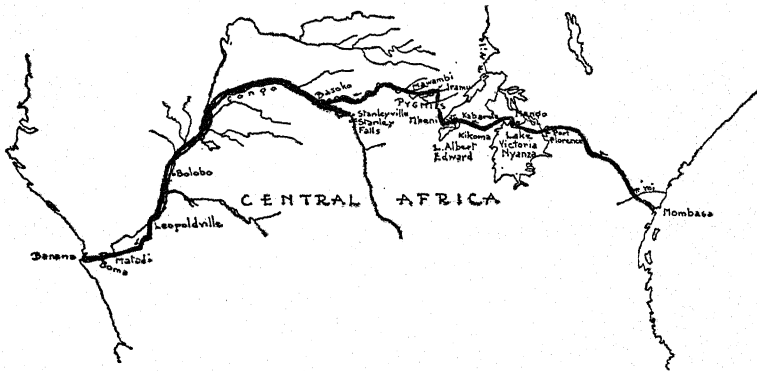
For the Explorer, still on the threshold of his task, the situation was summed up in the word "fever." He had to be carried on the fly of his tent, improvised as a hammock. His temperature rose to  $104^{\circ}$ , then to  $106^{\circ}$ , and runners were sent to Dr. Bond at Kaborale, who found Dr. Geil in a grass hut, fighting for life. He was borne back to Kaborale and nursed by the Fishers. It was only after much delay, that he was allowed again to go forward.

On entering the Congo Free State, he was welcomed "by a large number of well-to-do mosquitoes." So weak was he with fever that he had to be nourished every three hours and his left eye recorded what seemed to be groups of extinct craters. The trouble developed and, in fear of total blindness, the Explorer, who as a student had—as we have seen—overstrained his sight, considered the question whether, after all, it would not be best to turn back. "After much thought and I freely and gladly admit much prayer," so he writes, "the decision was made to hope for recovery and proceed with arrangements." In a fortnight his sight was mercifully restored, one explanation being the snows of Ruwenzori.

A second and a third time was he attacked with fever, as



was his secretary; and it was in "dilapidated condition," therefore, that they left behind them what he called "Reed-land" and plunged into "Treeland," a jungle formidable indeed even to those who had become familiar with its chaos. The drip of fog from leaf to leaf sounded like a down-pour of rain and there was also silence, appalling in the loneliness, when direction was doubtful and the way might be lost. The forest was a "damp region, breathing dew and fragrance," utterly green from floor of vegetation to roof.



To men whose nerves are on edge, minor mishaps loom large as disasters; and there was one day of unforgettable misery. The ants were innumerable and they seemed to be armed with gimlets. A vine tore the Explorer's spectacles from his face and they disappeared forever in the leafy confusion. Sand in the rice tore out the gold filling from a front tooth. Pain in the knees, apparently rheumatic, was another penance to be borne.

The size of many trees was enormous and their roots ran horizontal along the surface of the rocky ground. One night, as he was resting in a hut, the secretary heard the ominous crash of timber falling, as it seemed, across his frail shelter. It was his worst scare and his narrowest escape. Such tree trunks were obstacles everywhere blocking the

path. A cow, led along for the sake of her milk, was worn to skin and bones. Sheep, needed for mutton, fell out of the caravan. It was after a day of such hardship that again the Explorer was attacked by fever and during a night of terrible temperature, realized that "the mortal coil seemed very loose."

The rivers were deep and rapid. Over one gorge that the Explorer did not forget, the only bridge was a tree trunk, along which he was guided by two porters, both of them cannibals, on whose loyalty depended his very life. As water ways, these embowered torrents were sometimes useful and the party would take to the dugout, which native craft might become rotten in a year or two but if serviceable was not easily upset. Such a boat measured seventeen yards long and a yard high. It accommodated eighteen persons and the baggage.

On the Ituri the boat had to be steered from bank to bank of the river to avoid the pendent nests of insects. Down the Aruwimi, the paddlers, moaning their melancholy music, were all dandies, oiled and decorated with shells. One of them was adorned with a coiffure that included twelve bands of hair with shaven skull between. Even to one who had just braved the Yangtze, the rapids were sometimes alarming.

By way of the Urumini the Explorer reached the Congo. He proceeded by the stern-wheel steamer to Leopoldville on Stanley Pool and the railway completed his trans-African journey. At Banana he was in touch again with the ocean.

The Congo Free State, thus traversed, was a territory that had been entrusted to the not very tender mercies of King Leopold of Belgium, the able but avaricious—some would add, the atrocious—uncle of his very different successor, King Albert. At that date there was, of course, no League of Nations, but the Belgians held a sovereignty in which it was assumed that the good of the natives would be the only objective of the administration.

Of the officials employed by Belgium, the Explorer was

at once a keen and a noticeably fair-minded observer. He bears testimony to the "marvellous material changes," wrought by the Belgians, which included medicine and hygiene, with agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture. At Leopoldville the native laborers, each wearing a medal, seemed to be "prosperous and well satisfied with their employers, their employment and their wages." The native soldiers, too, compelled as they were to have a wife, were well housed and supplied with mosquito netting which saved quinine, while a black sergeant included easy chairs in his furniture. As for vaccination, the natives welcomed it as a form of witchcraft. It was true that the Explorer did not see an intoxicated Negro in Africa until he reached Belgian territory but he was informed that the sale of liquor was undergoing a rapid reduction.



Women, acting as porters for the expedition, would cheerfully carry a load of 100 pounds on their heads. One lady, at sight of the Explorer, disappeared into a hut returning with a pair of spectacles, similar to his, painted in white around her eyes. If some women had pierced their lips and inserted the lid of a tin or a disc of wood, the reason may not have been fashion. Ugliness was a safeguard against slave-raiding by the Arabs, and it was due to Belgium to say that this had been made to cease. Cannibalism also was prohibited and there was no longer to be seen the amazing spectacle of a victim, exposed for sale, his body traced with lines of colored earth, which indicated how he was to be distributed a few hours later. At Basoko there was a prison in which many cannibals were under sentence. In advance

of the Explorer's visit, it had been cleaned up and he says it was modern and apparently humane. The prisoners were heavily chained but, at least, the chains—so the Explorer stated with irony—had not produced sores on the flesh.

That the Pigmy had escaped the excesses of cannibalism was too much to believe. The best that could be said was that it was not considered to be good form thus to treat women. Happily the practice, even in the forest, was now discredited. When the Explorer asked a Pigmy Chief, "If in war you kill your enemies, do you eat them with salt or without?" he showed some excitement and answered, "It was one time we ate, we do no more eat."

Under these circumstances his official hosts at Leopoldville, of whose banquet he entertained so pleasant a recollection, begged him not to believe all that was beginning to be said against the Congolese Administration. If, at this point we may add a fact, King Leopold was so anxious to stifle criticism, especially in the English language, that threats for libel actions against a too inquisitive press were not unknown in Europe.

In applying reforms, there must be, as the Explorer admitted, an element of compulsion. He recalled the fact that the only gallows, seen by him in Africa, had been in what he considered to be the well-governed protectorate of Uganda. But on the Congo, everything went by "superintendence." Using the phrase which he coined for his speech at graduation, he said that there was no attempt "to get the policeman inside the citizen," and soldiers after two years' training would return to their villages and resume the cannibal habit. The moral instruction imparted to the natives had been infinitesimal like the results. The Explorer witnessed the moon dance, stimulated by intoxicating *mukisi*, in which the revelers contorted their bodies with intricate abandon to the music of an orchestra that included four instruments. Also, he examined the spirit houses, built of reeds, eighteen inches high, in which ancestors were inducted

by gifts of dates to refrain from doing injury to their children and children's children.

To Dr. Geil, roads and plantations, however admirable, could be no more than a first step along the upward path to a more abundant life. Yet for missions, it could not be said that the Congo Free State displayed enthusiasm. On the British side of the border, a native servant would have taken a name like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But the Belgians would address such a man as Bayonet, Gunpowder or Whiskey. Under the circumstances, it was no wonder that sorcery still had its devotees.

The missions, actually patronized by the State, were Roman Catholic. Along the Arumini River, the Explorer saw one of the residences for priests, built by public money. The methods of the Catholics were not Dr. Geil's methods, but he was able, none the less, to judge results by merit. At Mombasa the Catholic clergy were, in his opinion, a "hard-working band," loyal to their superiors and able to educate the natives on effective if narrow lines. At Lake Albert Edward Nyanza boys were not baptized until they could read, but girls and old people had merely to learn a catechism. The Explorer was much impressed by the skill with which the priests cultivated the carrots and cabbages which they gave to him as a token of good will. At the Catholic missions there were sometimes hundreds of catechumens and other adherents, and at a neighboring rest-house you would see a picture of a saint. How deep was the process of conversion, might be, however, a matter of debate. In Uganda medals of the Virgin were distributed with generosity but the natives wearing them, when questioned, did not know apparently either of God or of Jesus Christ.

For the student of the Congo Free State, the pertinent question was what happened, not in the towns near the coast, but in the interior. The outposts of Belgian rule were lonely indeed. Whereas a British letter from the frontier reached London in six weeks, the Belgian supplies from the coast to

Fort Mbeni, where the Explorer stayed, were four months in transit, and this did not include the further communication with Europe. The officials were thus far removed from contact with civilized opinion in the western world. Nor, in every case, did they welcome a visitor who represented the ideals of the Protestant missionary. At Fort Mbeni, to give one instance, the Explorer met with a cordial hospitality. But at other and less attractive stations, he was received with scant courtesy, and his progress was delayed, apparently with a view to limiting his vision of what had been going on.

From the officials as a class it was impossible to withhold sympathy. They received a miserable pittance of approximately eight dollars a week. Cohabiting with native women, many of them abandoned themselves to their environment, and, as the Explorer puts it, there seemed to be more books in one missionary's library than in all the administrative stations combined. Ninety per cent. of the officials were sick and needed a furlough which they could not afford; and in many cases, they developed an ugly mood, fairly to be described as mania. They ceased to be wholly responsible for their decisions.

The results of Belgian rule were thus deserving of a careful examination. It was true that at a station like Karimi in the Semliki Valley,—to give one example—the Belgians had cleared a street, 150 feet wide, and perfectly kept. But the natives in another village had just been wantonly slain for disobedience and the survivors were still seen by the Explorer to be sullen and unwilling to load the steamer with fuel. The official, responsible for the outrage, had been arrested, and at Borna, there was a prison where the white man was punished for indulging in such violence. But so resentful were the natives at such a massacre that traveling had become unsafe.

With a restrained irony which surely was admirable, the Explorer remarked that "the Congo Free State officials are a trifle prone to study the natives from the standpoint of what they can get out of them." If the "baton" was a

dreaded institution, the reason was that at any cost, red rubber had to be forthcoming. A scourging of twenty-five strokes at a time could be inflicted on the native who failed to add to the royal revenue. The Explorer saw the system at work. Into the fort at Basoko, the natives brought three tons of rubber a month, meaning an income to the government of 12,000 francs, and the official, an Armenian, had been at once decorated and promoted. Elsewhere he saw industry where the Government was using "imported" labor—a term that always suggests compulsion.

With the agitation that was proceeding against the abuses thus indicated, Dr. Geil could not but sympathize. If his comments were restrained, it was because he saw life as a whole. The natives were not saints, the Belgians were not the only sinners; and in addressing an audience, Dr. Geil avoided the common artifice of denouncing the absent who cannot defend themselves. His hardest words were ever addressed to people who were there to hit back. For all abuses of every kind, his remedy was a gospel that was needed equally by all people.



## 9. *The Pigmies*

*We Know Men's Faces, Not Their Minds.*

WHY Dr. Geil should have become so interested in the pigmy is a question that invites a careful answer. As an Explorer he wanted to go to unusual places, to see unusual sights and to cover unusual distances. But he was also an Evangelist. He could not plead with men unless all men were included in the plea. He could not advocate a progress from which the pigmy was excluded. In the year of grace, 1903, there was no missionary, Catholic or Protestant, assigned to these nomads of the forest, and while their existence was known, there had been no attempt seriously to understand their customs, their mentality and, above all, their status as human beings.

It was thus a motive of genuine sympathy with a weak and backward race that drew William Edgar Geil into those scarcely penetrable wildernesses of primeval forest where the pigmies of mid-Africa had found their home. In his descriptions, simple, vivid and exact, we see the Explorer at his best. He contributed at once to the knowledge and opportunity of mankind.



A superior century had ridiculed the records of ancient geographers, yet when Herodotus told of pigmies to the south of Egypt, he was indulging in no mere legend but—as the Explorer discovered—was stating the facts; and the word “pigmy,” meaning the distance between elbow and knuckle or roughly fourteen inches, had been used by Homer.

Before the dawn of history there had been the undersized man. Near Schaffhausen on the Rhine Dr. Kollman had identified the neolithic pigmy, and the British Museum disclosed to Dr. Geil an account of a pigmy graveyard in Tennessee.

In our own day—to summarize the Explorer’s writings—there were many pigmies scattered throughout the world. Among the Eskimos to the north and the Andaman Islanders to the south, numbers of full-grown men and women failed to attain a height of five feet. In Russia and Lapland, in Sicily and Sardinia, the dwarf was proverbial. On the interior boundary of China, as we shall see, communities of stunted people who, in the dim past, had fled from the serfdom of building the Great Wall, were said to be eking out a precarious existence. The pigmy thus presented to the Explorer a problem of world-wide significance. What the Explorer had to consider was thus not merely the habits and customs of the pigmy when left to himself but his contact with white civilization.

We may see the Explorer as he stops at some station, situated amid scarcely penetrable jungle, a few acres of which have been cleared by the Belgians. “Through the Forest of Eternal Twilight,” to give his own phrase, he advances; a pigmy emerges from the shadows, he meets the pigmy chieftain or sultan and by means of an interpreter they converse. The forest itself is still a mystery. Does it conceal an ambushade of enemies or an escort, of allies? The Explorer and the Chieftain grasp hands, swear eternal friendship and keep their word. The forest is safe.

It was a case where good faith was the only protection. Against an enemy of the pigmy, white or black, the trees

were cover; the pigmy could annoy the aggressor with volleys of arrows; dodging through holes too small for his pursuer, he vanished; in the forest no European could keep pace with him, even for an hour; it was enough, said the Belgians, if he refrained from annoying their couriers. Sometimes the pigmies were employed as guides.

Officials explained to Dr. Geil with the utmost frankness what was their attitude towards the pigmy. It was an attitude, entirely sordid and entirely cynical. The pigmy was useless. He could not be set to work. In fact, he was an ape. It happened that the first pigmy met by the Explorer was carrying on his back a tiny basket of rubber, cut in slices like bits of fried potato. But the trouble with the pigmy was that he could not be coerced into gathering this product.



As for the future, the only practicable policy would be, as one official put it, to teach the pigmy to want things like cloth and go to work for them. Such an attitude was, of course, a direct challenge to Dr. Geil's belief that all people, including the pigmy, were embraced in the comprehensive fatherhood of God.

It seemed to the Explorer that the first thing to do was to find out whether, in actual fact, the pigmy was an ape or a human being. No pigmy, seen by him, was as small as the Homeric dimension of 14 inches.

In height, the males were a little taller than 48 inches. The females were an inch, or two shorter than the males. The Explorer called them a race of Tom Thumbs, but Tom Thumb was smaller still.

To estimate the physique of a race, merely by size, would have been unscientific. In proportion to his height, the

pigmy was a perfectly formed human being. He was broad in the shoulder. While the neck was short, the chest was well-developed. Despite the difficulties of birth in such an environment, there was not a crippled pigmy, not a Caliban, to be seen. The body of the pigmy was well nourished and, in one case only, did the Explorer detect an emaciation that disclosed the ribs. Indeed, the pigmies were not black. Few Africans deserved that adjective. The hair, which a chief wore in a tuft on the head like a crown, might be stiff and black but the skin was dark brown, nor did the pigmy display any sign of degeneracy.

In his progress through the forest, the pigmy was superb in his ease and grace. His rapid, skillful movements, not without humor, as he leaped over slippery places and around trees, reminded the Explorer of Philetas of Cos, who carried leaden weights in his tiny pockets to prevent his being blown away. The pigmy had good eyesight and a keen hearing. His bump of locality was so highly developed that he needed no compass. However cloudy the day, he could tell east from west by means of some indication on the trees.

To a certain extent the creature in them predominated. The pigmy, if pierced in the foot by a thorn or otherwise wounded, would be found to be less sensitive to pain than a white. They were subject to fever, but after a night of it, would cheerfully proceed on their way, carrying burdens. A chief of an age estimated to be not more than forty, had a white beard.

In person the pigmies did not appear to the Explorer to be unpleasant to meet or unkempt. They had excellent teeth. They were fond of bathing and found cleanliness and heat by washing themselves with the fat of a recently slain animal. Dandies would decorate dusky faces with black which gave a man strength against his enemies, and with a streak of red down the middle of the forehead which acted as a charm. The nose was often pierced to receive the stem of a fern but, as a rule, the skin was not tattooed or cicatrized. A typical costume consisted of an iron bracelet

on the right wrist and a fragment of bark cloth. When a pigmy was presented with a yard or two of calico, he was at a loss to know what to do with it.

In the woodland the pigmies needed neither spear nor shield. But as archers they were the cleverest in Africa. From earliest infancy they were taught the use of the bow, which they themselves manufactured. The arrows, with tips of iron, were purchased from the Walesse and were rolled up in a small leaf. The Explorer bought some bows and arrows and concluded that the pigmy, like the Korean, had a personal mark on his arrow which enabled him to claim his quarry when struck.



The pigmies were experts, not only in poisons but their antidotes, for both of which reasons their friendship was cultivated by other natives. One decoction included black ants and castor oil berries. It was not the force of the arrow that killed the big game but the poison on its tip, and as this was a vegetable poison, the meat of the victim could be eaten afterwards, so it was said, if boiled. The Explorer took no chances, however, and he was supplied by another method. Four pigmies arrived with a live antelope, bound by its feet to a pole which they carried on their shoulders. It had been caught in

a succession of such nets being held by pigmies, ranged in line.

The game traps included holes in the ground two yards long. Indeed, so accomplished a huntsman was the pigmy that he even attacked the elephant, bewildering the beast with arrows aimed at the eyes, and so driving him between trees from which a knife was suspended by rope, with timber

for weight. This fell on the elephant when he broke the rope, and struck the little brain of the quadruped which is his vital spot. In setting this trap, the pigmy had a clever way of determining precisely where the knife should fall. He dropped water from a height in the trees.

Whether pigmies always spoke the truth was doubtful. One of them stoutly denied that he had ever seen an elephant. But their statement was that they ate monkeys when they could catch them and one of them showed a wound which he had received during a chase of the small black buffalo.

Between the pigmies and tribes of normal stature like the Wallese, there was a recognized commerce. The pigmies paid their way in meat, in large leaves of trees to be used for roofs, in the bark of trees, the fibrous skin of vines for tying up rafters, and in the tusks of dead elephants. As exchange, they received their arrows, vegetable food, and especially bananas and many other miscellaneous commodities. Their diet included white ants and beetles which, among bigger Africans also, were regarded as dainties. Indeed, the Explorer himself sampled this diet.

If the pigmy had to buy his vegetables, the reason was that as a nomad he did not plant them. It had been impossible for one official at any rate to persuade "the gipsy of Africa" to build a permanent village even by the offer of twenty sheep.

Of all Ishmaelites the pigmy was, indeed, the least encumbered by this world's goods. He carried no tent. He drove no horses or cattle. His whole wealth consisted of bows, arrows and a cooking pot.

The Explorer visited a pigmy camp. For a man, as big as he, the track was, indeed, difficult. But at last he reached an open space where ten booths were ranged in an oval round a fire. How the fire was obtained he could not discover. A little fire made a big fire, so he was told, and if the fire went out, they could get fire from a village. One source of flame was, of course, lightning. In addition to the cen-

tral hearth, there was a fire burning in front of each booth; moreover, meat not being available that day, sweet potatoes were on the boil.

The beds consisted of large leaves, overlapping one another like shingles and cunningly sewed with smaller leaves. They were 18 inches wide, entirely clean, and devoid of any unpleasant odor. Although the nights were cold and damp, the pigmy, warmed by his fire, slept without covering.

Life could not be reduced to simpler terms. The hut was merely a booth of branches and leaves of trees, half-moon in shape, which the pigmies constructed before the eyes of the Explorer in half an hour. It was admirably designed to turn the rain and a camp consisting of such huts would be occupied for several months. Then the tribe would move away to some other stream equally convenient.

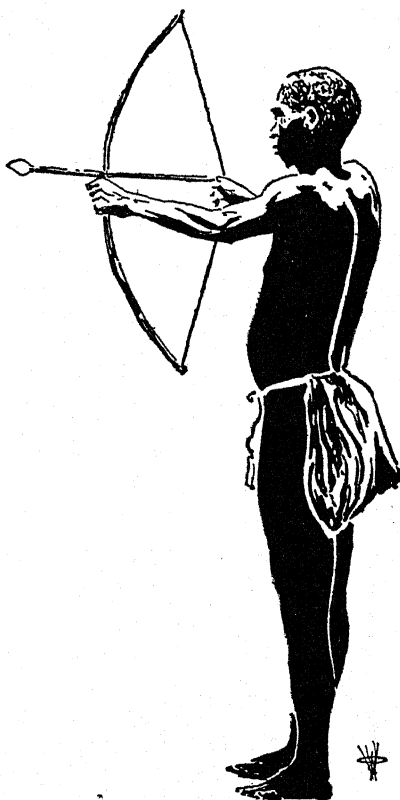
A pigmy chief, talking with the Explorer, denied that there were dwellings in the trees. Asked how the open hut was protected against the leopard and other wild beasts, he answered that, in selecting a site for the camp, the pigmy avoided the haunts of such animals, which explanation hardly seemed to be convincing.

The camp contained forty-three pigmies, including the latest baby who, probably, had been named—not like a Bengal dwarf, before birth—but afterwards. For the children there did not appear to be any special toys and with all the débris of the forest available, toys would have been, perhaps, superfluous. Apparently there were more women than men. They soon got over their shyness and faced the camera. While a price might be paid for a wife, consisting of goods obtained from the big natives, the custom was monogamy and it was seldom that there were more than two children. For three years, maternal affection was strong but—according to a Belgian witness—it was then “finished.” As a rule, the pigmy did not intermarry with other tribes but the Explorer saw certain mixed families. They were less successful than the pure pigmy, so he thought, in observing the decencies of life.

To explore the mind of the pigmy was a fascinating task. What were his thoughts and of what larger thought was he capable? Seated in a "leafy wigwam at Bili" and elsewhere, the Explorer introduced the pigmy to that important American institution, the interview.

Among the Chinese proverbs, collected by Dr. Geil, was the saying that "a great man will not see a little man's faults." If injured, the pigmy man and woman could be, doubtless, revengeful without compassion on the enemy, but approached with sympathy, not forgetting gifts, they returned smile for smile, conversed in a low melodious voice, and broke so frequently into merry laughter that the Explorer declared that they must be living in the Forest of Fun. At mimicry they were adept, strutting with stiff legs like the white man and using a language of gesture to imitate animals. Whatever might be the limitations of life in the forest, it certainly developed the powers of observation.

In weird tunes, couched in a minor key, they liked to sing, and they had their dances, marching in a circle and then forming an ellipse, while time was beaten by a chief with two pieces of wood. Part of the dance was a grimace, imitative of the monkey. The Explorer could find no musical instruments.



From the eyebrows upward, their faces were well shaped, and in one instance there could be seen what phrenologists define as a largely developed bump of reason. But they had no calendar of holidays, knowing only the seasons, and if asked their age, they would answer in vague terms, "Many moons." They used short sticks for numbers and had words for fifty and hundred but could not count beyond this. They declined to make their mark on a piece of paper.

Thus it is that we approach the ultimate question whether the pigmy had or was capable of having any religion comparable with the Christian Faith. A chief said candidly that he knew of nothing in life, save air and eating, and the underlying pathos of such a reply aroused the pity of his white friend.

Did the pigmy believe in immortality? If so, it was but a dim belief. One of the small men said that the spirit of the departed could follow the tribe as a snake; he added, a friendly snake.

About the obsequies of a pigmy, there was, indeed, a majestic dignity. Let a man die and his tomb is already selected. It is beneath the hearth-fire itself of the camp—there in the earth still warm from the embers—that he is buried, the booths all around him.

Over the grave, when complete, the fire is rekindled and there is silence. The camp, claimed by the dead, must be surrendered by the living. The kinsmen of the one who is gone gather together their simple possessions and move away to another home, where life may be resumed. They move away and leave behind them the mystery of death, a soul unseen among the shadows of the forest, alone in his glory, alone at last with his God. The embers of a dozen fires, one of them glowing above the tomb, are absorbed in the final darkness.

It was impossible for the Explorer in his lectures to tell of the pigmy's funeral without emotion in himself and evoking such emotion in others. Ours has been but a faint paraphrase of his eloquence and the eloquence had an aim.



Dr. Geil could not talk of death without inspiring resurrection. He saw the pigmy not only in the forest but out of it. A race, called Ti-Kiti-ki, similar to the pigmies, had been taught to read, to write and even to play the piano. Under the influence of such education, the physical structure of the head had been developed.

In Uganda the Explorer met pigmies who, in other years, had been captured as slaves but were now free. One of them, a strong believer in corporal punishment, was a pupil teacher in school, and, as we have seen, had helped the Explorer to make the United States flag. To the influence of love by man for man, it had been demonstrated that the pigmies of the Congo would yield their lives.



## 10. The Great Wall

*There Is Nothing Difficult Under Heaven if Men Will Do It. An Ardent Spirit Can Do Anything.*

ONE who has played golf with William Edgar Geil says that what he enjoyed was the drive from the tee. In the finesse of the approach shot and the putting green, he was not interested. It was this zest for the long shot that carried him from end to end of the Great Wall. He set forth on the expedition with the eagerness of eternal youth. On the voyage from San Francisco to northern China, broken at Yokohama, he "ate with the Wall, slept with the Wall and thought Wall." For the time being, his very life was built into that most astounding of all national bulwarks.

"Why," asked an old vender of tobacco pipes, who lived under the shadow of the Wall, "do these men come up here, where trees are many and people are few when they might go to Peking and see something?" It was the sheer magnitude of the Wall that fascinated Dr. Geil. Here was the one work of man that, conceivably, might be visible from the moon. Compared with the Wall, finished by hand, what after all was the machine-made canal at Panama? Had not General Grant estimated that the labor expended on the Wall would have laid all the railroads, dug all the canals and built nearly all the cities in the United States of his day? Dr. Geil confirmed that estimate of the incalculable. "Here at Thistle Ravine," he wrote, "is one of the most entrancing views to be had in any land, the wonderful

festooning of the Wall exactly on the skyline from mountain peak to mountain peak, following an almost inaccessible ridge, seemingly hung there by the Maker of the mountains. How it was constructed is a mystery." It was only a traveler, like the Explorer—who had been hauled up those precipitous gradients, sometimes by ropes, sometimes holding on to a mule's tail—it was only such an Explorer who could appreciate the effort of providing, conveying and laying stone, brick and mortar for a continental rampart, averaging 20 feet in height, with a breadth equal to three or even six mules abreast. As he wrote in *Harper's*, there had been really ten walls in China.

He saw the Wall, as he read his Bible, not in academic and archeological detail merely, but as an eternally destined unity. To him those stones were to be weighed in the balances of God and Man. Here was a symbol of separation. It was the Wall that divided the era of myth in China from the era of history. It was the Wall that shut out the cold of Mongolia from the warmth of the Celestial Empire. It was the Wall that differentiated races, the Yellow man with his culture from the White man with his barbarism! The Wall was thus the antithesis to the Cross. The one proclaimed a schism, and the other a brotherhood.

Not that the Wall was to be interpreted as an act of aggression. Doubtless "this ponderous mass of masonry" suggested "enormous might." But there was here no "impious pride or sinewy force." The Wall was static, not dynamic; it lay "prone upon the shadowy mountain and a dreary plain," like "some mythical monster," a huge "fossil," once "prostrated by a proportionate foe." The Wall was the expression of China's age-long instinct for Peace. While Dr. Geil doubted whether the Mongols beyond the Wall were always the wolves, and the Chinese within the Wall always the sheep, yet he asserts that the Wall "was evidently inspired less by rage than by the desire to prevent rage in an age of rage!" Dr. Geil asked the searching question whether Peace was more surely promoted by a

Wall of isolation, like China's, or by a temple of coöperation, like The Hague. But, however that might be, he held that the Builder of the Wall, in his will for Peace, was two thousand years "ahead of the senseless militarism of Europe."

It was during a period of what Dr. Geil called "butchering and building" that the Wall was achieved. A century had elapsed since Alexander the Great had forced the Indus and the Greeks had heard dimly of the still more remote land of what they called "Thina." Whether "Thina" on her side was influenced by Chaldea and Egypt is a theory that the Explorer mentions without endorsing. He points out that mortar was used in the Great Wall at a time when, outside China, its use was known only in Persia. While, however, it could not be said that "the West set the fashion for China" it is, none the less, a coincidence that, at one and the same period, there was building to be seen on an immense scale along the Mediterranean, in India and the Far East.

Ever an artist in allusion, Dr. Geil enumerates the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World—The Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Great Pyramid of Gizeh; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the statue of Jupiter Olympus, carved at Elis by Phidias; the first Mausoleum, a tomb built for Mausolus at Halicarnassus; the beacon of Pharos and the Colossus at Rhodes. Also, he tells us how Rome had laid her "four great roads," the Via Appia, the Via Latina, the Via Salaria, and the Via Flaminia—the last of them contemporary with the Wall. The vast rampart was thus built in an age when "not only on land but on sea, the stupendous prevailed." It was an age when the Egyptians had a war vessel 420 feet long, driven by 4,000 slaves at the oars and with sails manned by a crew of 400 seamen, a ship which carried 2,000 armed soldiers. Yet of all labors of the human Hercules, achieved then or since, that which was more stupendous than the rest combined was the Great Wall of China.

It was Chin, the builder of the Wall, who—to proceed with Dr. Geil's researches—gave to China, at once her name, her coherence and her constitution—the father of his country, yet regarded as the incarnation of evil. Compared with "this wicked wonderful man," Napoleon, estimated by the Explorer, was "not in the same class." Two hundred years before Christ the Mussolini of the Yellow Peoples established his dictatorship—a tyrant to whom Ssuma Ch'ien, the historian, attributed a "high-pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast, wolf voice, tiger heart" and "stingy, cringing, graceless" disposition. It was Chin who adopted the use of the pronoun "we" which to-day is at once royal and editorial, and it was Chin who, determining to be "the only first," abolished all titles of a date prior to his own. Chin called himself, not king but emperor, and in his zeal for a new China, he ordered the burning of the ancient books. There, at the Wooden Pagoda, 25 miles from Sian Fu, the earth was still black from the bonfire, in which conflagration, comparable with the fate of the library at Alexandria, disappeared many of the writings of Confucius himself, whose crime was a statement that feudalism would ever endure. Scholars who protested against the sacrilege perpetrated on literature, were buried alive, five hundred of them in one execution. Only their heads were left above ground and over these was passed the iron-toothed harrow of the farmer. A few books were spared, namely: treatises on fortune-telling, astrology, agriculture and medicine. These were exempted from the edict of destruction on the ground that they were useful.

Later, there was an endeavor to recover the lost treasures of wisdom. Some volumes were found in crannies of old walls; others were reproduced from the memory of aged scholars. The bulk of the literature was, however, obliterated. In the Chinese mentality there was thus, as it were, a dim hinterland of prior civilization, a kind of Arthur's Round Table of art and philosophy, which was infinitely flattering to the pride of race. What if the West had her

science? It was merely the science that China had once lost.

Chin's luxury was as stupendous as his Wall. Dr. Geil discovered in old records that by the simple method of ordering 1,200 wealthy families to move to Hienyang, the Emperor founded a capital. Palaces were built over an imperial estate of 200 miles. To have visited the Emperor's wives at the rate of one a day would have taken 36 years, and Solomon was thus far surpassed. Never did Chin spend two days in one place, as he lived in terror. To divulge his whereabouts meant death. Indeed, when an aërolite fell, his suspicions were aroused. Not only did he grind the stone to powder, but he decapitated every person in the district. As for his grandparents when they offended him, report says that he buried them alive.

As old age drew on, Chin, like King Hezekiah, yearned for added length of days. With the reconstruction of China still to be completed, he realized that he was mortal. Hence his excitement at hearing of an island to the East where dwelt genii in whose keeping was the fountain of youth. He despatched several hundred men and women on a voyage over the Yellow Sea, there to discover that source of immortality. The emigrants were never heard of again. But if Japanese annals are to be believed, they arrived safely and settled in Nippon leaving Chin to face the inevitable.

From the accounts of his death no element of horror was lacking. The end came when the Dictator was on a journey. Embalming was an art unknown and how to conceal the event was a problem. As the cortege proceeded to the capital, the situation was masked by the use of fish, and a message was sent to the eldest son, then engaged upon building the Great Wall. In the name of the Emperor, his heir was told to dispose of himself, and in obedience, he committed suicide. The second son thus succeeded to the Throne. All of his twelve brothers and ten sisters were butchered.

The Mound of Chin, thirty miles from his capital, was,

in due course, visited by the Explorer. From a distance of four miles, this great tumulus near to Lintung, rising from a site selected as favorable by the geomancers, was visible as a kind of foothill. The height was 120 feet. The sand of which the Mound consists was passed from hand to hand along a line of soldiers 16 miles long, and connecting with the River Wei. Each side of the Mound was set to the points of the compass and measured 350 yards. The Mound thus covered no less than 25 acres. A surrounding wall once included three times that area. In fact, the total enclosure was said to be as much as 190 acres. Yet there were no stone monuments of any kind visible.

Treading the Mound, the Explorer learned from the villagers that, despite large burrows to be avoided by the ankle, no animal would eat the grasses on a spot so mysterious. The names of plants were picturesque—Old Woman's Needle, Ox Knee, Sow's Ear, Blacksmith's Brush, Rice Flower Jar, Weasel Grass, Parrot Frame, Horse's Hoof, Tiger's Claws, Cat's Eyes, and so on.

But the question was what lay within that lonely resting place? Tradition declared that the Mound concealed a palace, behind which and under the Mountain itself, lay a river of quicksilver, twelve feet deep and half a mile wide, on which floated Chin's coffin, shaped like a bow and painted yellow. In 1853, there had been an attempt to rifle the tomb, but thunder and lightning and smoke from the digging deterred the impious, while a voice warned them to depart lest they "be visited by Heaven-sent calamity." Stricken by fever, Dr. Geil had the advantage of help by friends in the task of measuring the mound and interviewing the peasants. He stayed for two nights with a farmer who declared that the passage from the Mound to the Mountain lay directly under his land. Asked if there were valuables under his house, the man evasively replied, "I can't see." Other villagers, knowing that Chin was "a bad man," were equally reticent under cross-examination. "I keep the gate," said a pawnbroker, and "I am a child,"

added a barber. Terror paralyzed research. The people dreaded the doors whose bolts were tongues of dragons and whose guardians were swords that were released on the trespasser. No one can say whether, in reality, his vast company of wives suffered immurement with him, as is alleged—a custom that ended with the Ming Dynasty—or whether the workmen, employed on the mausoleum, were struck dead by “some infernal machine” lest they reveal the secret.

Yet, terrible as was Chin’s fame, he did some good. He it was who introduced the stamp of a seal as a signature. “I have received the decree from heaven,” so ran his motto, “and have already enjoyed the age of everlasting prosperity.” It was Chin, moreover, who divided the land into 36 prefectures, a system of provinces which, in principle if not in strict geography, remains unto this day.

Also, it was Chin who dug the canals which his successors failed to dredge—who laid the roads which later incompetence neglected, who fixed the weights and measures. He was assisted by “Six Chancellors”—Dr. Geil included a seventh—not all of whom shared his reputation. Of one such Chancellor, Po’-li Hsi, it was said that, bred in a herdsman’s booth, he hired himself for five sheepskins a month, nor in later years ever forgot his simplicity. “To the rich,” said a Chinese eulogist, “he was a master; to the poor a friend.” When he died, “shops were closed, there was silence in the streets and the whole state mourned for the man who was the first to make it conscious of its strength.”

The Emperor was thus, as Dr. Geil described him, a statesman. But his policy was intermingled with and symbolized by superstition. If he dreaded the foreigner, it was because he saw him as a man, sixty feet high, with feet two yards long. In order to overawe this giant and, doubtless, to arouse the terror of his own people, Chin gathered together his trophies of war and smelted them into twelve vast images, each weighing sixty tons, while the same impulse led him to mobilize 300,000 builders of the Wall.





THE ISLAND OF THE THREE MAGISTRACIES, FOOCHOW



His plan was to construct a vast horseshoe, with its ends based on the coast. Such a horseshoe would enclose a China, at once safe and separate. Nor was the scheme without strategic merits. Centuries later than Chin, Rome built two such walls across northern Britain, while a third connected the Rhine and the Danube. Like China, the Empire sought thus to defend herself against barbarism, while in the Great War, trenches, which are walls reversed underground, were almost impregnable. Even modern conflict may thus be static.

The belief was that the towers of the Wall—the number of which was estimated by Dr. Geil to be 25,000 with 15,000 watch towers in addition—were finished first. They served the purpose of blockhouses, like those used in Cuba and South Africa where the lines stretched for miles. The rest of the Wall may be described as a curtain between the towers, and the whole was patrolled by a standing army of 3,080,000 men, the first army of the kind in the world. This army was quartered in fortified camps behind the Wall, where the soldiers, instead of living as celibates within barracks—which has been the plan in Europe, a plan fraught with vicious consequences—were given land and so transformed into a yeomanry, trained to defend their own farms and homes along the frontier. It was a policy pursued by Rome when organizing her defense, and by the Germans when threatened with Turkish aggression. As Dr. Geil explains to us, for eighteen hundred years the Wall did actually serve as a barrier, moral as well as physical, against the alien forces beyond it. It is a record, almost as long as the Christian Era, and it is not too much to say that if there had been no Wall, there would have been no China.

• Yet the horseshoe, beginning at the seaboard and ending there, was not in fact completed. It was in the remote uplands, bordering on Tibet, that the Wall, as it were, lost itself. The length of the Wall is even to-day a matter of estimate. The Chinese name for the fortification as a whole was "the Wall of Ten Thousand Li," and a li being one-

third of a mile, this would give us a stretch of 3,000 miles. Placed on the map of the United States, however, the Wall would reach only from, let us say, Philadelphia to Kansas City, about 1,150 miles from the first tower to the last, that is, as the crow flies. There were, however, loops and branches and tortuosities that increased this length to 2,500 miles of actual masonry.

Along its weary length the Wall everywhere threw, as it were, a shadow on the memory of the nation. In the most fantastic legends narrated to the Explorer, there was usually a hint of horror equal to the toil of the Israelites in Egypt. In the year B.C. 238, there had been a great frost, causing many deaths. The tale was that Chin had ascended to heaven, shaken the Frost Tree and so ruined the crops. Thus he had compelled the people to work on his Wall, but without enough to eat. So hard was the work that the laborers sometimes fell asleep and were buried, waking up to find themselves ancestors! The very gods took pity on the serfs and one deity supplied magic thread which, bound around the wrist, gave special strength. But Chin seized the threads, wove them into a whip and by its use removed mountains and arrested the flow of the Yellow River. To steal that whip and so stop the slavery, maidens on earth and goddesses in heaven busily conspired. Nor were they unsuccessful. Because the Whip was mislaid, the Wall could not be completed. Chin was thus a Titan omnipotent. Traversing his realm on a horse of cloud, he stamped thrice for every li (that is, nine times a mile), and wherever he crushed the earth there sprang up a tower. To this day, "do it on horseback" means "do it quickly," and one scoop of Chin's shovels, worked by men twelve feet in stature, threw up a li of Wall.

"But," writes the Explorer, "it was a Wall of Blood." And there was a saying that the scream of a woman caused the rampart to fall flat from the sea to Tibet. Everywhere, indeed, women wept over the Wall. The scholar in the rafters of whose house was discovered, after thirty days of

grace, a forbidden book, disappeared for four years of bondage at the Wall, a branded convict. The feudal chief-tain who had resisted Chin's edicts in vain—indeed any man, likely to be dangerous—ended his days at the Wall, which was thus, not only China's Barrier but her Bastille. At the extreme eastern terminal, Chinwangtao, such a typical tragedy at once greeted the Explorer. Here labored the unfortunate Prince of Yen whose fate was recorded for Dr. Geil in verse by that great scholar, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the former President of the Imperial University at Peking and known to his students as "the Cap of the West":

A princely descendant of each fallen state,  
Was summoned to lead a *corvée*;  
And the sun stood still their toil to prolong,  
So the ancient minstrels say.

As diggers of earth and hewers of stone,  
Here were stationed ten thousand men,  
Whose fathers in battle the Tyrant withstood,  
And their leader, a Prince of Yen.

To hardship and grief the young leader succumbed,  
His bones were entombed in the Wall;  
No casket allowed him his ashes to shrine,  
No funeral pomp in his hall.

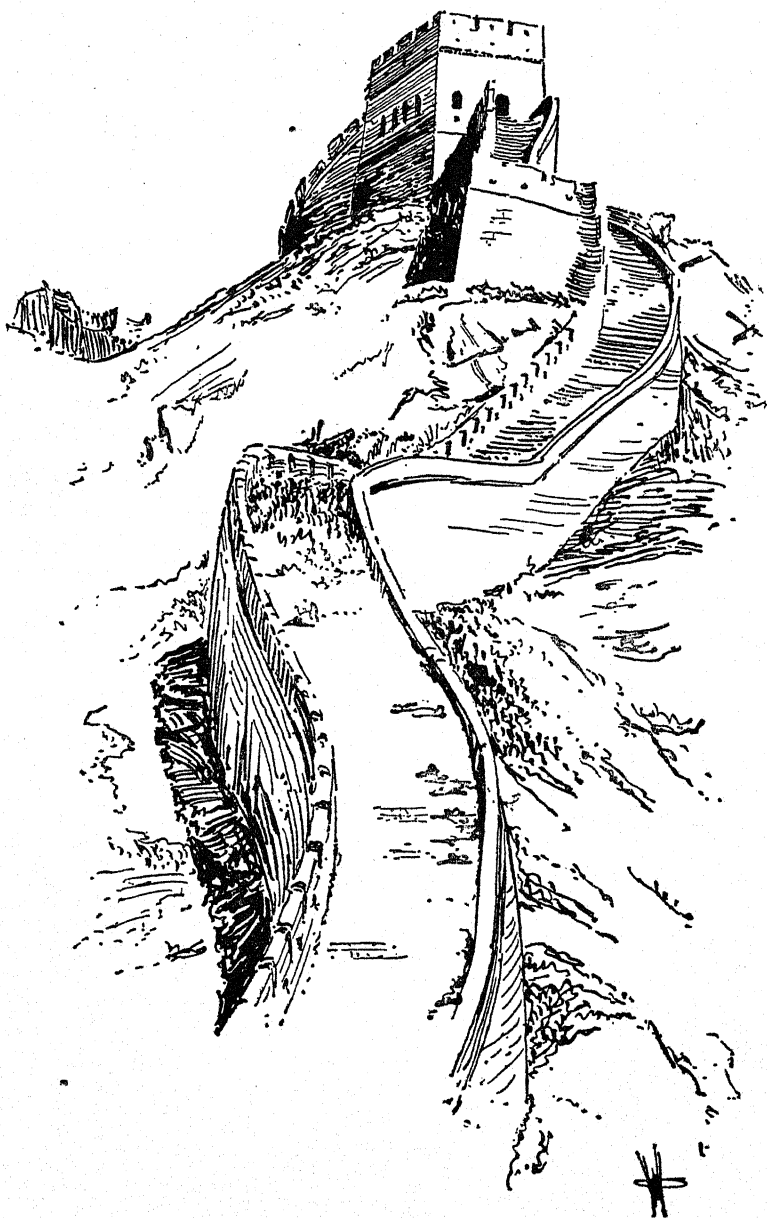
It was no wonder, perhaps, that the Princess threw herself into the sea and became immortal.

At Shanhaikwan, two miles from Chinwangtao, there was told a similar tale. Here it was that the railway from Tientsin to Mukden had been carried through the Wall. Now it was to Dr. Geil's merit that he never omitted to ask questions. Wherever he went, he wanted to know the how, the when and the why. And he vowed that, in the expedition, he would talk with a thousand of the Chinese! "Lend us some light," said he, to a rustic, not because he wanted to smoke but because this was the customary salute. The conversation thus begun, he enquired who made the opening for "the iron cart." He learned that it had been there for a long, long time, and again the legend was of a prince,

employed on the Wall, who disappeared and was buried therein. To find the tomb, the princess, after advice from a fairy, cut her hand and followed the drops of blood from her heart. At her approach the Wall opened and revealed what she sought, and it is over this place that trains now travel. "We have delayed your chariot," said the Explorer to the rustic when the story was done. The courtesy was perhaps subtle as the man was walking.

It was literally a fact, mentioned to Dr. Geil by Mr. Philip Nelson, that, to the northeast of Pinchow, lived a tribe of Chinese exiles, naked, hairy and diminutive of stature, whose ancestors had been fugitives from work on the Wall. Having investigated the pigmies of Africa, it was a matter of regret to the Explorer that he was unable to visit these communities, still shy and terror-stricken, whose mentality perpetuated the tradition of Chin.

If then to most of us the Wall of China has been a kind of remote incredibility, to Dr. Geil it was the product of actual human brain and brawn. He noticed and transcribed many of the tablets of stone which, to this day, record either the original construction of the Wall or its rebuilding at subsequent dates. He thus realized that the Wall was not a single achievement but a growth; that, as it still stands, it was built in many styles and over long periods; that to understand it would be an education. Over the mountains, north of Peking, the Explorer traced the rules by which the ancient engineers actually aligned their escarpment. They followed "the line of greatest natural resistance," which means that they picked out the strong positions of defense and intensified them. A peak was made more of a peak; a precipice, a higher precipice; a ridge, a less accessible ridge. The zigzag of the Wall, apparently so crazy, thus furnished "projecting faces" which "formed a mutually defensive scheme of salients and curtains," and the numerous pinnacles served, not only for defense but for the attraction of favorable influences. The method of building was arduous, indeed, and by no means uniform, but it was sim-



THE GREAT WALL

ple. To give an illustration, there were carved in the solid rock two furrows, level and parallel, about 25 feet apart. A base of granite blocks was then laid upon these, rising several feet. On this base there were set bricks of special clay which formed the upper courses. The bricks were placed "as headers not stretchers," that is, with their ends outwards; and between the two faces, the earth was "well rammed." The bricks were  $22\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and local legend suggested that they were tied to goats and so carried to the heights.

It is true that in the plains further West, the Wall was built with greater ease. But, in Dr. Geil's opinion, it was much more, even there, than "a heap of hard mud." After centuries of neglect, he found remains, 15 feet high and 15 feet thick, with towers 35 feet square at the base and 30 feet high. There were, moreover, moats, and as many as three lines of rampart, intended to counteract the drift of the desert.

The history of the Wall was thus the history of China herself. It was, perhaps, in its final days, that the great fortification attained to the utmost, if futile, glory. The Ming Dynasty ruled China, as Dr. Geil recalls, from the era of the Black Prince in England to the era of Cromwell, during which centuries the Wall was the very buttress of the Monarchy. Beyond its bastions, however, lurked the Tartars, ever covetous of the Celestial Empire. For a time they planted their feet on an outer section of China's massive frontier but the intruders were hurled back. Still, the pressure from outside constantly increased.

There was, thus, a last desperate effort to save the Wall as the guarantee, at once, of China's security and of her isolation. The Emperor Wan Li stood, indeed, second to Chin alone as a builder, of the impossible. Roughly contemporary to the earlier Stuarts, he was also, in Dr. Geil's phrase, wonderful and wicked. As a child, he was so precocious that, questioned on the classics, he "answered like an echo." When his august father, the previous Emperor,



galloped into the court of the palace, Wan Li rebuked him, not on the sacred grounds of etiquette but by pointing out the secular risks of so hazardous a proceeding. Wan Li was full of excellent maxims. During a drought, he commanded the Mandarins to "cultivate their virtues and examine their conduct." At an eclipse of the sun, he drafted twelve good resolutions—"keep virtuous officers near your person," "rise early," "be temperate," "beware of lavish expenditure," and so on. But of obedience to his own precepts, it cannot be said that he was a shining example. For forty-seven years, he reigned or "sat under heaven," but by indulgence in wine and women, he brought his Empire to the verge of revolution. In fact, when an eunuch from his palace went to Yunnan to collect taxes, the Province rebelled and slew him, warned by which incident the Manchus, when they ascended the Throne, carefully refrained from using such favorites for the raising of revenue.

Of what use, then, were Wan Li's twelve hundred new towers, each with a garrison of a hundred men, if the country itself was rent by dissensions? An incautious official, who in the interests of the Empire, dared to suggest that Wan Li nominate an heir to the throne, was accused of referring to the Emperor's death, which was unlucky, and was beaten with rods at the feet of his master. With but a brief respite, the last of the kings was driven to bay within the precincts of his Palace. To save her from captivity, he stabbed his favorite daughter to the heart. He then hanged himself in his garden. His general, still true to his allegiance, avenged a lost cause by inviting the Tartars within the Wall. Thus the reason for the Wall was obliterated.

It was a change that even a China united could not have long postponed. For there was a factor, not political but chemical, that was to dominate warfare. In the knowledge of gunpowder, China was far ahead of Europe, but her use of this questionable asset was peaceful only. To her, gunpowder was an ingredient of fireworks. Hence, the sensation when the explosive force was first harnessed to instru-

ments of offense or "weapons of the gods" mounted on wheels or tripods and set at strategic points of the Wall. Instructions were issued that the very existence of these new armaments must be concealed from the enemy.

Thus artillery was rapidly developed. So large were the guns imported from Portugal—they were called Red Heads after the foreigner—that they were gazetted as generals and, by order, divine honors were paid to them. They were, however, a fatal ally to the Wall, and for two reasons. First, a missile, hurled from masonry, may be hurled at masonry, and secondly, these guns were brought from over sea. The entire argument for the Wall depended on the assumption that the sea also afforded a barrier against the foreigner and not a means of access—that, in fact, the sea was a moat to the celestial fortress. Yet as Dr. Geil was quick to observe, on the promontory of Chinwangtao, the extreme easterly termination of the Great Wall, there rises a white lighthouse, the very symbol of that commerce which is penetrating China, not overland but from the ocean.

At Chinwangtao, which has approximately the latitude of Doylestown, his birthplace, the Explorer began his inspection—in part, his discovery—of the Wall. Here on the favorable spot, fixed for the Emperor Chin by his geomancers, the tumbled granite marks the spot where the vast fortification touches the Gulf of Pechili. At Shanhaikwan hard by, there was the first gate of the Wall—the gate through which, with the collapse of the Mings, the Tartars were admitted.

For a thousand li or three hundred miles, the Wall led the Explorer over ridges, some of them nearly a mile above the sea, and into deep rocky ravines. No wonder that the Russians made no use of the Wall for their railway.\* It was not built "for traffic along" but "for defence across." Dr. Geil reveled in the glorious distances and contrasts. "The rising sun," he wrote, "crowned the lofty towers with glory, then burnished the battlements on the precipitous walls with jasper, and finally plunged the whole temple

and mud-sided huts in the pass itself into a magic bath of an indescribable copper color." Seven belts of flowers delighted the botanist, and to the ornithologist, there was the fascination of studying six belts of birds. So astounding was the masterpiece of despotism that on a tablet of stone, inscribed in 1570 by the "Imperial Commissioner on a tour of inspection," there was deciphered not the usual prose of officialdom but a poem about "the Arrowhead Mountain" that "rears its vast mass against the crystal sky" and "the rocky fortress to the west."

To the lonely hamlets in those highlands, the arrival of the caravan of mules was as exciting as a circus. Amid scenes of somber magnificence, there were entertaining trivialities, for instance, that Inn of modest dimensions called, *The House of the Lucky Star*, which, in rivalry to the Wall displayed on its timber, "This is a great work"; or the hunter who, when asked how his head had been wounded, answered, "That is a humiliating question," and confessed that after killing a badger he had quarreled with his friend and received the first blow. Never did the guide enter a tower on the Wall without praying for luck to the God of War. Yet a coolie, asked which of two roads led to the Wall, only three miles off, answered, "But I have not seen it. To gather fuel takes me from sunrise to sunset, and my burden prevents my looking up"—a veritable Chinese "man with a hoe." It was an ignorance so profound that several times was the Explorer misled by the natives in his search for the spot where the Wall, hitherto a single rampart, divided into two branches, northwest to Kalgan and southwest to Nankow. Even the map, otherwise excellent, seemed to be here at fault.

Of the northern link, badly out of repair, Dr. Geil saw a part. And he tells us that there was yet a third parallel fortification even further to the north. It was, however, the inner or southern wall of the loop, or "Y," that he followed as his continuous route.

To be buried near its favorable influences was a national

tradition. The Wall had been described as "the longest cemetery in the world." Over the route lay three graveyards of China's monarchs. The Eastern of these, located actually against the Wall, was guarded by sentinel pines, to injure which was an offense punishable by strangulation. At the time of Dr. Geil's arrival, there was about to be buried the last of the Manchus, the Empress Dowager, fallen dead in the presence of her horrified eunuchs.

Next, the Explorer visited the tombs of the Mings, which, of course, were earlier than those of the Manchus. Here the first of the mounds occupied a site, selected by the geomancers only after prolonged study of the *Book of the Blue Bag*, and the use of a magic tortoise-shell. Bondage to the unknown was so absolute that the corpse of that first Ming Emperor lay in state for a year, awaiting a favorable day for burial. Near the Great Wall, a thousand feet above the Lily Pool, the Explorer discovered a solid tower of no discoverable use except as a kind of lightning conductor to draw good influences towards the royal resting-place. There, in lonely majesty, a dozen gigantic monoliths of men and two dozen of animals rose sheer from the soil; and when a later Emperor proposed to use them for the adornment of his own tomb, a disapproving chamberlain forestalled the sacrilege by mutilating the effigies. Of the sixteen Ming Monarchs there were thirteen here interred—a "lucky number," said the Explorer with sarcasm; and the last of the famous line of monarchs, as we have said, committed suicide on the conical coal hill in his palace yard. By his grave there was a tablet with a moon on it, reputed to follow the phases of the original in the sky.

The western of the two Manchu Cemeteries was guarded by troops, over whom a prince of the blood was the commander. Here were red walls and gilded roofs, bordering canals, stately bridges, pines and a background of rugged mountain. The tombs, seeking favorable influences, faced the south. In one shrine there was an altar on which only the Emperor might sacrifice. The Explorer saw the throne,

draped in yellow silk, whereon was mounted a tablet of the departed before which, on a table, were set censers and bowls for the blood of the animals.

At the western end of the great loop in the Wall, where once again the northern and southern ramparts are united, the Explorer plunged into the region of the Hwang Ho or Yellow River, second only to the Yangtze itself. He likened the one river to Esau and the other to Jacob. For the Hwang Ho was one of the natural marvels of the world. It flowed over a dust so fine that it penetrated the cameras, dry-fogging the plates, and clogging the most delicate adjustments of the scientific instrument. In places, this dust collected to a depth of no less than one thousand feet. This was, indeed, the dust that, carried to the coast by the river, gave to the Yellow Sea its name. As in the case of the rivers, Mississippi and Po, it settled on the bed of the stream itself, raising the channel above the level of the adjacent country. Hence there developed those floods that caused the river to be called "China's Sorrow," inundations exceeding even the floods in the Mississippi valley itself. Already history has recorded ten changes in the mouth of the Hwang Ho which has entered the sea at points as widely separated as 300 miles. While these pages are being written, the floods of the Hwang Ho and the Mississippi are described in the press.

It was over the elevated plain of the upper Hwang Ho that the Wall might be seen for miles, gracefully curving towards the west. Here were terraced canyons where the people had carved out homes in caves. Indeed, the Explorer in his journey saw not a few dwellings within the Wall itself. "To those who live in earthen dugouts," said the Chinese, "there are three things that cannot happen; in the summer they cannot be hot; in the winter they cannot be cold; and when the cave falls in, they cannot be found."

Here, too, were wells five hundred feet deep whence water was drawn only on every third or fifth day; also cisterns, where the water, before it was served for drinking,

was deliberately mixed with animal matter of every kind, purity being regarded as poisonous. There were sudden floods, one of which at a ford rushed with a bore fully four feet high. From the torrent the Explorer and his mules escaped by a slender margin. Also, there were storms of sand and dust, one of which—in the Gobi Desert—threatened to submerge the cavalcade. Strange little rodents were to be seen, the kangaroo-rat, for instance, and the desert hamster, with a pouch in each cheek “to carry his lunch.” Snakes, lizards, frogs and insects also amused the Explorer.

Not less plentiful were the legends. In a natural bridge over the Wuting Ho, the hermit of the river had buried a treasure, and the secret chamber was lit by a magic lamp. There, on the arch, was the hole through which people poured oil to feed the hidden flame. On one occasion a vagrant had discovered the word—the Sesame—that opened the door and had seen the riches. But the door shut him in and only when he left all behind him did he obtain access again to liberty.

Ninghia was itself a walled city. It boasted a thirteen-storied pagoda—all pagodas had an odd number of stories—on the pinnacle of which dwelt a spider that could turn the shadow towards the sun. Here was the gate that had remained closed for forty years, because through it the keeper, bribed by 300 taels, had admitted the Moslems. They had seized the Governor in his Yamen, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him through the city, half of which was destroyed. The Explorer wrote, moreover, in entertaining fashion of a royal lady who grew peaches that ripened once in three thousand years and conferred immortality upon those who ate them; and of the innkeeper who, in the fifth century before Christ, was prescribed a drug, one dose of which, taken daily for thirty days, would enable him to know “the nature of things.” The altitude of the city was 4,000 feet, and the climate was good. But to any one who finds his food in the fish, the Explorer applied the Irishman's say-

ing, "They eat, they drink, they die, and then they write home and say the climate killed them."

It was at Ninghia that, in the twelfth century, Genghiz Khan broke through the Great Wall, forcing his way into Shantung. One must confess that the Explorer was never more descriptive than when he estimated casualties. Genghiz, so he calculated, killed as many people as were living a dozen years ago in New England and New York and Pennsylvania. Of human blood, the monster shed 23,000,000 gallons! For twenty-four hours, the flow would have supplied the water-mains of New Orleans; for 15 seconds, it would have filled Niagara; and it would have floated a battleship. Not that Genghiz, after his incursion, remained in China. He retired with his plunder and his captives. But his family still retained the privilege of riding into the palace of the Chinese Emperor and claiming a Chinese princess for wife.

Forward, then, did the Explorer push his way across the Gobi Desert, a land dead and lofty, on which dry sand lies above wet sand—one wilderness imposed on the other. It was a region where cities, once prosperous, lay buried, and on a hill, in a tent of mat, there was a large jar of water awaiting the traveler. The jar was filled by a benefactor, dwelling three miles away, who by giving a cup of cold water was thereby storing up secret merit. It was the desire of this man that his prayer for a son might be answered.

By the Mound of Chin the Explorer went to Lint'ung with its sulphur springs, where, in 1900, fled the Emperor and the Empress-Dowager from the foreigners advancing on Peking. Here were policemen, westernized, whose little boxes with a straw seat were painted red and green and adorned with the injunctions "patrol and inspect" and "take your turn without idleness." "An apology for street-lamps" only emphasized the darkness.

Every ten li—about three miles—there could be seen a beacon; the origin of these beacons dated back to about B.C. 775. The Emperor Yu of the Chou Dynasty then reigned,

whose favorite, Pao Ssu, refused to smile. By kindling the beacons, the Emperor gathered his friends together in false alarm and, as he had hoped, the excitement betrayed the girl into the merriment that he desired to see. When, however, there was a real invasion, the nobles, resenting the trick, ignored the beacons. The Emperor was slain; the lady was taken prisoner; and she strangled herself. *Kill His Excellency Monastery* was the scene of this mishap and the saying was that one smile lost the Empire.

Passing Sianfu, that historic city which is to be included in our discussion of China's eighteen capitals, the Explorer reached Liangchowfu, second in importance of the towers along the Wall, with its seven "active graves" and the sword that ever pointed towards a pass in the South Mountains whence flowed the melted snow. It was this sword that prevented the floods from submerging the capital. Between Liangchow, thus protected, and Lanchow, the capital of the province of Kansu, the Wall rose ten thousand feet above tidewater. But it was in ruins. Nor could it be said that the date of what could be seen was earlier than the Ming dynasty. The scenery was superb. There was copper with other minerals. But the temperature led the Explorer to remark with the Chinese, "when it is cold, every one feels the cold; but when it is hot, the great family is hot." In summer, clothes can be minimized, and rich and poor are equal.

The Explorer was now in the far western or "Panhandle" province of the Empire where the peasants, as he remarked, were specialists in "rhubarb and rebellions." He saw the rhubarb growing ten feet high, with 50 pounds of it to a single root. But, taken as a whole, Kansu afforded a pastoral, not a cultivatable, territory.

It was at Lanchow, the capital of the province, that the Great Wall and the Yellow River each crossed the other. And beyond this strategic point, the Explorer enjoyed a good fortune for which he expressed gratitude. Despite the rain, he was not bogged. Although the dust—which



the Germans called "loess"—was "lively," no landslips delayed the cavalcade. Nor was there an attack by brigands. Mules slipped sometimes; once a muleteer fell; that was all.

Here was the home country of Chin where still dwelt his kith and kin, where, moreover, trees were scarce and stunted, and the "loess" was worn into immense amphitheaters. Three cities—Chinan, Chinchia Tsui and Chinchow—bore the name of the Emperor, and two of them were visited by the Explorer.

Near Chinchow lay the Chinese Garden of Eden, known by some as the Valley of Red Lights and by others as the Vale of Red Peppers. This was the paradise where lived, once upon a time, Fu Hsi, Ancestor of Mankind, whose image in the Temple was attired in a skirt of fig leaves. His wife hid modestly in a cave hard by, and a smooth stone near the river still showed two grooves which had been worn by this Eve as she washed her illustrious husband's modest wardrobe.

It was Fu Hsi who taught the arts of hunting, fishing and pasturage; who made instruments of music; established the laws of marriage; and invented those eight diagrams, still to be seen in the Temple, which to this day remain a mystery.

Chinchow itself was, by origin, a kind of agricultural Sing Sing. Persons convicted of stealing turnips were sent there from Nanking. The place had been built and rebuilt several times, and digging in the ruins of the Imperial City, an old Christian turned up a bar of what he thought was iron. He threw it under his corn bin but, noticing that it gleamed, he scraped it and found that it was gold.

When the Explorer arrived at Chinchow, money was under levy for erecting the T'ai Shan Temple—"truly a beauty of oil painting." All were under compulsion to contribute, and on the subscription book was written, "Ten thousand good deeds are gathered here."

Near what he called "the Lofty Pass," Dr. Geil achieved a genuine triumph of observation. He noticed—again using his term—a "Y" or junction in the Wall which suggested that the maps were incomplete. He made his way, therefore, from Lanchow to Sining a single journey of six days which, with characteristic celerity, he completed in half the usual time. From Sining, he undertook radial expeditions which were well rewarded. "We take pleasure," he wrote, in his usual buoyant strain, "in calling the attention of chartographers to the Tibetan loop, and possibly some pride in adding two hundred miles of Great Wall to the map of China."

The remains, thus discovered, "were measured, photographed and studied." At a typical point they were found to be ten feet at the base and twenty feet in height, and on the outer or Tibetan side, they were paralleled by a moat. As the Tibetans fought on horseback, not on foot, this barrier must have been, so the Explorer thought, sufficiently formidable. While the ruins now visible were not original, authorities held that they "represent a structure of the Chin Dynasty." They followed the original scheme.

In the chronicles of Sining, curiously, the Wall had not been mentioned. But Dr. Geil stated that the Ashley collection of voyages refers to "a foreign traveller who passed into Sining A.D. 1661 and saw 'a vast wall' on the top of which people 'travelled from the gate of Sining to the next at Soochow, which is eighteen days' journey.'" In any other country but China, a loop of Wall stretching for two hundred miles, would be regarded as a remarkable achievement by man. In Britain the Romans built two walls, neither of them more substantial than this. The combined length of these Roman Walls is less than the length of the Chinese Wall, restored to knowledge by Dr. Geil.

What may be described as his sorties towards and into Tibet were, in themselves, of a fascinating interest. There was Gumbum, "the seat of ten thousand images," "the lounging place of 3,600 monks," and "the most important

lamasery on earth next to Lhasa," where was the famous tree of healing. It was with pity that the Explorer saw a poor cripple, bent double, yet deceived into hope that the leaves would cure him. Among the lamas there were, he thought, many faces of a criminal character, but one countenance seemed to be genuine in its obvious spirituality. The Kalk had affirmed that their Kantouktou, or Abbot, "had already seen sixteen generations" and that his features



changed with the phases of the Moon. At New Moon, he was a youth; at full moon, in his prime; and in the last quarter, an old man.

A second trip carried the Explorer by the blue-green Koko Nor—a lake lying 9,000 feet above the sea—into Tibet itself. Dr. Geil wrote:

Although it was but early in September, we took precautions of dress, carrying a wardrobe well stocked with heavy woollens and furs. The ascent was gradual until an altitude of ten thousand feet was reached. Hour followed hour in rapid succession, as our horses carried us toward the water-shed of Central Asia, and when at last we stood on Ta Obo Shan and saw before us vast latitudes of white, brown and green, amidst which lay the beautiful Koko Nor, the entire caravan was silenced with

admiration. Behind us was oceanic drainage and before us the beginnings of the drainage of Central Asia. Behind us the valleys and rivers of the vast slope toward the Pacific Ocean; before us the descent into the inland lakes of the heart of Asia. The three great rivers of China flow eastward, hence China constitutes the Pacific slope of the Asian continent. Standing on Ta Obo Shan a marvelous view greeted the eyes at every turn. To the right stretched the massive northern mountain range, snow-capped and superb; behind us the Sun and Moon Mountains, on the foothills of which lay quaint, quiet, fortified Ha Lah Ku Tu; to the left the Yao Mo Shan; to the south Koko Nor.

A cloudless sky looked down on a houseless, fenceless scene of white and green and blue and black. Over the undulating landscape roamed flocks of sheep and herds of Yak, the latter of exceptional size. They pastured on sweet grasses amidst which grew the bluest flowers the eyes had ever beheld.

The whole country is gay with color. To match nature, the Tibetans clothe themselves in materials of rich tint, yellow and red and orange; and gaudy flags flutter from many lofty points.

Nothing was seen of robbers. But the dogs of Tibet fiercely assailed the intruders who, however, "retired in good order to the great frontier."

From Sining, the Explorer, after his interesting detour and his discovery of the Geil Loop in the Wall, retraced his steps to Liangchow whence he set forth yet further to the West. Eighty times on that first day of onward travel did the beasts wade through streams of snow water, fresh from the heights to the left. It was indeed, "a day of fords." And there was ever the fantastic. Outside the East Gate of Yungchang stood a tablet, supported by a stone tortoise, on the nose of which drivers of carters dropped oil for luck, and in this "province of skeletons,"

what seemed to be a walled town, was found to contain neither dwellings nor inhabitants inside. "Lift up your Thoughts" was the motto over one of the gates, leading into such a municipal derelict. The Great Wall itself was here only a memory of its former magnificence. "We cannot repair our city," said a peasant, "how then the Great Wall?" Why labor over defense when there was so little left to defend?

Twice was the Explorer visited by a Tibetan Prince—"six feet some inches tall, powerfully built, great cheekbones, heroic but downtrodden." Excluding the foreigner, Tibet had, alas, admitted the foreigner's opium, and this Prince desired to be rid of the habit. Writes the Explorer:

He asked to see and to purchase my automatic guns. Any price he could command would be paid us for them. I refused to sell, and he was sad. Speaking of the Chinese, the chieftain said, "Their hearts are not good although their words are. We barbarians cannot compete with them; they are too subtle." After a long conversation during which he told me of the deer in the tip of whose horn is found the precious ball of blood of such value as medicine that only millionaires and emperors can command it, he invited me to come over "between the mountain ranges" and be his guest. I had a desire to visit this mysterious valley but declined. Then, most impressively he asked, "Tell me truly, what makes foreigners so powerful?"

The Explorer's answer to that momentous question was the Christian faith.

Onward, ever onward, the Explorer pressed till he reached Soochow, the city of jade, and the last town of any size to be situated on the long Wall. Even here, Chin was still the dominating personality—Chin with his Red Dog whose nostrils could smell out dishonest officials! "How long is the Great Wall?" asked the Explorer of one whom he met. "I feel it and can't get at it," was the cautious

answer. And so, each hour more eager, the Explorer "pushed on toward the setting sun."

It was now to be the last lap of the long journey. From Soochow to Kiayükwan was a distance of about twenty-three miles. It was a wild and barren region. As the Explorer put it, the Wall had carried the party from coast to desert, from abundance to scarcity. If the people in Kansu had their fancies, it was, perhaps, no wonder, for the travelers themselves more than once saw in the sky that strange phenomenon, "a mirage of entrancing beauty," which is known in Egypt, India and, indeed, throughout the loneliness of this planet.

At Kiayükwan itself, there were all the activities of an important if primitive terminal. Many were the merchants who passed that way from Persia and other lands. There were Tibetans, too, on fast horses, Mongols, on camels, princes of the uplands with their flocks and herds, and, to quote the Explorer, "fools and rascals, poets and missionaries."

Five inns accommodated strangers—each with a virtuous name; and the Explorer selected *The Hotel of Increasing Righteousness*. Here, as is often the case in hotels, whether Chinese or European, the previous guests had scribbled on the walls their verses and other nonsense—some but not all the screeds indicating gratitude. For instance, there was this subtle allusion to the collection of customs:

I have made several journeys to the head of this Pass.  
The officials are strong and I am a merchant without  
wealth.

In the chink of a wall, one of the interpreters found a red paper, which contained an appeal for a missing man, and, perhaps, as a human document, it deserves its place:

"To make known to the Princely Men at the Four  
Points of the Compass. To wit: That inside the city of  
Sianfu and on the East Tribute Street, in the inclosure of

Mr. Li and family, for a year lived the family of Mr. Deep. On the fifteenth sun of the tenth moon, year twenty-seven Kwangsu, he left Sian and went to Lan-chow, and there resided in the house of Mr. Sedate. Up to now no other word has been news of him. If the Princely Men know anything we kindly invite them to communicate with Mr. Sect. Mr. Deep's wife and children are now living at the North Potteries. Will the Princely Man with the golden heart be good and trouble himself for this? I am longing and hoping. When I see his letter I will knock my head on the ground three times and thank him."

There was the unwritten as well as the written law. Finding his wife in company with a soldier, an enraged husband had recently clubbed them both to instant death. But on giving himself up to justice at Suchow, the husband, though confessedly a double murderer, had been acquitted on the principle that "a good Chinese does not commit adultery."

With the arrival of the cavalcade, the Head Mandarins of the Fortress of Kiayükwan were duly impressed. There was a complimentary banquet to the visitors consisting of nineteen courses. "The Sea Cucumber Feast," as it was called, reminded the Explorer that Sea Cucumber was a favorite dish of the Emperor Chin. The menu was as follows:

(1) Wine (refused with a statement of temperance principles).

(2) Tonic wine (refused with more statements of American temperance principles, and the information that on January 1, 1909, thirty-five millions of people in the United States will come under prohibition).

(3) Small appetizers (i.e., melon-seed, cabbage, salted eggs, antique eggs, odoriferous eggs, pork, shrimps, pickled carp, tasty chicken, celery).

(4) Sea Cucumbers. (5) Oil chicken. (6) Bamboo

sprouts. (7) Lotus seeds. (8) High Yin fish. (9) Mushrooms. (10) Raisin pudding (resembling plum pudding). (11) Chicklets. (12) Sea grass. (13) Pickled bean-cured pork. (14) Rice and rice soup. (15) Mutton. (16) Egg-plant dishes. (17) Meat dumplings. (18) Pork. (19) *Soup!*

The fact that the banquet was given in the Civil Yamen had a significance. Even at the end of the Great Wall, the Civil Authority in China took a formal precedence over the Military.

At the banquet there was no lack of conversation. One topic was false teeth, and to the question, "Are the Great Man's teeth all good?", the Explorer replied, "Good up to the North Pole," which was an expression, culled from the Chinese and wholly intelligible to his hosts.

Not all the experiences were quite so delightful. In the grounds of the inn, at midnight, there was an unearthly yelling and screaming. The Explorer seized his rifle and joined the crowd that had collected. Of the pother, here was the explanation:

Several men, it seems, were sleeping on the *kong*, with their heads on the outer edge after the Chinese custom, when something awakened one of them. He held his breath for fear, as he watched a tall, uncanny creature steal in through the door. This unearthly thing wore no queue, its hair hung down over the forehead, stripes of bright yellow showed on the cheeks, and over it was a long blue gown lined with gray. The troubled imagination of the native pictured the visitor as of giant size, with long gaunt fingers and extended nails. It seems to have taken the corner of his cloak which evidently was leaded, and struck one after another of the sleepers a heavy blow. It appeared to have a particular enmity for the man farthest in, who was sleeping next the wall. Repeated blows fell upon the head of this hapless man, who, not knowing what he said, shouted: "Strike me,





WESTERN END OF GREAT WALL ABOVE GREAT WHITE RIVER

strike me," which was precisely what he did not want done. The fiend took him at his word and hit him again, until the wounded man, not knowing whether he was addressing a god or devil shouted: "I would have done no evil; why does the devil come and beat me thus?"

Next morning, two of the men had their heads in bandages and firmly adhered to their story that they had been attacked by the evil one, which, indeed, was the accepted version of the incident.

So it came to pass that the Explorer passed through the West Gate of Kiayükwan. The goal of his immense pilgrimage of ten thousand miles over land and sea was still five miles distant. Not a human habitation relieved that "unhappy landscape," only the telegraph, with its poles "like petrified principles"; and the sand, and the pebbles, and the wintry mountain, clad in snow—a prospect "boundless and bare." He writes:

No human being crossed our path, and there was not a house in sight the whole way. Five antelopes were the principal sign of life, as they hurried out of our track, and lizards, magpies, and crows, of which there were some to be seen at the start, soon disappeared. There was nothing to attract the eye beyond whirling spirals of sand and tufts of brown sage bush, while the whole landscape was earth color, save that on the lofty southern mountains there lay, as ever, the snow. The monotony would have been without relief but for the presence on the scene of the ruin whose end we were seeking—the ruin of the most stupendous achievement in Asia!

Yet there was a certain dramatic majesty about the End of the Wall when it was reached. It was in no drift of sand that the mighty fortification lost its identity. Nowhere was its appearance more impressive than at the final buttress.

Suddenly the path was cut short at a precipice which fell sheer to the Big White North River, flowing in a majestic

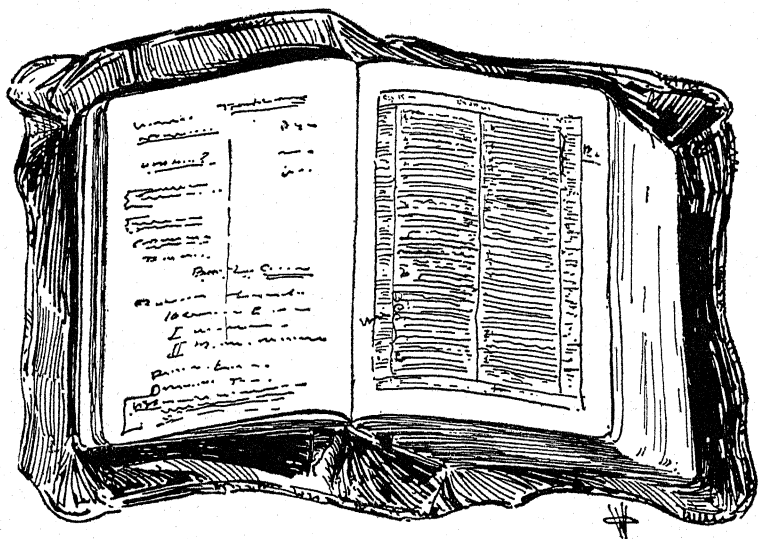
curve, two hundred feet below. You could throw a stone and count eight beats of your heart before you heard the splash in the clear cold waters. On the brink of this cliff ended the Wall, its continuity severed as by the stroke of a sword.

A tablet on the Wall encased in brick was the most western monument in the Eighteen Provinces of China. It contained four huge ideographs, meaning "The Martial Barrier of all under Heaven" with many smaller characters. The Explorer had the inscription copied; he also photographed the stone. He unfolded his flag of the United States and laid it for a while on the final buttress of the Emperor Chin's unbelievable defiance of any civilization alien to his own.



THE THIRD BOOK:  
ASSOCIATION





## 1. A Layman's Use of the Bible

*Tell Me with Whom You Walk, What Your Hopes Are, and I Shall  
Tell You What You Possess.*

IT is sometimes said that great men do not travel. To Explorers the saying is hardly a compliment and yet it suggests a thought. It is possible for a man to go a long way without getting anywhere. What shall it profit him if he see the whole world and lose his own life?

I find a letter written to William Edgar Geil by a friend who, in familiar phrase, told him that he needed a wife to look after him. Certainly, he had reached that perilous age which proves fatal to so many brilliant careers. He had turned forty and in the great race he was dependent on what athletes call "their second wind."

To hundreds of thousands of his fellow men, in the United States, in Great Britain, in Australia and in other countries, he had declared with his whole energy the faith that was in him. He had traversed the Near East and

Europe. He had sailed the South Seas. He had visited Japan, Korea, and Siberia. He had ascended the Yangtze and crossed Burmah and India. He had braved the tropics of Africa and had tramped twelve hundred arduous miles along the Great Wall of China. He had now to ask himself *Quo Vadis?*—to what end? What profit was he to have for all that he had labored to achieve under the sun? Vanity of vanities, was it merely vanity?

For people of faith and even for people of no faith, it was by no means an easy time. In organized society throughout the world, there was to be discerned a drift away from the moorings of the past. Not only were Islam, Buddhism and Confucianism conscious of the challenge, but Christianity itself. Catholicism was fighting for its life, and in Protestant countries also, it was harder every day for many people to go to church, to pray, to preach, and to keep the peace between themselves, their circumstances and their idea of God.

It was not dogma alone that had been shaken to its foundations but the very depths of being. The skepticism that, like the pallor of an eclipse, was creeping over the minds of men and women, blotted out not creeds alone, not customs merely, but hope itself. The prophets of the nineteenth century—Carlyle, Lowell and the rest—had been exceedingly wrathful against wrong and exceedingly satirical over shams, but they had never doubted that, beyond the wrong, there was a right, and that, behind the shams, there was a truth.

But their successors were at once less indignant over the evil and less assured of the good. Because they would admit no sin, therefore they could rejoice in no salvation. Too proud for repentance, they preferred pessimism. For any story to have a happy ending was, they considered, bad art.

As a citizen of the world, William Edgar Geil was exposed to the full force of these subtle influences. Indeed, the very zeal of his Evangelism exposed him to the danger



of a reaction. Yet he appeared to be securely immune from the least trace of decadence. Indeed, as Michael despised a David who could dance before the Lord, so were there people who were irritated by a radiance which they were unable themselves to share.

It could not be said that his buoyancy was due to physique. For the future of his health, Africa had left him with anxieties of which he only was aware. Nor did his happiness depend on friendships. He was too interested in other people ever to be alone in the world. But he had bidden good-by to both his parents, and his relatives were few.

His temperament was thus a puzzle to those who refuse to look beyond natural causes for an explanation of life. He was like a fortress within which there has been sunk a well of water that cannot be cut off during any siege, however close.

If he was, in these respects, an unusual man, it is because he persevered in an unusual habit. Wherever in this wide world he found himself, be it on the ocean, amid the forest or in the city, he did not allow a day to pass without reading the Bible.

It is possible to state this definitely because we have the evidence. In his Bible he wrote the date and place at which he read a particular passage, and by means of these entries, we may trace his itinerary over tens of thousands of miles. At Peking, for instance, he "felt compelled to read this (the Philippians) out of order." At Rangoon, in Burmah, he was absorbed over the prophecy of Hosea. In Calcutta his mind was refreshed by the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and in the Pigmy Forest of Africa, he was sustained by the Psalms. "In travel as at home," wrote he, as he emerged from a desperate attack of fever, "the word of God is very precious." It was a record of consistency amid varying climates, disturbing interruption, danger and excitement for which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

The clergyman is expected to read the Bible as a part of

his professional privilege. A teacher in the Sunday School prepares a Scripture lesson as a service to others. It is true that Dr. Geil, though unordained, so preached and so taught. But it was not as a preacher and not as a teacher that he was devoted to the immortal literature of the Jewish people. Never did he read the Bible with a more voracious appetite than when he was cut off from the pulpit and platform. On the steamer *Ise Maru*, bound for Siberia, he devoured the whole of the Second Book of Samuel and "was wonderfully blessed thereby."

He writes:

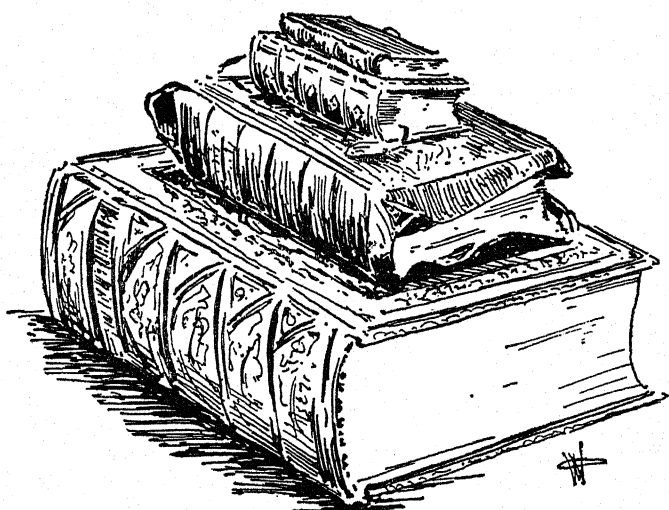
This plan of reading a Book of the Bible every Sunday makes me get up very early at times but it is a splendid thing. Most Christians could do it if they would only get at it.

To Dr. Geil, then, the Bible, though bound in black leather, was the Book, not of the Church, not of the College, not of the cleric and scholar, but of the citizen, the layman, the individual. He stood, not merely for the right of private judgment but for the much more valuable right of personal enjoyment. The Bible was to him a kingdom to be conquered, and the aggressions of Alexander the Great were not more ambitious than was this student's determination to reach whatever Indus there be in prophecy and psalm, in law, in epistle and in the gospels.

Of the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, a critic once remarked that, while it was doubtful whether such celebrations should be limited to a single composer, it could not be denied that, given the limitation, the people could study no composer more worthy of such attention than Handel. In these days of specialized culture, it is difficult to see what criticism can be leveled by culture itself against a person who, of his own free will and deliberate choice, prefers to give a first place to the Scriptures. To Dr. Geil the Bible was all and more than all that the Greek and Latin classics have been to the greatest minds in the English-

speaking world. It was the mirror of life, of all phases of life, of utter good, of utter evil; of utter sorrow, of utter comfort; of strength and weakness; of love and hate; of success and failure; of barbarity and civilization; of wealth and poverty; of devil, of man and of God.

On nine days out of ten, when Dr. Geil read the Bible, he was out of touch—at any rate in his earlier years—with



libraries. All he could carry in his bag was the Bible itself and books about the Bible had to be left behind. As a result, he had, perforce, to be independent of commentaries. He had to read with his own eyes and to exercise his own mind. That he owed a debt to the erudition of others, is true enough. But erudition was a servant and never a master. With William Tyndall, he believed that the Bible is essentially and in the true use of the word, a vulgar, that is, a vernacular, volume. It was in the vernacular that he absorbed it, and no church, no university was permitted for an instant to stand between him and the printed page. The essential object of his ministry was not to interpret the Bible

to others but to encourage others to interpret the Book for themselves.

The application of reason to the text of the Bible was an aspect of his method. But reason and criticism were not enough. The Bible should be read by a clear light that shines from no human lamp, however venerable and however stately; as Ruskin viewed architecture by the seven lamps of truth, reverence and the other virtues, so did Dr. Geil seek an illumination which he attributed to the Spirit of God Himself.

He believed that the Bible was literally inspired and, for this reason, he knew that "the letter killeth." To him literal inspiration meant, not only that the Bible had been inspired long ago, but that it inspires the world in this, our own day and generation. The revelation of God is itself continuously revealed. The Bible is, but the Bible also achieves.

Hence, the Bible became to Dr. Geil not only a Book of Truth but a Book of Life. It did not say things only; it made things grow. It was bread to be eaten. It sustained and it strengthened those who, in his language, were children of God.

Like all students of the Bible, he possessed many copies. There was a dainty little volume, bound in leather, tooled and russet, with its gilt edges, still fresh, which his mother gave him, when he was no more than four years old, wherein you will see the little bookmark, the notes of a contribution to the Church and a transparent picture that have lain there undisturbed since he was a boy. There was the great family Bible, into which he entered records of his forbears and his few cousins, a book with references in double columns, and several large distinct engravings. There was the little pocket Testament with its leaves worn to tatters at their edges, a convenient book, ready for immediate use wherever he might be. There was, too, the Testament in original Greek, bought at Athens, from which, on a memorable Sunday evening his comrade read to him the speech of St. Paul uttered on Mars Hill. It was an evening of golden

sunset and the light flooded a landscape that included the Piræus and the seas beyond.

Perhaps the most curious of the books is "The Hieroglyphic Bible," dated 1825, in which "emblematical figures" are introduced "for the amusement of youth," thus "to familiarize tender age, in a pleasing and diverting manner with early ideas of the Holy Scriptures."

So they all lie on his table, these Bibles, each saying, as it were, "Yes, I am the same as the others, yet I have my own story to tell of the use which has been made of me."

To open the Bible to others was his life work. Of his little books, *The Pocket Sword* and *The Man of Galilee*, every word was a word of Scripture, and the latter is an admirable harmony of the Gospels. Here, moreover, we find the translation of the Bible by Samuel Lloyd with which were bound up the workers' notes, written by Dr. Geil.

The Bibles that he used for his great missions were none of these. They were not a thin edition, easy to slip in the pocket but books of double bulk. There was not a page of the sacred canon of Scripture that was not interleaved with another page of fair white paper, an invitation to the pen. On one side, we read what had been written of old time. On the other side, we read how it has worked out here and now. It is the Yesterday and the Forever clasping the Today. It is the divine appeal, faced by the human response. It is the oracle corroborated by experience. It is the Word of God, made Flesh and dwelling among actual men and women.

In his treatment of these—his working Bibles—Dr. Geil did not spare the mere paper. Pen, pencil—red, black, blue—it mattered nothing to him in what material vehicle, the thought was dashed upon the appointed page. The Bible was to him a sword of the Spirit, sharp, swift, certain, and the strokes of his pen were also decisive. He could open the Book and, at a score of places, find an address, ready to his tongue—the harvest of a lonely and patient plowing when there was no human eye to see.

Regarding the Bible as his food, Dr. Geil did not spend all his time in the kitchen, trying to find out how the meal was cooked. He accepted the ample banquet and was grateful for it.

Moreover, there is evidence that, in his diet, he observed a wise discretion. He did not attempt to absorb the whole Bible. By instinct, he selected whatever each day was his daily bread. In the little chapel of the Mennonites where his grandfather worshiped, we find on the pulpit, even today, the Bible presented to the congregation more than sixty years ago by old John Geil. That shrewd Saint of God had his own way of treating a text that he could not explain. He said it reminded him of a man, plowing a field where there were stones, who told his friends that whenever he encountered a stone, too big to be moved, he plowed around it. Never forgetting that illustration, Dr. Geil plowed around the stones. Where he differed from those who limit a verbal inspiration, was in this: they say, "These stones are mere obstacles." He would have replied, "What is a stone to me may be a loaf to someone else." Once admit his claim to the inspiration of the reader as well as the writer of the Bible—the claim that each reader may be severally inspired—and the trouble over hard texts is alleviated.

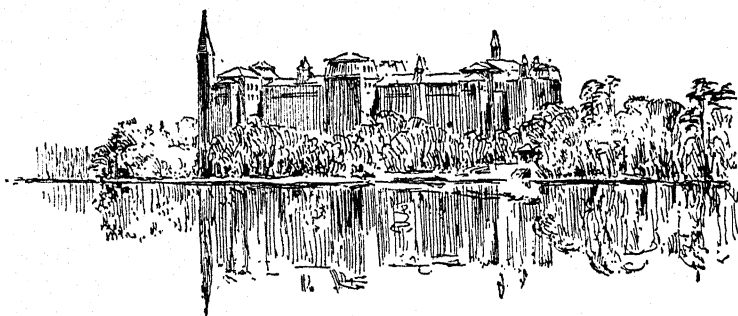
That he allowed to the Bible a supreme authority which he would concede to no other book or society, however sacred, is the inescapable fact. But the idea that this emphasis on Scripture limited his interests, human and intellectual, cannot be sustained. Whatever he became with the Bible, one thing is probable, that without the Bible, he would have never reached his distinctive individuality and achievement. It was the Bible that led him to Palestine and Patmos, to the Philippines and the capitals of China and Mount Ruwenzori. It was the Bible that taught him to sympathize with the poor, to visit the prisoner and to appreciate the burdens of those who are in distress.

There was something further. William Edgar Geil saw the most degrading customs that have ever humiliated our

race, and he saw the victims who had been degraded thereby. He did not hesitate to mention the unmentionable. That prudery which is a sacrifice of truth to propriety was no more in him than it was in the authors of Judges or the Books of the Kings. But he was wholesome, chivalrous, a true knight of the Round Table, sensible in his ideas and sound in his loyalties. The secret places of the heart are sometimes caverns of corruption. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that novelists are so seldom able to discover a man whose heart has nothing to disclose except a passionate hunger and thirst after righteousness.

It was in the pages of the Bible that Dr. Geil discerned what became to him the absorbing fact, namely, that he was not alone even when he was by himself. Everywhere, he was conscious of a Presence. To him, Christ was not only Savior, not only Example and Teacher, but Life itself. The language of Saint Paul became the texture of his mind. The Presence was at once his intimate Companion and the Disposer of all his events. The entire universe was a working together for good. The fact that a man who had seen so much of the universe apparently working together for evil, could believe this, suggests a discussion of the mystery of iniquity into which we must not be drawn.

To Dr. Geil, it was a certainty that "God is faithful," and with God, he made no bargains. Whatever was in him, he had given, freely, with a whole heart, and without a thought of reward, present or future. All the more astonishing was the reward when it came.



## 2. *The Forest and the Pagoda*

*Peace in a Thatched Hut—That Is Happiness.*

THE United States is a land which, for many years, stood almost alone in extending to women a higher education, not merely as an equipment for the career of a doctor or a teacher, but as an enrichment of womanhood itself. Among colleges for women, an honorable place has been won by Wellesley. A graduate of Wellesley goes forth, a citizen, trained for the social service which is suggested by the motto of the college—"Non ministrari sed ministrare."

It was to this ideal of service that Constance Emerson, bearing an honored name, had devoted her life. Into the labor of public obligation, she had thrown her whole self.

The home of her father, Edward Octavius Emerson, was situated in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and to Titusville, Dr. Geil came to lecture.

It would be untrue, perhaps, to say that she "loved him for the dangers that were past" but Miss Emerson was assuredly fascinated by the Explorer's lectures, his wealth of reminiscence, his gayety and his humor. On his side there was a deeper sentiment, which in due course was reciprocated.

Into the romance of it, we will not intrude. One incident alone must here suffice. As a steamer was sailing south, two men hurried into the booking office. The first man wanted to cancel a passage. The second man wanted to secure one;



and it happened to be the only passage available. That second man was Dr. Geil and it was not wholly a coincidence that, on the steamer, Constance Emerson was traveling to Porto Rico, there to study Missions.

It is, perhaps, a pity that the genius which elaborates fiction and supposes it to be life so seldom studies a marriage in which there is practiced the art of compatibility. Dr. Geil, the Explorer and the Evangelist, was now the lover and became the husband. But he was still himself, a man of pronounced individuality, nor was there any lack of individuality in his wife. Yet if ever there was a successful marriage it was theirs. They were made for each other.

The fact that the needle of a compass includes both positive and negative electricity, only emphasizes the accuracy of its direction. The observations of the Explorer had been keen but some of his assumptions had still to be tested. What was now to be developed in him was a more acute perception. The tremendous affirmations which had controlled his will were subjected to a sympathetic yet shrewd and analytical insight. Under this influence—to quote the best of phrases—"he grew in grace." His judgment ripened. His initiative was wedded to wisdom. Day by day he became ever more aware of the dimensions of the human problem—how vast must be the universal love that alone can win through to a solution. Of storm and stress, he had seen his full share, and under the sunshine his whole nature unfolded its finer qualities.

She was proud of him. But the pride and admiration were mutual. "You have everything ready for me always," he would say, "from an idea to a button"; and at the door of a crowded hall, he would stand, his face beaming with satisfaction, while he listened to an address by his wife, which, he thought, deserved the appreciation that it received.

It was surprising, perhaps, that one who had been so persistently a traveler over the world, should have exhibited so deep a devotion to his home. From time to time, he would be wistful for the horizon; that was inevitable; but his were

days of well-earned content. As we shall see, he continued to travel. But he had an anchorage. May we not reveal—by a sentence or two—the intimate tenderness of this man? Wrote he:

Oh, my Dear, what a dwelling this is and what a dwelling place. It would be difficult to fashion anything better. At times we may for a moment think that something else somewhere else would have been better but I question it. A great guiding Hand has held us to our course, and well disposed our lives. With hearts full of gratitude let us take up our permanent abode on this Hill of Happiness and historic spot, where, we hope and pray, many will be glad that we have lived and touched their lives.

His Blessings at meals were greatly appreciated. Out of many, we can select but one or two:

For the joy that health brings and the health that joy brings, our thanks to God.

With this food of Earth, give us manna from heaven.

Give strength to the good and weakness to the wicked.

*"Deus et Domus"* was the motto carved over the fireplace and it was around this ideal that they built their home to be a center of service. The Guest Book was too often neglected but in it we find records of guests from Cairo, Siam, Turkey, Korea, Alaska, Latvia, Turkestan, Honolulu, India and many cities in China. It was their intention, doubtless to be fulfilled in due course, that their home should be a haven of rest for missionaries during the uncounted years of the future.

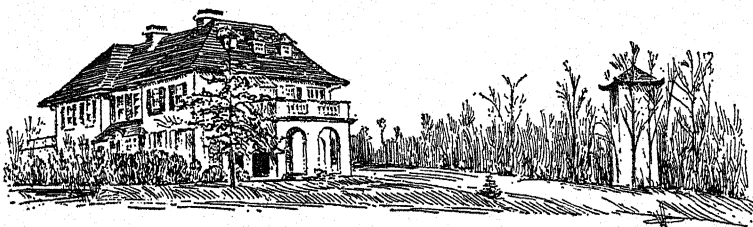
The Barrens, Doylestown, was not designed according to any pretense of an unreal asceticism. What was a contribution to comfort, that they had. But they conceded nothing to mere display. The home was so arranged that each could share the life of the other without a sacrifice of identity. The man had his realm; so had the woman her realm; and each respected an unseen frontier.



"TO HER WHO KEEPS MY DWELLING PLACE"



It is, indeed, strange to enter the sanctuary of one who but yesterday passed beyond these voices, to unlock the doors of which he had alone held the keys, to pore over his papers just as he left them, to search for the innermost secrets of his soul and, without one word of permission from him most concerned, to set them forth on the printed page. From the rest of the house, this "Forest of Tablets" was securely barred by double doors. To intruders, whether servants or guests, it was a place, taboo, and a hand, dear to him as his own, did not venture to arrange his trophies and hesitated



even to wield the duster. The Englishman's house itself was not a castle more impregnable.

Here dwelt a man who dared to be different. To some of us, paradise on earth is not expressed in concrete. But to this man, concrete was the very essence of architecture. Not only are his walls of concrete but it is on shelves of concrete that the books of his strangely assorted library lie tumbled in affectionate disarray. Of his concrete, as of his convictions, he had the courage. Others might prefer oak; not he.

Indeed, over Doylestown, Pa., where he was born and bred, there seems to be an atmosphere that inspires personality. As I prepare these pages, I make my bivouac in that old, Fountain House, founded in 1748, where is a museum that tempted Henry Ford in his search for antiques which would furnish his Wayside Inn. Such a town was a favorable environment for so individual a boy as William Edgar Geil.

It is then with his laboratory of ideals, as he left it and

as he loved it, that we are here concerned. It was in this remote cell that, like an alchemist, he refined his raw materials, varied and rough in texture, 'so distilling from them the gold of the gospel which was committed to him to proclaim. There, on the table, are his leggings, familiar enough in his pictures. In company of that travel-stained trunk, he ascended the Yangtze into remote Tibet and crossed Africa along the pathless equator. The Holy Land grew those crowns of thorns which are hallowed by memories of crucifixion. Pigmyies once handled that bow and those poisoned arrows, and that drum of hollow wood once resounded with the music of unclothed barbarians.

As he collected things, so did he gather thoughts. Of proverbs, Solomon himself did not accumulate a more impressive treasury. These bookshelves of concrete are themselves lined with the very quintessence of mid-African wisdom. "The water lizard," we read, "who stopped too long in the sun—his skin became the top of a drum." And "too much self-confidence lost the frog his tail." And "the firewood of the weak is broken in the wind." And "Mr. Won't-Take-Advice crossed in a pottery boat." It is the inspired language, not yet literature, of the forest and jungle.

One alcove of "The Forest of Tablets" is, indeed, reserved for a tiger rampant as only a Chinese tiger can ramp. "One roar," so we read, "and the wind sprang up from the valley," and the slogan illustrates the dynamic of William Edgar Geil. His were words that many times aroused the wind in the valley. Men who had long ceased to breathe the air of the mountain filled their lungs afresh with the breath of a new life, a new hope, a new faith.

Dr. Geil was as devoted to proverbs as Burke and Fox were devoted to tags from the Latin and Greek. "Do not all words of whatever number come down from above?"—so he once wrote—"Words could not have originated except on high." Of Chinese "words" he printed hundreds as headings in his books. And his friend Dr. Christie has collected for him scores of Syrian mottoes, for a book on the



HIS DESK IN THE FOREST OF TABLETS

Near East that he was writing when the end came. Why he valued a proverb is a question to which we can only hazard an answer. He was a man of faith, not of doubt. He liked things definite and a proverb does define. It concludes



the discussion. It expresses an ascertained decision. And it has stood the test of time. You cannot upset a proverb without upsetting experience.

With all his geniality, then, and his intense delight in the doings and thinkings of others, he had in him, therefore, a touch of the recluse. For the pursuit of his inner aims, he would withdraw from sight, and towards hermits, he was thus inclined to be sympathetic. On his beloved island of Patmos, he talked with the holy Theotestos. He described



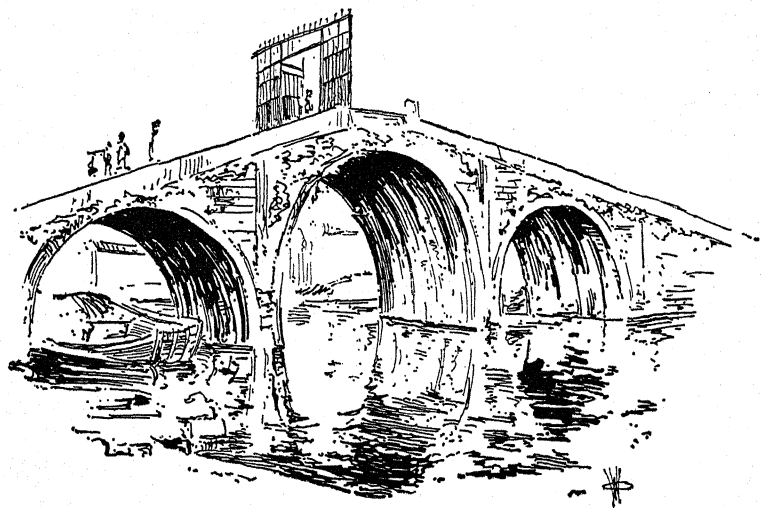
him as a man of greasy raiment and long hair, but of a kindly intelligent face, the flash in whose eyes "seemed to tell of other days when he, too, was in the thick of the world's fight."

Of the hermit's habitation on Patmos, he wrote that "a glance upward alone is possible," and in his own room, the windows are set so high that the glance must be toward the sky. Indeed, the windows were not enough. The heavens themselves must be opened, and into the ceiling therefore, he has inserted a pane of glass, clear as crystal through which, on the darkest night, it is possible to catch a glimpse of the eternal stars as they sweep through space.

Take a turn into the grounds and you will see how he culled an anecdote from China and directed it into a water-tower. For a thousand years, there has been at Soochow an Examination Hall for students. In order to attract favorable influences, there was erected near this place of intellectual torture a pair of twin pagodas, dedicated to the Pen. But, despite this assistance, the candidates failed to make good. A geomancer, accustomed to interpret such matters, was then consulted, and he explained how absurd it was to have two Pens and no Ink. An Ink Pagoda was then added to the Twin Pen Pagodas. And it is a reproduction of this interesting edifice—need we add, in concrete?—that is today a landmark at Doylestown in Pennsylvania.

Nor is this the only reminiscence of China that meets the eye. For the curved roof of the Ink Pagoda,—designed to throw off evil spirits or a relic of the primeval tent—looks down upon an angle of the house adorned by two bas reliefs, showing Chinese characters, bold and challenging. They are drawn from tablets, the one at the eastern, the other at the western end of China's Great Wall, distant from one another twelve hundred miles, and never before have these inscriptions, even in facsimile,—the characters on the covers of this book—stood in such proximity. It is as if exploration had reduced the size of this planet and brought together the very poles themselves.

In their home, then, at Doylestown, what the Explorer and his wife shared was the highest, the deepest, the broadest, in thought and hope and endeavor. A Christian comradeship was the keynote of their partnership; if it endured as it did, it was because such marriage is also a sacrament.



### 3. *Changes in Changeless China*

*Ice Three Feet Thick Is Not Frozen in a Day.*

PRECISELY how to express in terms of biography the later and matured observations of China, recorded by William Edgar Geil, and his researches into China's literature and traditions, is, I confess, something of a problem. Anecdote, allusion, quotation, description, prophecy—they are all intermingled with a profusion which defies summary and is unsuited to chronological narration. The very wealth of the material which he has collected, of the thought which he has expended on the material, is an embarrassment.

Indeed, this is not the whole of the perplexity. With every month that he traveled in the Far East, with every document that his translators deciphered, William Edgar Geil drew nearer to the inner mind of the Chinese people. In the very style of his writings, it is easy to trace the manner of the literature which he was studying. Indeed, he did not spare the western reader. In the most lucid and simple dic-

tion, an explanation of China is apt to be abstruse. Dr. Geil, if I may say it, adds to our difficulties sometimes by measuring his distances, not in yards but in li, which vary with the locality, and by dating his prefaces and other affairs in picturesque terms, for instance, "the 5th sun of the 5th moon of the 5th year after visiting the sacred 5 of China." Every paragraph is ornate with that inimitable flourish of phrase which adorns the archives that he had absorbed. He is not merely quoting, he is adapting as his own language the diction of the East.

Frequently he translates, not word for word, but idea for idea. If the sacred slopes of Nan Yo were called the Red Region, had not Josephus said that "all true and virgin earth is red"? If, amid the holy shadows of Hua Shan, that enthusiast for culture, Ch'en T'uan, slept for 36 years, would he not have shocked King George III who said that six hours of sleep was enough for a man, seven hours for a woman and eight for a fool? Would he not have won the approval of Charles Kingsley who declared that, of all blessings, sleep was the most desirable? By a thousand such threads of thought Dr. Geil has sought to weave a brotherhood of the mind between the great race of China and our own civilization.

It must be realized, moreover, that Dr. Geil did not claim that what he saw in China and read of Chinese history had been unknown to others. Many men and women have been at work in this field. Many of the things that he put down were the obvious things. It is inevitable that I attribute to him alone what he says. But what he says is often supported by the scholarship which he acquired by reading and consultation. It is as a guide into regions, dim but delightful, that we are to accept his company and our plan of procedure will be simple.

It is our intention to consider Dr. Geil's writings on China as a whole. From them we shall endeavor to derive, broadly and clearly, what he tells us, first, of China's secularities; secondly, of her intellect; and thirdly, of her faiths.

We shall be compelled to use our own words as well as his. But our analysis will be in line with the meanings which he elaborated.

Let us enumerate, first, the materials now to be taken into consideration. To his book on the Yangtze, the date of which is 1903, I shall again refer.

Next we have his description of the Great Wall which he had traversed. In the words of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, a President of the Chinese Imperial University at Peking, this volume contains "a unique panorama of that hugest of the works of man—a structure so vast as to rival the mountain barriers built by the hand of nature."

Dr. Geil proceeded to accomplish what, in the words of Dr. Martin, was "if possible a more herculean task"—that is, an elaborate work on Peking and the other eighteen capitals of the Chinese Empire—which book he dedicated in the year, 1911, to Constance Emerson.

Certain of the capitals—Nanking, Wuchow and Yunnan—were visited by the Explorer during his trip up the Yangtze. Others—Sianfu and Lanchow—were on the route of the Great Wall. But in the years 1909 and 1910, he extended and consolidated his impressions by making a journey through China for the sake of the capitals alone and this is the date to which, unless otherwise indicated, his observations refer. It may be added that he returned home by way of the Siberian Railway, that is, through Moscow.

We now know how important was that date. In 1908, the Empress Dowager had died. In 1912, China was to be declared a republic. At the particular moment, then, when the Explorer completed his description of her cities, the vast Empire was—to quote his words—"poised between the past and the future."

If his labors were then interrupted, it was because of events, far beyond his control. He was arranging to visit Peking when the war broke out; hoping for peace in the spring of 1917, he intended to go there during that summer; and after the Armistice, he renewed the project.

During the interval when he could not travel, there was not a day when Dr. Geil relaxed his interest in the Far East. In a letter from him dated December 30th, 1916, he asked his friend, Dr. Wherry, in Peking to procure "the Annals" descriptive of the sacred mountains. If the journey was delayed, the time spent at home was not wasted. As a lecturer, he was in constant demand, and seldom did he lecture without adding something to the friendship which is felt in the United States for China.

After his journeys, he would report to the President at the White House—Roosevelt and Chief Justice Taft—and in 1921, we find him responding to a personal appeal from President Harding who enlisted his services as a lecturer in the raising of funds for the Chinese, suffering from famine.

In 1919, the Explorer and his wife who had become inseparable partners even in distant journeys, set forth on a final mission, directed to a deeper understanding between East and West. They spared neither trouble, nor expense, nor health itself. He ascended and investigated China's five most sacred mountains.

That year, 1919, marks a memorable epoch in the development of the Far East. In Paris peace was under negotiation and Japan had insisted on the endorsement of special privileges, enjoyed by her in the strategic promontory of Shantung.

When the travelers touched at Yokohama, the newspaper men were ringing their bells and shouting the glad news of these diplomatic successes. To Dr. Geil, as to every student of his authority, it was obvious that Shantung, with the grave of Confucius and the temples of lofty Tai-shan, was essential and eternal China. Her title was based on penances and prayers, offered continuously since a period, centuries earlier than the Christian Era.

In due course, the book on "The Sacred Five," in the preparation of which his wife assisted him, was published. It was his last book, and from the British Museum Mr.

Lionel Giles writes an opinion, at once terse, exact and comprehensive:

In my opinion, the salient characteristic of the work as a whole is the translation, made from Chinese sources, of such a very large number of documents, including edicts, prefaces, diaries, biographies, etc., which have never seen the light in any previous publication. Some of these, being of great historical importance, will be most valuable to scholars as well as interesting to the general public. It is clear that an enormous amount of labor and original research must have gone to the making of this book. It is the best thing you have done yet. On the other hand, you have managed to steer clear of *dryness*. Your style has an irresistible swing about it which makes very pleasant reading, and the narrative is lighted up by a constant play of humor.

To probe the minds of China's statesmen was not within the Explorer's "pretension." Like others, he was "baffled by the imperturbable mask." But he was concerned with facts—"many facts, new facts, portentous facts." Let the facts speak and "let who will interpret."

Most of us when we visit a city have business to transact which limits our attention. To William Edgar Geil, the only business was the city itself. He had an amazing way of seeing a community as a whole—the plan of the place, its resources, its faiths, its climate; he read a city as some persons read character. The plans of cities that he brought home were used in discussion of town planning in Europe.

Look at the plans of these cities of which he printed examples and you are impressed at once by the circumstance that the Great Wall was not the only wall in China. The cities also were defended by a similar rampart.

An example was Hangchow which city in the days of its splendor under the Sungs, eight centuries ago, had required a wall, described by Marco Polo, as forty miles in circumference, to defend its luxuries from dread of the advancing

Mongols. At Yunnan, the length of wall was six miles; at Wuchang, twenty miles.

Nor were the capitals alone fortified. In all, there were 1,700 walled towns in China. Occupying a strategic position where four fertile valleys meet and "resting softly on the gentle slopes of the Nan Shan foothills," Sining had massive fortifications, including a remarkable portcullis at the East Gate. If the north wall was in curves, it was because, during a fall of snow, a dragon had leaned against it, and on the battlements there still could be seen the piles of cobble-stones that were intended as ammunition for the repulse of an assault.

At the West Gate, there had been a grim record of bloodshed. Eight rebels, condemned to death by court martial, had been led through that portal, and the infuriated populace lining the streets, had thrust at them the sword and spear until a merciful decapitation ended their sufferings. Their executioners, eager to appropriate the victims' courage, had eaten their hearts.

It meant that, for thousands of years, China had to be defended, not only against the foreigner but against herself. According to an old saying, "a Chinese needs three heads—one for rebels to cut off, one for the Imperialists to cut off and one to eat rice with."

The total length of her internal fortifications was reckoned by Dr. Geil to have been nearly 7,000 miles of a structure, as solid, as carefully planned as the Great Wall itself, yet more than twice the extent of it. It was as if cities like St. Louis or Cedar Rapids, placed far from any frontier, had erected around themselves a complete girdle of entrenchments as a safeguard against the rest of the United States.

While the walls that divide China had been so numerous and so strong, the roads that should unite her had fallen, as Dr. Geil had every reason to know, into a discreditable decay. In the United States, to visit eighteen capitals is a simple matter. Reserve places in a Pullman and the thing



is done. But in China, even to-day, the length of railways is only 7,000 miles or not one-thirtieth of the mileage available here, and one mile in four serves Manchuria. China is thus a civilization that, as these words are read, has had a greater length of protective masonry than of productive communications.

Capitals like Foochow and Canton on the coast were accessible; capitals like Nanking and Wuchang might be reached by the Yangtze; but others of these cities—Changsha, for instance, and Langchow and Kweilin were still, in the modern sense, isolated from the rest of the Empire and the world. It was over a stone bridge of seventy-two arches—a bridge about a quarter of a mile in length—that the Explorer entered Sianfu, the City of Western Peace, reputed even three thousand years ago to have been the historic capital of China.

The town was still innocent of a railway, though railways were advancing; nor on the uncertain waters of the Hwang Ho—here with its tributary, the Weiho, six hundred miles from the coast—had there been any desire to risk a line of steamers.

With the walls so strong and the roads so bad, the repeated disintegrations of China are explained. Into the archives of the successive dynasties, we cannot here enter. The story is told in two of Dr. Geil's sentences,—“China broke into eight pieces.”—“All the different kingdoms were reunited.” Under the Chows and the Tsins and the Hans and the Mings and the Manchus, this was the record.

It is true, of course, that Europe has had her walled cities and her muddy roads. But the point here is that it is a China, so equipped, which has had to face, here and now, the challenge of a century that includes radio, aeroplanes and the X-ray.

It was the close of the Manchû Dynasty that was to be seen in the year, 1910, and Dr. Geil said frankly that what China needed was another Chin who could ride that whirlwind. Yuan-Shi-Kai endeavored to sustain that rôle and I

find in the correspondence a letter in which a western engineer, employed in China, described to the Explorer the efforts made by this strong man to combat the advance of European ideas and to expel Sun Yat Sen and other liberal leaders. It is enough here to add that Yuan-Shi-Kai failed and that no successor to him has yet been able to unite the Empire.

The idea that China has been devoid of militarism is hardly borne out by the facts. Her militarism has been, however, wholly defensive. To quote Dr. Geil, she "has for ages studied the arts of peace and has looked down on mere fighters."

At Chowlung, the Explorer saw a parade ground for soldiers. It was situated in the Temple of Hell and the entrance to the Temple was guarded by two carved horses, one of which had kidnaped a maiden and taken her to Hades. So the City Magistrate had nailed this work of art to its position, thus to prevent such a contretemps in the future.

As the recruits were drilled, they were surrounded by open chambers where were displayed the horrors of damnation. The hill was there whence the dead take a last look at their homes; the narrow bridge was represented which they must attempt to cross; also, the monsters of the waters who devour them if they stumble and fall. An old woman sold the waters of Lethe as soup. One huge idol was smeared with what pretended to be opium. The need of the god for the drug was devoutly recognized by the faithful, who, however, supplied an alternative decoction, less precious than the real thing and derived from the skin of pigs.

Among the soldiers who formed his escort in 1903, there was one man, trained at Suifu, who completely won Dr. Geil's heart. "Old Hero Benevolence," as he called this warrior, ate and smoked opium, drank wine, gambled over dice and dominoes and bowed before the idol of a wayside shrine, firing a salute with his musket, moreover, on New Year's Day; but his was a kind face and a cheerful smile, while his courtesy was exquisite, even when suggesting a

ration of pork. "We are going to take Your Excellency from one year into another," he said, "and we hope to enjoy Your Excellency's grace."

His uniform of the Suifu Guards was a red coat and belt, blue trousers, cloth leggings and open sandals, with a hat nearly two feet in diameter. An inner belt, with partitions, carried his valuables. After four years' service, his pay was 3,000 cash per month, or about \$1.50, out of which sum he had to feed himself.

When "Old Hero Benevolence" desired to be dismissed from further service, he shook hands with himself, then gave the military salute by dropping on one knee; finally, striking his forehead on the ground. Dr. Geil waived aside these farewells and handed the armor-bearer his repeating rifle, with which he strode away smiling. How he drove off dogs with the butt-end of that rifle, his eagerness to appropriate the empty cartridge when the rifle was fired, his willingness to tramp when footsore and to carry the Explorer's overcoat—all this is gratefully recorded by his employer. "Old Hero Benevolence" would do the Explorer's shopping for him and allow his employer the full advantage of his acumen. He would even finance his employer from his scanty "cash," sharing, too, the meals. The core of a pear and the white of an egg contented the appetite of this humble aristocrat of the east.

Yunnan was on the borderline between medieval and modern militarism. It was but a few years before that, in camps, mounted men, with a bow and three arrows, would ride at a gallop past three targets, so shooting at the mark and competing for Degrees in Archery, the lower of which was "Budding Talent," and the higher, "Exalted Man." Even for the war against Japan, archers from the province of Keichow were drafted who fought "the dwarfs" from the Land of the Rising Sun. But in the year 1903, Dr. Geil saw the soldiers armed with many varieties of imported western rifles, including Winchesters. Guns were being made eight feet long, the muzzle of which rests on one

man's shoulder while a second man pulls the trigger, both men—as he informs us—being killed if the gun bursts.

In 1911, Dr. Geil wrote:

Whatever her opinion of them intrinsically may be, she (China) has bowed to Western opinion, and has created fighters wholesale. The new educational system includes many military academies—West Points and Sandhursts. Barracks have risen at every great city; soldiers fill them as fast as they rise. No more bows and arrows, no more somersaults and yells, but systematic European drill with European weapons of precision. No white man may cross the threshold of these barracks; soldiers are not encouraged to frequent white society; there is an armed neutrality. Arsenal are in evidence at every great centre; cannons and all other munitions of war are being made within the Empire. This is not the case at one town merely, or at two, but at every capital,—and we deal here only with capitals, where the pulse of the nation is easily felt. The whole empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare.

The arming of China was thus obvious. No longer, as at Taiyanfu, were soldiers content with the courage that is derived from soup brewed of bears' paws. The real question, still in doubt, was against whom would the Chinese armies fight? Against the foreigner? Against the Manchus? Against each other?

Even when the Chinese revolution was still undeclared, it was obvious to the Explorer that a momentous transference of governing force was silently proceeding. As the Normans built the Tower of London with which to overawe the capital of William the Conqueror, so had the Manchus established their own quarter in many Chinese cities. Sianfu was an illustration. Still you could see the fortress where the Tartar troops held military tournaments, putting the stone, tossing the caber and shooting at a mark from a galloping horse. All this belonged, however, to the past. When



THE PAN ROAD, TAI SHAN



the Explorer visited Sianfu, the Manchu stronghold was deserted, and it was only the Chinese city that teemed with life.

The Manchu Era was thus already over. The New Army consisted of Chinese as well as Manchus, with the Chinese in a vast preponderance. Pensions, paid for centuries to the Manchus, were still paid. But the Manchus themselves were moving beyond the Great Wall. These men, wrote Dr. Geil, "who swept south from Manchuria are sweeping north again," and he added, "they did hold down China; they will hold back Russia."

It was a daring prophecy. Like many of William Edgar Geil's flashes of insight, it has thrown a light on the sequel. Soviet Russia has had to face the resistance of northern China.

The fortification of cities and the lack of communications were circumstances which obviously diminished the authority of Peking and increased the authority of the provinces. At Peking, there were electric standards in streets that included pavements; there were modern waterworks; there were soldiers drilling; there were sentries on the wall. In Peking, an American could feel almost at home. Around Peking, China was still in name united.

But the real rulers of China were the provincial Viceroys. Already they enjoyed a virtual independence, and of the Viceroys, Dr. Geil saw and heard not a little.

Let us begin with an amusing incident, illustrative of the good old time. An official at Nanking was ordered to purchase guns and ammunition. He bought weapons, not of metal, but of wood, which was cheaper, and pocketed the difference. The Manchus of Peking, therefore, sent high officials "to remove his head and carve him up." To his executioners, he showed a lavish hospitality and, by means of an equitable division of his wealth, he diverted them from their unpleasant purpose. However:

An emperor's edict cannot be openly trifled with, so a very shrewd scheme was laid and hatched. On a certain day, the executioners, with their attendants, gathered to-

gether with great fuss. The streets were lined with troops, and it was given out that the offender had been beheaded. To prove the fact, the defaulting warrior was carried out in a large wooden coffin, and, with befitting ceremony, removed to the country, there to await the decision of the geomancers as to a propitious site for the burial. The man is still living in Nanking, enjoying the funds contributed by the Emperor for the purpose of bona fide cannon!

The population of Hankow was so volatile that, in 1882, a robber scare emptied the city of most inhabitants who fled to the country, confidence only returning when basketsful of bandits' heads were hung across the principal streets.

Under these conditions, the "difficulties" of a Viceroy "in the age of transition command our earnest sympathy." It was this sympathy that western countries failed to display.

There were unwallled foreign settlements, with golf clubs and race courses. Indeed, of the much advertised notice on the Park at Shanghai, "Dogs and Chinese not Admitted," Hankow furnished a version, all its own.

The Bund or foreshore along the Yangtze was "the most beautiful" street in China. But, writes Dr. Geil:

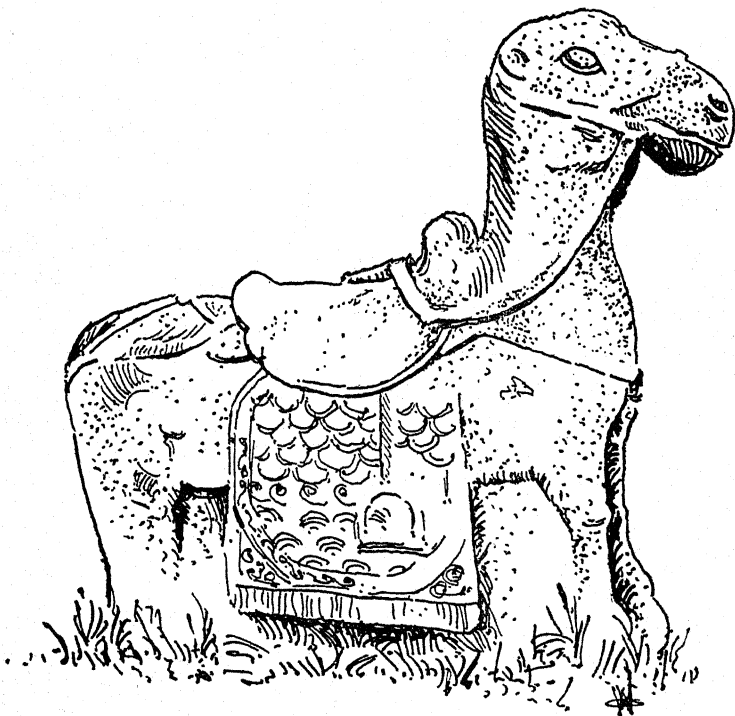
it is restricted to foreigners, and even the wealthy Chinese who travel in elegant equipages are prohibited from riding here. The sidewalk is even more select—a Chinese is not permitted to put his foot on it.

Here as at Shanghai, the argument was, of course, that the Chinese, if admitted, would be so numerous as to crowd out altogether the foreigners who had made the promenade. It is interesting that, at this date, 1903, Dr. Geil accepted the usual foreigners' point of view. But, as we shall see, he developed later a deeper insight into and sympathy with the susceptibilities of the Chinese people.

A complete contrast to the Bund is afforded by "muddy and narrow streets or lanes—alleys hung with long, narrow



perpendicular boards on which were written, or rather brushed, signs, strange hieroglyphics of the Celestials." On the banks of the Yangtze, only available at low water, "poor people" were "living in low squat mat huts."



In 1911, Dr. Geil's opinion of exclusive Foreign concessions had changed, and from Peking he wrote:

Contrast the forts, foreign forts, on the wall, and the hostages given to the foreigners who not only claimed to dwell in the Manchu city, but insisted that a part of the wall be prohibited to Chinese lest the foreign settlement be overlooked! Imagine a section of Washington taken possession of by Moroccans and Tripolitans, with Turks

and Arabs and Persians settling alongside. Oriental soldiers garrisoning it, free-born Americans bidden to keep away lest the Eastern susceptibilities be hurt! Would America tolerate that long, after her new army was in working order?

At Wuchang, the capital adjoining Hankow, Dr. Geil was received, in 1903, by the Viceroy, Tuan Fang who, though a Manchu and kinsman of Prince Tuan, the notorious anti-foreign leader, was friendly to missions. During the Boxer rebellion, he was Governor of Shensi in which capacity he befriended the missionaries with great cordiality, furnishing them with food and traveling expenses and giving them presents. His action was the more meritorious because, at the time, he had few soldiers for his own protection. Yet Europe had omitted to show him any honor and had actually permitted his house in Peking to be sacked and his ancestral tablets to be stolen by the Allies. Scarcely less ironical was the circumstance that the Dowager Empress, with her Court, whom the Viceroy had defied, took refuge with him later, when she fled from Peking.

At Shanghai, Dr. Geil had ordered 200 visiting cards in the Chinese style. They were  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and printed in black on red with a die, specially cut. It was such a card that in the year, 1903, he presented to the equerry of the Viceroy who, on horseback, met him as he approached the Yamen. Such official residences in China were distinguished by a pair of poles, thirty feet high, with a kind of crow's nest, painted red, at two-thirds of the way up. Familiar, too, in the Yamens, were fantastic paintings on the south wall of the outer reserve. At Tungyueh in Yunnan, the Explorer studied such a fresco and found a fabulous monster, T'an, a kind of unicorn, symbolizing covetousness. T'an was attempting, with a true political instinct, to devour the sun itself. Ambition was symbolized by a monkey, climbing a tree and grasping at an Official seal, and lions and tigers were there to indicate that the Viceroy

exercised authority over troops within his jurisdiction. "How extremely Chinese all this is," remarked Dr. Geil. "Suppose every public official in Christendom was compelled to portray the ruling passion of his heart outside his door! What a grand variety of signboards! Congressmen! M.P.s! Syndicate Men! Designing mothers-in-law!"

The audience with the Viceroy may best be described in the Explorer's own words:

Large "Dragon Gates" were swung open and in we went, passing by a detail of soldiers with stacked arms; then we shook hands with the secretaries who had come out to receive us, passed double sentries who presented arms, and emerged into an open court. During this time I engaged in conversation with Mr. Saoke Alfred Sze, M.A., of Cornell, Private Secretary to the Viceroy Tuan Fang [later Chinese Minister at Washington]. Mr. Sze speaks English fluently, and is a fine fellow who seems to enjoy the happiest recollections of his student days in America.

More soldiers presented arms, and then the Viceroy! He had come out to extend a hearty welcome which he accompanied with a vigorous handshake in a truly American fashion. I found him no ordinary man, probably under sixty years of age, medium height, solidly built, and wearing foreign gold-rimmed spectacles. With true Western politeness, he bade me enter the audience room just in front. This I did, the Viceroy following. The room was oblong, and measured perhaps twenty by thirty feet. Directly opposite the entrance were the two seats with a table between them, common to all Chinese houses of the better class. Four large, box-shaped lanterns hung from the ceiling, and in the midst one Rochester lamp. A long foreign table spread with a white cloth, and furnished with knives, forks and plates and equipped with foreign cigars, stood ready set. The Viceroy passed to the head of the table and motioned me to take the seat on his left,

which, in China, is the seat of honour. After we were seated, four dishes of different kinds of cakes, two varieties of fruit, tea, cigars, cigarettes and champagne were brought in. The programme was that we should first take some champagne, but as I used no intoxicating drinks of any kind, I politely declined. Out of courtesy, that I thought highly commendable, no one drank. . . .

Our interview lasted more than an hour. After making me some valuable and suitable presents, he promised to telegraph orders to Ichang that all courtesy and needful protection should be accorded to me; and after attending me into the open court, wished me a prosperous voyage. Some guns were fired in my honour, and bidding the Viceroy good-bye, I started off in dignified haste to catch the steamer that was to carry me still further up the great Yangtze. Before we left the wharf a messenger from His Excellency hastened on board and presented me with the Viceroy's card as a final expression of good-will and esteem.

Dr. Geil records other audiences of no less interest. At the Yamen of Yunnan there were two bandstands, where thrice a day musicians played on "squeaky instruments." On the Viceroy's leaving the Yamen, they honored him with further music, and near the bandstands were quarters for his runners. He was attended by twelve pairs of soldiers in red uniform, holding tridents and by officials carrying swords. Boards, painted with the words, "Be quiet!", "Hide Away! Retire!", were also borne before the Governor.

As the Arsenal whistle blew one o'clock, the Acting Viceroy of Yunnan, Lin-Shao-Nien, received Dr. Geil. In the court of the Yamen, fifty tablets displayed in letters of gold a list of the Great Man's previous offices and of his successes in Government Examinations. Under the eaves of yet another door, there were hung many more tablets, blue, black, white and yellow, containing in the center the most prized of all Chinese characters, that is "Fu" or Happiness,

and on the sides the names at once of the donors of the tablets and of the officials to whom they were offered as a tribute of gratitude.' Occasionally peacocks raised their raucous voices.

Of the audience, again dated, 1903, Dr. Geil wrote:

Under this roof is the Ta T'ang or Great Hall, all carpeted in red felt. Here the Governor sits when holding public trials. Our chairs stopped, and we advanced over the red felt to where the Viceroy was waiting to receive us, and lead us to his Great Hall. We followed him to the door of a bright guest hall having windows on either side. The Governor bowed me in first, and then led the way to a round table covered with a bright red cloth, in the centre of which was a dish containing pebbles in water with the narcissus in bloom. Chinese everywhere like this flower and call it the "Water Fairy." The Viceroy took his place at the side of the table nearest the door, first giving me the seat of honor with Mr. Pollard opposite. The Viceroy's interpreter, Professor of English in the Government School here, sat opposite to the great man. Lin was at first a little reserved. The interpreter led off with a few general questions which he had no doubt committed to memory before coming, such as when I arrived in China, where I was going, how long I would remain in the city, and so on. A large number of smaller officials stood at the back, or looked in at the windows, intensely interested in the conversation. Using the interpreter, I said to the Viceroy that my journey from Chowtung had been made pleasant and easy by the officials. The interpreter made me say, "The Protestant Mission at Chowtung is prosperous, and doing a good work." The latter was true as a matter of fact.

After explaining to the Viceroy my four years' journey around the world, and informing him that I was writing a book about China, I asked a liberal number of searching questions, some of which were answered with true diplo-



macy. He said that he was in favour of sending young men to America to study mining engineering, in order that they might return and work the mines. He deeply deplored the lack of young men properly trained to develop the resources of the Province and Empire. As if remembering the details of some fond dream of the destiny of China, and a glorious future for himself, he made careful enquiry about the cost of such training, length of time to complete the desirable course, and what institution in the United States I considered the best. Subsequently I heard that the Viceroy is progressive, and has already modified the school system and has appointed teachers in Japanese, French and English. This means very little; indeed, I suspect it has reference to the Capital City only. The officials in China have the power to get the people to do almost anything they desire, and should he set his mind on

reforming the school system of the Province along modern lines, he could do it, as he rules five million people absolutely. It is the apathy of officials that blocks reform, and any innovation that tends to weaken their prestige is odious and hateful. . . . I told him, as an American, I believed in China for the Chinese, and hoped that China would largely develop her own resources. I advised that foreigners should be used as expert teachers, and that the great aim should be for China to maintain her autonomy. These words roused him to throw off all stiffness and restraint. He became delighted and, nod-

ding his head again and again, was not content with saying "Hao, Hao (Good, Good)," but traced with his fingers on the table-cloth the character for "Good." . . . I advised him to send one of his sons to America to be educated, and enquired how many he had. He lifted up one finger, looked sad, and said, "And he is young." The Viceroy asked me what I thought were the greatest needs of China at the present time. I replied, "Plenty of schools with sound moral training and earnest search after the true religion." He seemed deeply thoughtful, and asked what I meant by the "true religion." In the discussion which followed, the time quickly passed, as did the oranges, biscuits and sweets. . . . After he had promised me to telegraph orders that I should be granted all possible assistance by the officials as far as the frontier, I lifted my cup of tea and drank. This act terminated the interview. The Governor then escorted us to our chairs and very politely expressed his obligations, etc., for the visit. He offered to return the call, but I begged him not to do this, as I would be very busy making preparations for continuing my journey to Tali Fu. . . .

Lin-Shao-Nien may merit the reputation which he has of being upright and philanthropic, but he did not impress me as a strong man. He was a great contrast to the powerful Tuan Fang, who courteously entertained me at Wuchang, and who rules fifty million people.

In the year, 1910, the Explorer was received by the Viceroy of the Province of Chekiang. He was a man, aged 49 years, and the only Mongol from Peking to occupy such a post.

Recollecting that for the last few weeks the Governor had been accompanying the brother of the Prince Regent along the coast to select a naval base, I put the leading question as to what he considered the chief need of the nation. His response is interesting: "First, I think that all the people should learn to read, and second, that all

should learn to get their living; these two things are most important." Note, not self-protection and a navy, not religion, but good, plain, medium aspirations. . . . He told me that a higher class of young men was now going to America to study, so that the way was open to offer good services if his son should be sent out. He enquired what would be our course should a competition arise for China with any foreign power. I told him that I myself wished China well, and thought I represented the average American opinion; America could be looked upon as China's friend, and her influence would always be exerted in the best interests of his land. Hereupon he shook hands with himself.

Next day, the Governor opened the first Parliament ever summoned in his Province; and he invited the Explorer to attend:

I availed myself of the privilege, and found myself and my two hosts, Dr. and Prof. Stuart, the only Western spectators of this unique ceremony. As the permanent House of Assembly was not completed, the audience-chamber of the Normal School was used, decorated with flags showing the dragon in yellow and red and with the Imperial flag. We were ushered in by uniformed men armed with long swords, and were given the centre seats in the chief gallery, exactly opposite the Imperial edict and the Speaker.

At 9.30 A.M. the Governor appeared, the delegates rising to receive him, and the temporary Speaker then calling this first Parliament to order. When the Governor stepped to the front with the yellow roll indicating an Imperial Order, the members arose and clapped! At the front desk was read the rescript which duly constituted the Parliament, and after a pause there was produced also a white document which set forth the rules of procedure. This constituted the opening ceremony, and the Speaker then adjourned the session till the afternoon.



To Dr. Geil, this was an occasion comparable with the assembling of the States-General in France before the Revolution. The Governor returned the Explorer's visit:

He was most gracious in his demeanor, and we naturally talked about the Great Wall built by Chin and after many centuries rebuilt or extensively repaired to keep out the Mongols. With a hearty laugh, he pointed out that the Mongols had come and stayed, nevertheless. I told him how now on the western end a Chinese scholar had inscribed, "Beware of the Russians!" He reddened slightly, and diplomatically turned the conversation again to the Pigmies of Africa, asking if giants lived near them; this may have been an Oriental parable. We found a less delicate topic arising out of manufactures. As he noticed a piece of porcelain on the table, he pointed out that when Chinese ware fell it would break in two or three pieces, but Japanese would shatter and be beyond repair—perhaps another parable. We both laughed heartily, and he reminded me that much mending of porcelain is done with brass wire, as I have seen, with most excellent results. And he further remarked that though Japanese ware when new has a good appearance, it will not last; to which again I assented. On this visit he made a most favorable impression. After renewed assurances of the good feeling of America toward China, an American present expressed his intention of studying the language; he smiled, and pointed out how easy it is, and indeed gave him a lesson! He chose three words, heaven, earth, tea, and drilled him in their pronunciation. I agreed that they formed an excellent choice for a start, and that of the three essentials he had put first things first. Then he spoke of the simplicity of the writing, and it is interesting to get the point of view, so different from our own. "With you," said he, "the word heaven takes six distinct characters which must be learned separately and then combined; with us in our ideographs there is but one

character." Still, I could not but reflect that they, too, have to combine their ideographs, and often these are ambiguous in their meaning, while a mere twenty-six characters will serve all our purpose as against hundreds and even thousands of theirs.

In December, 1909, Chang Min-Chi, Governor of Kwangsi, with numerous scholars, entertained Dr. Geil at a banquet of which the menu included birdnest soup, shark fin, and ducks' feet. A retired Governor from Formosa, so the Explorer was informed, prepared the last of these delicacies by driving the ducks on to a hot floor, covered with flavored oil where their feet were fried.

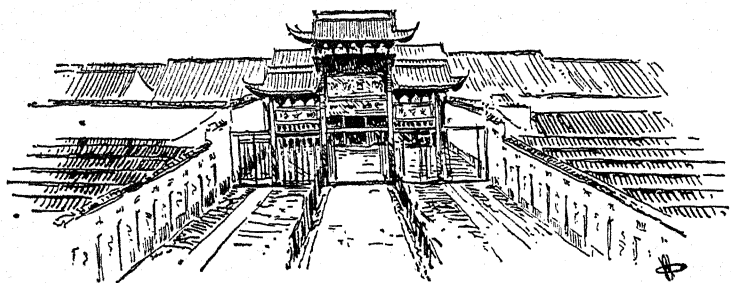
The administration of justice was changing. At Nanking, Dr. Geil came upon two criminals locked together with a heavy wooden collar round their necks. Thin paper, bearing inscriptions and giving an account of the crime for which they were being punished, and their names, was pasted on the collar. Several folds of brown paper were used to shade their eyes from the sunlight, and their faces from shame in the presence of a staring mob. This clever device was fastened over the forehead by a dexterous twist of the pigtail.

One of these prisoners had been a student at the Disciples School, but had been dismissed. In revenge, he had stolen a telescope, and Dr. Geil, with some indignation, asked why he should be "*publicly cangued*" while German officers had been permitted to take "all the valuable and modern astronomical instruments of the Great Royal Observatory in Peking"—booty which, of course, has been restored under the Treaty of Versailles. "Is there," he asks, "a different code of morals for Europe and Asia, or is practical morality to be proportioned to the length of the hair, the shape of the nose, or the color of the skin?"

That, again, was in the old style. But "the past," we read, "dies fast in China." Yunnan had not only extensive

barracks, an armory, a cartridge magazine and a normal school but a modern jail.

The material development of China was advancing apace. At Soochow, the Post Office in 1912 was handling  $5\frac{1}{2}$  million letters a year. But the progress was confused. At Changsha, so wrote Dr. Geil, "one very dubious item was eight tons of paper for bank notes." China was arming herself with the weapons, not of war alone but of commerce, and these weapons, wielded by the Viceroy, could be used against the real interests of the country as a whole.



#### 4. The Mind of China

*Learning Is Like Rowing Up Stream. Not to Advance Is to Drop Back.*

WE have now to consider what it is that Dr. Geil discloses to us of the mind of China, and let us begin, once more, with a simple thought. Whatever else is to be said of the Chinese and their difficulties, they are not stupid. Their minds are powerful minds, capable of strenuous effort. Indeed, here we see the human brain in a state of perpetual and even bewildering activity.

China has had her Emperors and Princes, but the only aristocracy which, taking one century with another, she has recognized as worthy of reverence has been the aristocracy of intellect. To qualify for that aristocracy, the Chinese, generation after generation, have made incredible sacrifices.

Let us look through the spectacles of Dr. Geil first at the old culture of China which was passing away. Much has been written of her system of examination. In the year 1903, the Explorer as an eyewitness described the Great Hall of Examination at Nanking, where at that date 15,000 students still submitted to the triennial test of knowledge.

From the Drum Tower he counted no fewer than sixteen thousand cells, built of brick in single rows, and roofed in with tiles, each measuring 44 inches by 37 inches, with a height of 5 feet 8 inches. Among candidates had been men of seventy and even eighty, with mere lads. One boy of

eleven years of age had taken his middle or M.A. degree but, alas, the infant prodigy died when he was twenty.

For organization the Chinese have always displayed a genius. Labor and the professions were consolidated into guilds, so powerful that the Government itself refrained from interference, and for many centuries, great charities had distributed alms. So was it in the Examination Hall at Nanking. Every student knew in advance the number of his cell and its situation. An official book of rules determined precisely his food, his candle and apparatus for cooking. Formerly, candles had to be red in color but, at the last examination, white had been permitted.

The Examination itself was severe. The students entered their cells at 3 A.M., and remained there two days. After this test, the least successful were weeded out. A second two days of endurance led to further eliminations, and it was only on the third trial that awards were made. Usually, there were 145 degrees awarded, or one in a hundred candidates. But the examination of A.D. 1902 was held by special grace of the Emperor and the number of degrees was doubled, while 49 honorable mentions were added. For such success the material recognition was, indeed, slender. A "cup and platter stipend," worth \$1.60, was paid with an additional fee for the "flag and tablet" which was exhibited at home. Over these, there were great local rejoicings, and large strips of red paper, affixed to a front door, were an indication that within dwelt the intellectual champion. When Dr. Geil was in Nanking, the official Proclaimer had devised means whereby the names of the victors, fifty at a time, were tied to the legs of carrier pigeons, which birds were released with the news in advance of the doors being opened.

This is the kind of scholarship, which, for three thousand (and the Chinese say five thousand) years has proceeded without effective interruption or diversion, with the result, manifest in these volumes, that, despite wastage and de-

struction, a vast literature has accumulated. Not only in books have the Chinese recorded their thought. Wherever Dr. Geil wandered he found the idéograph. The gates of cities, the pagodas, the temples, the tombs, the very rocks of the sacred mountains themselves, were transformed into a vast library, or in the Chinese term, into the kind of Forest of Tablets where, to give one instance, words were perpetuated at the ancient capital of Sian Fu.

Of Chinese proverbs, pithy with concentrated sagacity, Dr. Geil collected hundreds. It is not possible to give more than a few examples:

Rabbits do not eat roadside grass.

The money maker is never weary; the weary man never makes money.

The sea is deep because it never rejects the tiniest rivulet.

Every man must sweep before his own door.

You can't play a fiddle behind your back.

The lazy use a long thread; the stupid, a crooked needle (very subtle this)!

The dumb can tell when they have eaten.

A painted water has no wind.

If you don't love your neighbor, ask him to raise geese.

A small stone can break a large jar.

The largest mountain does not reject the smallest dust (applied by Dr. Geil to "the Sacred Five").

Certain of these proverbs suggest our own thought. The Scriptural phrase, "filthy lucre," is known to the Chinese to whom money should be filth, but righteousness gold. Like the Greek, the Chinese is bidden to know himself and then know others. Also, "too many cooks spoil the dog," and "if you'll respect me an inch, I'll respect you an ell."

But many of the sayings are distinctive if not in meaning, at least in expression. "No needle," say the Chinese, "is sharp at both ends," and "a worn-out boat has a thousand

nails in it." The brevity is often superb—"clear water, few fishes"—"by many words, we show our faults."

Here is wisdom, polished like a pebble, that has been worn smooth by the unceasing stream of experience. But with the proverb, the Chinese mind is not satisfied. It is so active that it leaps beyond the real to the ideal, from the observed to the imagined. An admirable illustration of this tendency to leap from fact to fiction is to be found in the proverb, "An old man's child has no shadow and cannot bear exposure to the cold." It may be true that some children of old men are delicate. It is certainly not true that any children of any man cast no shadow.

What may be called the superactivity of the Chinese mind is revealed in the names of persons and places of which the Explorer gives us thousands. They are not identification merely, not merely description; they are phantasy. Take the seventy-two peaks of sacred Nan Yo. What the camera reveals is the procession of the pilgrims, wearing the apron and singing their "Song of Degrees" as, with incense burning, they tramp along over flat slabs of stone, while the mountain, none more actual, rises to the left and falls away to the right. But the Chinese mind has illuminated those formidable crags with names like Purple Vale, Hidden Saint, Fairies' Moor, Pillar of Heaven, Red Emperor, Crimson Smoke, Eternal Harmony, Blue Vulture and Auspicious Light. The humbler the inn, the more flowery its designation. It is as if words had escaped from facts as the soul escapes from the body.

This fertility of mind has produced a bewildering harvest of legend. There is scarcely a page, written by Dr. Geil, in which he does not record some tradition originating from an unrestrained imagination. The Arthurian Legends and the Arabian Nights furnish, as he tells us, somewhat similar fiction. But has minstrelsy ever poured forth an abundance, comparable with the flood of Chinese fables?

According to Dr. Geil, this literature is surprisingly free from the sensual tone which he attributes to Indian poetry.

Even in his flights of fancy, the Chinese author is a Puritan. Indeed, about many of his stories, there is a genuine beauty which, to Dr. Geil's mind, eager as it was for comparisons, recalls the best in the literature of the west. Here is an illustration, reminiscent of the widow's mite:

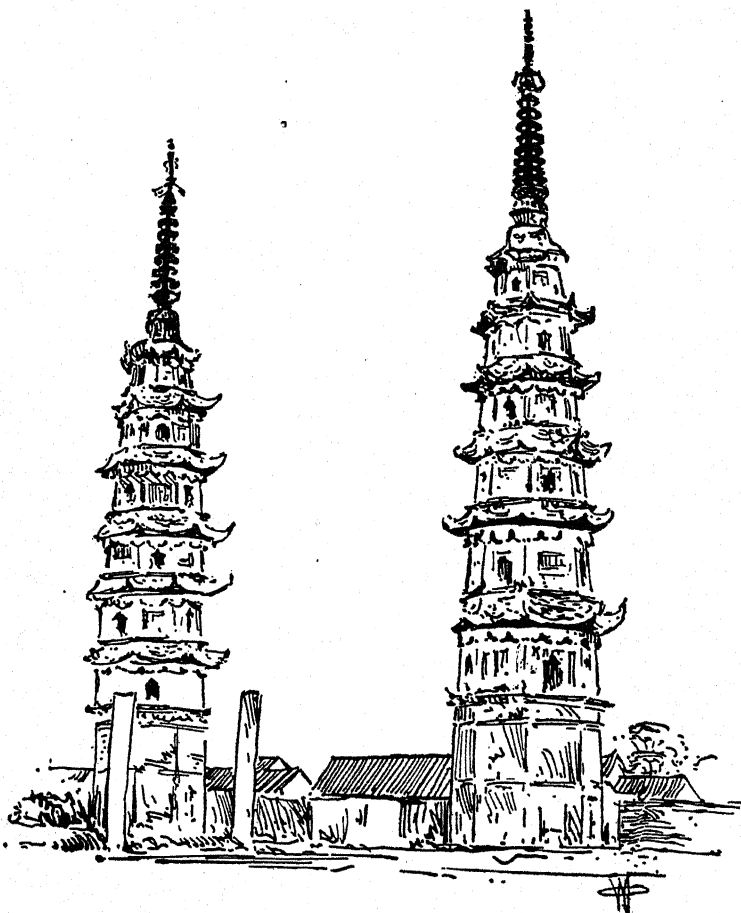
The monks near Changtê-fu decided to make a splendid image of Buddha, and went round the country to collect bronze. At one place a rich family gave generously, bullion, rings; and the monk was so pleased that he refused to take a mere cash which a slave-girl offered. The mould was made, the bronze melted, and run into the mould with due prayers; but when the mould was broken, the casting was streaked and spoiled. No monk would admit any fault in his conduct, and they tried again, with worse results. A close examination of each collector was made, and when this monk was found to have refused a gift, priding himself on the quantity and excellence of the bronze he had gathered, the reason of the failure was seen. An important deputation was sent with him to ask humbly for the despised cash, which was brought back in state. A third time the foundry was filled, and the cash was solemnly added with thanks for the love of the girl. And when the mould was broken, there was revealed the most perfect image, with the one cash brightly gleaming over the heart of the great Buddha."

As a Chinese proverb has it, "not even one cash falls on empty ground."

In Nanking, a city shorn of much glory, he saw the bell, ordered by the Emperor to be the largest in the world. If the founder failed in his task his daughter was to die. Again and again, the casting was futile, but at last, the girl threw herself into the molten metal, which "ever since has pealed melodious notes." The so-called "scissors," which he also saw, fell from heaven.

About the heroism of women, there are, indeed, as many stories as there are memorial arches, erected to widows who





PEN PAGODAS SOOCHOU

refused to marry a second time. But the fancy that attains to exquisite parable is often as wayward as a moth that is dazzled in the light of truth.

Nanking was described by Dr. Geil as "the sentimental capital" of China, and here in the thirteenth century, was enthroned the Beggar King, founder of the Ming Dynasty, selected by wit and wisdom. The true Son of Heaven was to be known by the purple on his back and the green on his head; and amid many claimants, there was actually discovered on the Rosy Cloud Mountains a man with a bare back who used a lotus leaf as umbrella, and kept on saying, "I am the Son of Heaven." His back was empurpled by exposure, while the leaf over his head was green, so in due course he was enthroned.

Let us return for a moment to that Examination Hall, remembering still that the date was 1903. The Examinations often ended in tragedy. Not only was the Hall situated in the middle of the gambling and drinking district, but the period of the tests was the Eighth Moon, or summer when the candidates were too often enervated by heat. Suicides were frequent, not by opium only but more often by cutting the throat. In one such case, the foreign doctor, when summoned, found the patient lying on a bed in front of which was a square table containing vegetables and lighted candles. Underneath were two live roosters. A geomancer, who had also been called, proceeded to drive out the devil. Seizing one of the fowls he cut its throat and sprinkled the blood over the room. He accompanied this act with numerous grimaces, hand-foldings, genuflections and incantations, walking frequently over to the bedside to see whether his charms were effective. The rooster business having miserably failed, the geomancer got his writing materials and rubbed some ink on the slab. Dipping his pencil in the ink, he skillfully wrote several Chinese

characters on the palm of his own hand. He then put his hand in front of the man's face and tried to blow them off. The idea was that he had power to blow the spirit and the influence of the characters into the man's breath and thus evict the devil. . . . Mr. John Williams, the Presbyterian missionary in Nanking, while passing by a well in the street, just after the examinations, saw the feet of a man sticking out of the water. The day before a student had accidentally let fall a drop of ink on his essay. Seeing that all hope of success was blotted out, and not having time to repair the damage or re-write the essay, he determined to plunge head foremost into the well and thus end his disappointment and his life together.

There was but one gate by which all must enter and leave; and "when the hall is closed, the air is cleared," so ran the inscription, meaning that trickery was excluded. Over a corpse carried through their gate of honor, students had ever been superstitious, and it was only when the head examiner died while on duty that the Viceroy's narrow seal might be broken. In any other case of death, the body was thrown over the brick wall and so disposed of.

In former days the Master of Ceremonies would stand above the central gateway and wave a black oblong flag while the big drum in the middle watch tower would be beaten. Silver foil was burned to hustle the spirits and the candidates would yell, "The Avenger is here." The aim was to frighten away any depraved competitor who might defile the sacred precincts of learning, and many a man, terrified by a demon, had died on the spot.

If, by an edict of the Government, this ordeal had been discontinued, it meant that the illusions were already wearing thin. In the year 1911, Dr. Geil wrote from Chengtu:

The new temper in education may be seen by looking at the examination papers. They used to deal with abstract questions; a sentence from the classics would be set

as a theme for a prize poem or a prose essay—the same literary method that is still pursued at Oxford. But a modern paper enquires about free trade and protection, labour and capital, national debts, coinage, the principles of naval power, and similar practical topics. At one examination there was a very suggestive question: "How do foreigners regulate the press, the post office, commerce, railways, banks, bank-notes, commercial schools, taxation; and how do they get trustworthy men?"

In Peking, the Examination Hall had disappeared and its site was assigned to a Parliament House which, according to the hopes of 1911, was to be the crown of 18 Provincial legislatures.

In the library at Changsha, there was the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The indemnity, devoted to education by the United States, was as a stream irrigating the mentality in the nation.

However whimsical might be the tradition of China, her scholars had been bound to recognize disease as an evil to be dealt with. Yet here again, thought had drifted away from fact. Dr. Geil told the story of an American physician who eliminated a diseased eye from a Chinese patient and inserted a glass substitute. Unfortunately the patient removed his glass eye in the presence of other Chinese and hastily popped it back again. An enraged mob saw in this magic a definite proof that missionaries made medicine out of children's eyes. And all that saved the mission was the intervention of the Mandarin.

In Nanking, Dr. Geil enquired about the medical profession, practiced under the old régime in the Celestial Empire. For the use of students, there was a dispensary; and as cholera had been raging, the Government had supplied western remedies, so indicating a progressive intention. But a Chinese philanthropist, not to be outdone as a patriot, added a supplementary prescription, worthy perhaps of permanent record:

Rhinoceros excrement .....	2	tsien
Baroos camphor .....	4	"
Alum .....	5	"
Nitrate of Potash .....	1½	"
Gold leaf .....	100	leaves
Urine sediment .....	8	tsien
Indigo refuse .....	5	"
Ephedra vulgaris .....	4	"
Borax .....	3	"
Lamp Black .....	1	oz.
Red sulphide of arsenic .....	1	"
Toad spittle cakes .....	1½	"
Soap tree pods .....	3	"
Cinnabar .....	2	"
Pearls .....	3	tsien
Musk .....	3	"

Mix and make into a fine powder.

At Chungking, in Szechuen, Dr. Geil was in due course to visit a headquarters of the industry in medicine. The Commissioner of Customs there showed him a catalogue of remedies two inches thick, all of the prescriptions native.

A book on medicine, dated 1662 and entitled "Iron Mirror," had been reprinted in 1910—"a handsome new edition." There are elaborate diagrams of babies' anatomy, quite in modern style, with advice where to stick in pins and apply the branding iron. If the left temple be rubbed by a man's hand, the patient will perspire; a woman's hand will stop the perspiration. For the right temple, the sexes must be reversed. The sick were warned that "everybody cannot be healthy."

It was significant, then, that Chinese students should be found with their eyes glued to the microscope. Modern medicine had arrived in the Far East and, during his last visit, there were to be found excellent Chinese doctors trained on Western principles.

The trouble with the Chinese, disclosed by these observations, has never been decadence. To be worshiped or honored as an ancestor was an aim in life that prevented that. "What do you want when you are grown up?" a boy of six

years old was asked. "Marry a wife and have a son," was the prompt reply. On Nan Yo, multitudes of pilgrims were drawn by the filial piety which, on the one hand, moves men to adore their grandfathers, and on the other hand, inspires in them the desire themselves to be grandfathers also. If the burning of paper had meant no more than the expression of such wholesome hopes and instincts, the Chinese family would have been near to the Christian ideal.

China is a land where there are genuine homes. With a present population of 200,000 or thereabouts, Sianfu was planned as a rectangle, roughly two miles by three, a curious anticipation of town-planning in the United States. Beyond these formal limits, there had been developed suburbs, and many of the mansions were of great beauty. Their gardens, with old trees and graceful bridges, were a dream of dignified tranquillity.

But amid these sanities, the Chinese were living also in a world unreal. They worshiped not only their ancestors, but demons. In order to locate those devils, religious institutions had been built throughout the country. Haunted by spirits who followed him into his office, his palanquin and even behind the curtains of his unfeathered bed, the devotee spent time and money in the hope of a good riddance from so shadowy an inconvenience.

To the city of Hankow, six hundred miles up the river, Dr. Geil paid more than one visit. At this "hub of the universe" was a composite metropolis, with a population of "perhaps a million, the mart of eight provinces" with water communication to two others. The old and the new were seething as in a cauldron. In the official city of Wuchang, across the river, fortune-telling was patronized by nearly half of the men and almost all of the women. The practitioners were often blind and Dr. Geil identified ten methods of divination. Stringed tambourines and other instruments were used, and discs, birds and spinning metal. In the streets, a wizard would be paid a hundred cash or

five cents; at an establishment, the fee would run up to ten or twelve taels—say seven dollars.

In the economic development of China, these superstitions were inconvenient. Here was a country with the largest coal deposits in the world, still unmined lest shafts be driven into the body of the Great Dragon, whose serrated backbone slept within the hills of the horizon. So with gold, so with silver; and at a clap of thunder, heads were bowed in fear.

Lanchow was a city of "eight sceneries," including a Lily Pool that, with its attendant temples and pagodas far surpassed the Frog Pond of Boston which Oliver Wendell Holmes had defended against Edgar Allan Poe. Exquisite too was the Wo Bridge—a bridge in every respect worthy of the best in Venice. But there were also symptoms of modernity—pillar boxes for mail, for instance, and an American bridge across the river, which was even then under construction by the engineers. This replaced a bridge of twenty-four boats, bound by straw cables, six inches in diameter and anchored by chains to iron posts—a relic sixty years old which had to be removed each winter. The American engineers insisted that, even if there be a drought as punishment, they must be permitted to drive their caissons into the back of whatever dragon lurked in the Hwang Ho. By their contract they guaranteed the new bridge for one hundred years unless the dragon destroy it! If that should happen, the company would not be held responsible.

Hunan had her Fifth Avenue, worth seeing, the Street of Shining Happiness. In shops, low and open, the fabrics rivaled the rainbow. In satin a lady's robe cost 16 taels or 10 dollars gold. For a costume, an actor would pay as much as ten times that sum. Second-hand goods were known as "Ancient Regulations."

But across Wuchang, with its lakes, ran the Serpent Hill. When a new road was blasted through this ridge, a car-bundle appeared on the Viceroy's neck. To Chinese doctors here was proof positive that the backbone of the serpent had

been wounded. A progressive Viceroy, therefore, spent 600 taels on filling in the road, and the carbuncle on his neck disappeared.

Paddled to a muddy shore which he reached by a slippery plank, Dr. Geil noticed how rickety in Nanking were the rickshas in which he drove into the city. A good road, ten miles long, led from the river past the vice-regal Yamen or mansion. Its maker, the progressive governor Chang Chih-tung, author of *China's Only Hope*, thereby earned the soubriquet, "the foreigner's slave."

In the Sining which Dr. Geil visited, the ancient and the modern were as dissolving views. The waterwheels, being horizontal, not vertical, wasted more power than they used. As a precaution against famine or rebellion, grain was stored, sufficient to support for a year, not only the city itself but an estimated 20,000 refugees from the country around. For the blind all the year round, there was a provision of half a pound of flour daily.

Yet sleeves were worn foreign fashion, that is, narrower and shorter. Small straw hats had come to stay. Police and troops—two hundred horse and two thousand foot—were in the western style, and the Amban who asserted China's authority over Tibet was a reality. Indeed, Tibet exported borax, rhubarb, musk, antlers, wool and beautiful sable furs, accepting in exchange foreign calico of a bright hue, colored thread, beads and pale blue silk for "The Scarf of Blessing."

Into the realms where fancy swept over fact as the wind sweeps over a forest, the missionary entered with his western faith and his western science. At Shanghai the Presbyterian Press, possibly the largest printing establishment in Asia, was employing 250 Chinese and turning out eighty million pages of literature every year, and most of the Chinese officials, needing English had been educated in mission schools.

At Nanking, Dr. Geil found the only Y.M.C.A. then built in China. It was not yet complete, but cost 2,500 gold



dollars. Designed for the students of the University, it embodied a "most sane and sensible effort."

The result of the new teaching—indeed of contact with the west taken as a whole—was what can only be described as an explosion. The touch of Europe and America was like a spark that suddenly unites gases, the volume of which is far greater than itself. In the year 1909, when Dr. Geil was visiting the capitals, the upheaval was unmistakable, and its effects greatly interested him.

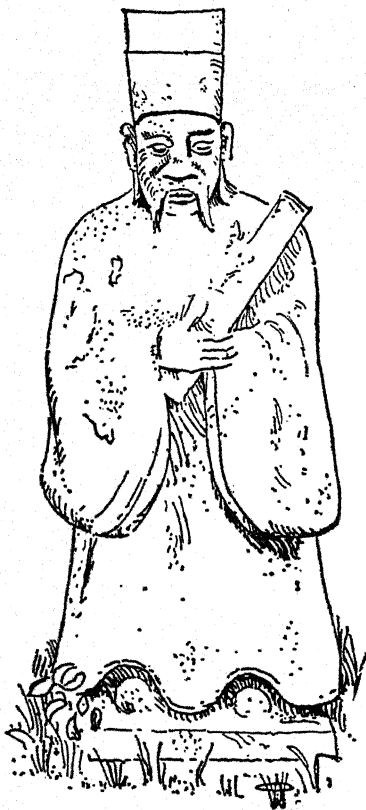
Of Li Hung Chang, the Explorer has recorded the saying that "he did not have ink in his stomach." Neither did a greater than Li Hung Chang have ink in his stomach. Two thousand years ago, as Dr. Geil reminds us, the great Chin using Sianfu as his capital, destroyed the Chinese literature of his day. The picturesque explanation is that he wished history to start from his own reign. Be that as it may, he set a precedent.

Yet even Chin himself was unable to eradicate so Chinese an accomplishment as the art of letters. In order to circumvent the imperial censorship, the scholars began to write on silk instead of bamboo, which by reducing the bulk of a book, made it easier to conceal; and at the same time, the stylo was replaced by the brush, which form of pen was invented by the very general who built Chin's Wall. At first, the later Monarchs paid scant attention to the renaissance of learning. "What do I want with schools?" asked one of these realists. "I got the Empire on horseback." But, in due course, there arose that great potentate of the Mings, Yung Lo, who founded Peking. In 1408 A.D., he produced "the Grand Encyclopædia," of which Mr. Lionel Giles of the British Museum gave to Dr. Geil this brief account:

This gigantic collection of literature on every conceivable subject was originally produced (in MS.) at Nan-king in 1408 A.D., by an imperial commission consisting of five chief directors, twenty sub-directors and no fewer than 2,169 subordinates. It comprised 22,877 separate

parts and an index of 60 parts in 11,100 volumes, each half an inch thick, 1 foot 8 inches long and 1 foot broad. Laid flat one on top of another, the volumes would make a column over 460 feet in height, or considerably higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. There were, roughly, 917,480 pages in the whole work. Each page contained 16 columns averaging 25 characters to each, or a total of 366,-

992,000 characters. In 1421, the encyclopedia was transferred to Peking. The work of printing was found to be too costly, but in 1567, two complete copies were made, and the original, together with one of the copies, sent back to Nanking, where they perished by fire in 1644, at the downfall of the Ming dynasty. The other copy was housed in the Hanlin College at Peking, where it was destroyed by the Boxers in 1900. A few odd volumes were saved by foreigners. One of these was sent home and presented to the British Museum by my brother, and two others have recently been acquired by the same institution. They are in an excellent state of preservation.



The Annals of old China are an astonishing admixture of sense and nonsense, of fact and fiction, of the important

and the trivial. But whatever be their many absurdities, it is true of them to say, as Dr. Geil himself says, that, for two thousand years this literature and literature like it, have been the food of the Chinese mind. Yet in 1910, this was the literature which, in the spirit of Chin, the awakened intellect of China was everywhere condemning to the wastepaper basket. The attack was not on Christianity, not on Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton but on the product of the Chinese brain itself. As Dr. Geil says:

It is quite an ordinary thing for temples to be converted into schools. . . . Then indeed the old hopes are being fulfilled and future blessings are still being assured by these places. Scholars may regret the passing of the classics, yet they see the prospect of a wider knowledge among the masses of the people.

We see then this curious situation. The Chinese students were like pioneers who with the ax blazed their trail through the overgrowth of the too prolific jungle. A western enthusiast then came along and, with the zeal of a botanist, collected rare plants before it was too late. Assisted by Viceroy, missionaries and professors, Dr. Geil acquired any text of value that he could lay his hands upon. Nay more, he did his utmost—more perhaps than any other scholar—to present these records to the western world in a form, at once accurate and popular. His books do not bear reading merely twice. They deserve it; they require it; and no one who masters them will have failed to acquire at least a working knowledge of the Chinese mentality.

It might have been supposed that Dr. Geil, with his devotion to the archives of Kweilin and Sianfu, had become more Chinese than the Chinese themselves. No statement could be further from the truth.\* He wished to preserve the records of the past. But in dealing with those records, never was his faculty of criticism allowed to fall into abeyance. If he quoted what was extravagant, he did not de-

fend it as if it were normal, nor did he suppose that the brain which had so often achieved the absurd would be suddenly elevated into an infallibility.

From the records of Sianfu, we select two examples of what would be lost if the Chinese annals were obliterated. First, there are the rules dated 1700 of a debating society:

"By-law X, Article First: This club shall meet three times in a moon, namely, on the first, eleventh, and twenty-first, precisely at noon. No wine or strong drink shall be used, nor shall any form of invitation be issued.

"Article Second: In the meetings of this club no references shall be made to the Imperial Court, nor are the characters and shortcomings of officials to be discussed. No more are private persons and families to be made a subject of discussion. Instead of foolish jesting, the language proper to be used will be that of the classical authorities, the Four Books, the Five Classics, together with philosophy and history."

"Truth," so continues the charter, "will be the object held in view, and discussions will require to be short." Also we have this:

"Article Third: In the discussions care must be taken to maintain calmness. When any difference arises, means must be found to settle the difficulty. No one must consider that he alone is in the right and everybody else is in the wrong."

"Cautions for a student" were also pertinent:

- "1. Pride not thyself on thy literary attainments, nor excuse thyself from paying due respect to thy father and thine elder brother.
- "2. Allow not thyself to show disrespect to members of thine own tribe or family.
- "3. In talking with thy superiors, mumble not thy words, and recline in an easy attitude, ner look askance.
- "4. In public meetings, speak not noisily; nor deport thyself as though there were no one near thee.
- "5. Call not on superior officers in hope of promotion, under pretence of submitting thine exercises for correction.

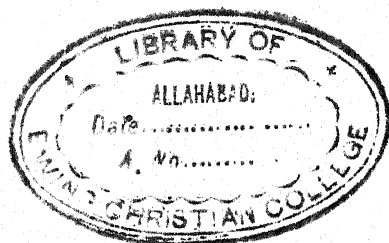
- "6. Borrow not books; or, having borrowed, fail not to return them clean.
- "7. Have no intercourse with astrologers, phrenologists, and their like; nor use planchette to communicate with the spirit world.
- "8. Read no novels, nor comic stories, nor any kind of book that is not useful.
- "9. Draw up no pleadings for a lawsuit, nor meddle in private quarrels.
- "10. Indulge not in amateur theatricals for amusement.
- "11. On days for meeting ask no leave of absence," etc.

The planchette was a pen hung loosely over a table strewn with flour at which sat the enquirers.

In the Annals of Sianfu, there was laid down a code of social etiquette. For instance, a man must not look his daughter-in-law in the face. Nor must an elder brother touch the hand of his younger brother's wife.

Also, we have the delightful anecdote of the Emperor Yang Sui—"the Goat Follower"—who used to drive in a carriage, drawn by that excellent animal. Ladies, desiring the honor of a visit from him would seek to attract the favor of the goats by sprinkling a trail of salt to their doors.

In Dr. Geil's papers, then, we see the mind of China stirred by contrary emotions. On the one hand, the Chinese were dispensing with and even ashamed of the old. On the other hand, they were restive under the idea that they owed the new to the foreigner. The pride of five thousand years was expressed in the suggestion that western science is no more than science which China lost when Chin burned her books.





### 5. *The Soul Within the Mind*

*When the Top Beams Are Not Level, the Lower Beams Are Lopsided.*

THE disgust of young China over the legends and superstitions of their country affected faith itself. For thousands of years, thousands of pilgrims had ascended the sacred mountains. But the number of such pilgrims was diminishing. It was thus at the very moment when the educated Chinese were leaving the mountains behind that the Explorer, in the interest of education, himself climbed to their summits.

For a description of these fascinating peaks with their prolonged flights of stairs, their deep and overhung gorges, the precipices to which, on a narrow ledge, the pilgrim must cling by chains, the razor-like ridges of rock along which steps are cut for the bound feet of the women, the frequent arches of a sacred significance, the tablets and the temples and the tombs, I must refer the reader to Dr. Geil's own book,\* with its wealth of anecdote and its unique gallery of photographs. How the road up Tai Shan was planned crooked, either for ease of progress or to defeat the evil spirits, how the hermit on Hua Shan lived in a cave, only

\* The sacred 5 of China. Murray and Houghton Mifflin.

to be approached by timbers, secured to the cliff by wooden pins, the exquisite delicacy of the Silver Thread Waterfall—all this can be merely suggested. Writes Dr. Geil:

When we arrived at the 1,000-Foot Bare Cliff, we began to realise what Mr. Chao Ping Wen meant. The gradient stiffens, the huge iron chains are hung so that the pilgrim may revert to old quadrumanous habits, so far as to use hands as well as feet for hauling up. Presently the path enters a cliff, with a name that is not only pictorial but exact, the Thousand Foot Cliff, and higher up there is the 100-foot Ravine, pictorial enough in all good conscience. It is a stupendous vertical live rock unshrouded by moss or lichen. "Thy soul sinks into thy sandals,"—to quote the annals—and the pilgrim does indeed "climb by grasping," and by gasping! The steps convert themselves into a stone ladder, and the chains at the side or in the middle prove no sort of luxury, but a bare necessity.

An English lady gave a vivid account of a Chinese mother with a wee girl on her back, on pilgrimage in this fashion. "Up we go, brave heart." "But it is so dark, mother." "It will be light on top: catch hold again and pull." "But, mother, it is cold, and you are out of breath." "We shall see God at the top, darling."

It was China's endeavor to see God at the top that interested Dr. Geil. Why had these mountains been a millennial resort for millions of the devout?

If a pilgrim goes to Mecca, it is because Mohammed is there buried, and that is the only reason. On these mountains, too, many illustrious men and women have left their memorials and even their sepulchers. Tai Shan was honored by the presence of Confucius. You may see there, too, the blank tablet of Chin, who, on Hua Shan, also, the White Peak of the West, played chess with the gods.

If, however, the mountains were held sacred, it was for a reason, so we are told by Dr. Geil, that antedates all

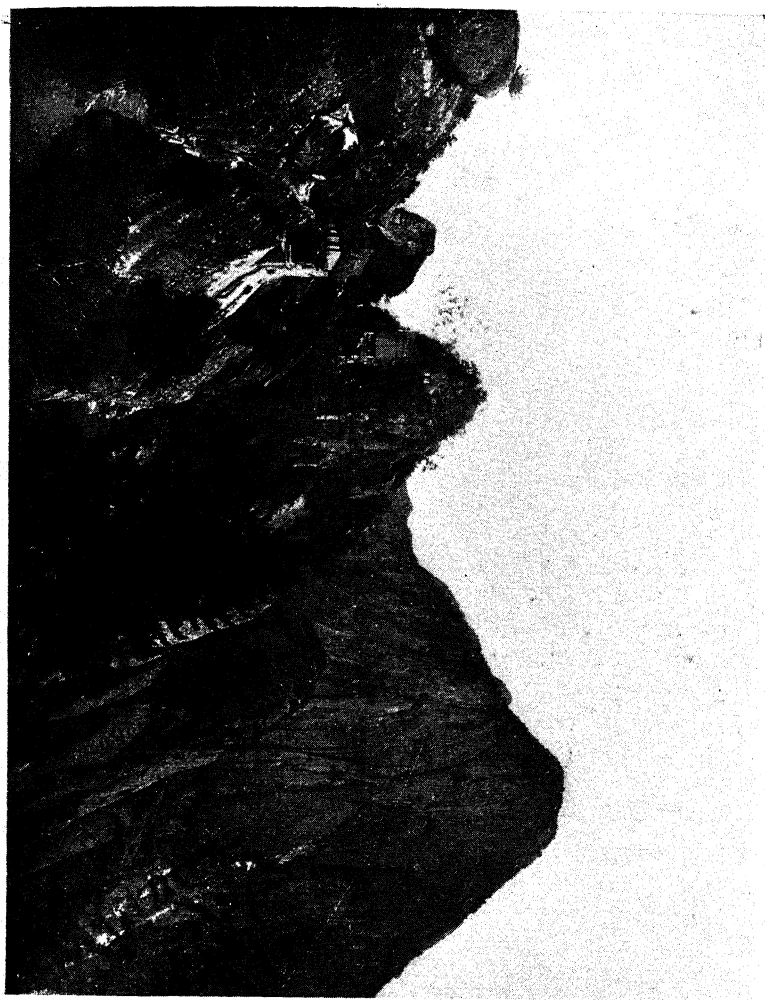
known names, however immortal. It was not Confucius, it was not Chin who hallowed Tai Shan. It was because Tai Shan was already hallowed that Chin and Confucius went there. The sacred mountains of China, like the sacred mountains of Canaan, were expressions of an instinct that transcends the individual and touches all mankind.

In these writings, we are able to review as a whole that age-long search for the unseen. The idea that the religion of China is Confucian hardly survives such evidence. If any teacher could have saved his country by instruction alone, it would have been Confucius. But he failed, and in one elaborate passage, Dr. Geil describes what would have been the sensations of the sage if he had returned and witnessed the worship accorded to his memory. The religion of reason, the religion of morals, left something in man without guidance. Neither Confucius nor Lao Tzu had conferred on the mountains their "immemorial flavor of sanctity." According to Dr. Geil, "men believed in mountain spirits, in currents of influence ascending and descending, in hill spectres, before any thinker thought to codify and rationalize these beliefs." He quotes Henry James who tells us that men always have prayed and always will.

To the various influences and especially Buddhism which have affected the subconscious soul of China, Dr. Geil devoted his deepest thought and most patient study. He visited Yunnan, the loftiest of China's capitals and beautifully situated on a lake 6,700 feet above the sea level, where quaint craft were curiously reflected on the waters, which, like Galilee, were, however, subject to storms. There he was able to discern the growth of French influence—first, shown by officials gathering knowledge and later by the railway. Here was a contact with Siam and Burmah and Dr. Geil heard discussions of what might be the result of India and China uniting their civilizations. China, it was thought, would dominate India in politics but, as religion, Hinduism was "like a python, able to swallow and digest nearly any-



PILGRIM'S PATH, HUA SHAN





thing." In the city there were traces of Southern Asia, for instance, the Indian arch where was said to be buried the skull of a certain Hwa Hsiong. Few Chinese passed under this arch. They walked around it. For the relic had the reputation of preventing your normal growth and even of subtracting cubits from your stature. That Dr. Geil dared the arch is history. Nor, as a consequence, did he lose aught of his height or weight.

To Dr. Geil it appeared to be obvious that, confronted by the challenge of the Twentieth Century, Buddhism would fail to hold its own. To the Buddhist, doubtless, China owes the pagoda, but at Chengtu, Dr. Geil saw how idols were cleared out of the temples which were used later as schools and public offices. The Buddhism of the sacred mountains, however prevalent and persistent, was merely the cuckoo that laid its eggs in a strange nest.

Nor had Islam gripped the soul of China. On his journey up the Yangtze, the Explorer was much interested in a Viceroy and a son of a Viceroy, called Ts'en Kung Po, who had to handle the Moslems.

Born of aboriginal blood in the Province of Kwangsi, Ts'en not only lost his father but was humiliated by the remarriage of his mother. He took an academic degree, turned bandit and fled to Yunnan where he invested 200 taels out of his gains in purchasing an office. When he rose to be Viceroy, his mother frequently sought his favor but his only recognition of her was a present of silver.

Never did thief set about more zealously to catch thieves. During a fire, he donned civilian dress and, so disguised, joined the crowds in the street. Seeing a looter, he rebuked him and the man answered him back. Ts'en's rejoinder was to unsheath his heavy sword and cut the fellow in two. As a young man, he was said to have dreamed that he would be the death of ten thousand evildoers, and it is stated that, in one house, since occupied by the China Inland Mission, he signed that number of death warrants, killing many of his victims with his own hand. Spirits of the dead pursued

him and no doctor could lay them to rest. Nor would Ts'en see a missionary. So he died, and to his image incense was burned. When an epidemic swept over a number of villages, the peasants declared that Viceroy Ts'en was carrying on his wars in the nether regions.

What faced Ts'en was the Mohammedan or Panthay Rebellion. "Paradise under the shadow of swords"—this was the battle-cry of Islam, and, fighting under the Green Flag, the rebels smashed the idols, afterwards stripping them of precious metal, if any, and searching their interiors for hidden treasures. In rebellion, one Moslem was a match for ten Chinese. So powerful had been the Moslems that the Chinese had been prevented from keeping pigs and selling pork in the market.

At Talifu, in the lakeland, a city the best fortified in Western China, Dr. Geil saw the capital of the brief Moslem State. His camera was there carried by a Mohammedan, "Sweet Smelling Garden Wood" by name, who told him of the Old Brothers' Club, a secret society that created much disorder. Possibly, the war started between the pork butchers who were idolaters and the beef butchers who were Moslems. Anyway, the Moslems had a leader called "The Good-looking Literary Sprout," and he allowed the Chinese to stay in the city provided that they ceased to shave. It took the Imperialists a year to recapture the city when, after facing his conqueror, the Moslem king swallowed gold in solution and died in his chair. Of his followers, from twenty to thirty thousand were then slain, and, hoping to become as brave as the Moslems, the Chinese—so it was said—boldly ate the stout hearts of slaughtered rebels. This, by the way, is a tradition which was challenged by certain of Dr. Geil's correspondents.

The Moslems were also crushed by a Mandarin who accused them of killing his father and so aroused the country to massacre. The Moslems were offered a choice between death and eating half a pound of swine-flesh.

In the hill country, then, there were still Mohammedans,

not pure Celestials, but the offspring of Persian Arabs and Chinese women. By the bridge of the nose could they be distinguished. A Moslem escort, employed by Dr. Geil, though sixty years of age, ran like a deer and in Chutung the Explorer happened to see such a man wearing buttons stamped with Queen Victoria's head. About 200 Moslem families resided there, and a mullah was teaching the Koran in Arabic to sixty boys. The niche of the Mosque was towards Mecca, and five times a day the mullah said prayers, preaching on Sunday to a congregation of eighty faithful. For his son, suffering from skin disease, the Explorer prescribed soap and lard. The mullah hesitated at the use of "swine fat." Finally, he said, "I will use it for medicine."

To sum up, in China, as elsewhere, the Moslem did not easily live side by side with men of other faiths.

Among the strange races in that remote region there were pacifists—the Mizo Taz—who like Quakers avoided lawsuits, stealing and begging. One regrets to add that they often served as slaves to the I Ren, a proud tribe that worships the tablets of its ancestors, carried for that purpose in little baskets.

The ancient annals of China suggested that, for two thousand years, the Jews had lived in China. A headquarters of this community was Taifeng, but in the fifties they suffered a flood, pulled down their buildings, sold their materials, some of which were built into a mosque, and in some cases turned Buddhist. Only seven families remained and they had no Hebrew scrolls. Indeed, they could not read Hebrew. But they ate no pork, they worshiped no idols, they burned no incense to their ancestors.

Several imported religions, then, had endeavored to express the subconscious instincts which drew the Chinese to their sacred mountains. Several imported religions had failed. Yet Dr. Geil was utterly skeptical of a merely secular solution of the problems, confronting the Empire. "You might as well try," said he, "to sink one of the American gunboats in the Hwangpu with a popgun as to

attempt to eliminate superstition or idolatry with what we call 'western learning' or 'civilization.'"

The question of questions, therefore, was whether the Christian Cause would succeed. It was not a question that Dr. Geil answered with a hasty affirmative. "The experiment," wrote he in 1903, "has failed twice."



A thousand years ago, the Persians sent missionaries, with books. But the Chinese Church was cut off from its communications with the west and faded away. There remains today little more of that enterprise than the famous monument of the Nestorians in Sianfu and a tablet on Hua Shan which bears the motto, "This is the Right Place to worship the White Spirit"—words that may allude to the early gospel.

Secondly, the Roman Catholics sent Jesuits and Francis-

cans to China. But it could not be said that, after centuries of effort, they had converted the nation. It was now the turn of the Protestants, and their appeal to China, also, had been threatened.

The poet Tung had said that "he who stands in the lap of the mountain to behold it, does not know the real face of Tai Shan." Hence, the Explorer visited a Temple of Hell, some few miles distant and so viewed the Peak. This "Plutonium," as Dr. Geil called it, was the rendezvous of ten men, carrying red lamps, who called themselves the Righteous Harmony Fists. They were believed to be possessed of spells that rendered them invulnerable. They were the Boxers.

In graphic terms the Explorer describes how the Empress Dowager, with her endless line of carts, her eunuchs, her puppet boy and her seals of state, was halted outside Huo-lu-hsien and advised to take refuge—where? In the China Inland Mission!

The Boxers were suppressed. In the very birthplace of the movement, they were discredited.

The priest in charge, when asked by me what punishment was due to those who massacred foreigners in their midst, led me to that department of his Hell where devils are depicted fitting red-hot, square, iron caps to the heads of their victims.

"That," adds Dr. Geil, "is because they failed." But he points out that the Buddhist priests, though severe on the Boxers, were cultivating the "atmosphere of superstition," out of which "such societies arise."

Grave as had been the menace of the Boxers to Evangelical missions, it had not meant "the third failure" of the Christian cause in China. These missions, studied in the early years of the twentieth century, seemed "to have more vitality" than either the Nestorian or the Jesuit endeavors. The missions "had bowed before the storm," and they now "arose with new vigor when the flesh had spent itself."

The Explorer appreciated the motives which led missionaries of an earlier period to wear the pigtail. But he doubted the wisdom of this sympathetic diplomacy.

To begin with, it was what he hated—an artificiality. The pigtail, as in his own case, was not always grown by the wearer, and ironical were the comments of the Chinese when this appendage to the coiffure of a missionary from Cambridge in England caught on a stanchion and was detached. The foreigner without a pigtail was called “a true devil”; with a pigtail, he was only “a false devil.”

In addition, the pigtail as a mark of obedience to the Manchus, was detested by the Chinese of progressive ideas. “The gospel of Christ” did not “require the people to remain subservient to the oppression of rotten Governments”; and whatever might have been the argument for the pigtail before the Boxer Rebellion, it ought now to be abolished or at least to be made optional.

With every visit that he made to China, Dr. Geil became more conscious of and more sympathetic with Chinese susceptibilities. But in 1903, he did not hesitate to express the view that the civilization of the west had advanced further than the civilization of China. On the whole, he was not in favor of missionaries wearing Chinese costume, and even in Chinese costume, they should be well-dressed. What he said at that time, whether of the pigtail or the costume, has been justified by later developments among the Chinese themselves; and a somewhat parallel case has been the disappearance of the fez and the veil in Turkey.

Here there arises the interesting question whether the form of Christianity, to be adopted by China, is to be different in its essence and direction from the Christianity of Europe. Dr. Geil does not allow us to forget that the conception of a distinctively Chinese gospel is not new.

In 1853, Nanking became the headquarters of the T'ai-p'ing Rebels. Besieged by the Manchus, it was defended by a girdle of 140 forts, amid horrors including cannibalism, which recall the capture of Jerusalem. One survivor called





TOWARDS GOD AT THE TOP, HUA SHAN

Yin was interviewed in 1903 by Dr. Geil. He remembered a service in the T'ai-p'ing army at which the officers knelt with the soldiers, repeating twenty-four sentences, beginning, "Praise God! Praise Jesus Christ! Praise the Holy Spirit!" At the conclusion of the service, paper was ceremonially burned. When Nanking was subdued, most of the defenders were executed, some cheerily rubbing their necks and saying, "My neck itches here; please take my head off." Dr. Geil compared the T'ai-P'ings with the Puritans under Cromwell, and, writing before the event, he prophesied that, like the Stuarts, the Manchus would enjoy but a brief restoration. As the Puritans mutilated gothic statuary, so did the T'ai-P'ings "unbuild" Nanking's porcelain tower.

The T'ai-P'ing Rebellion with its "leaning to a vague Christianity" and its mines at Changsha, charged with gunpowder packed in coffins, so far from being a blessing to China, merely demonstrated the value of walls to her cities.

After experiences so terrible, Nanking was, perhaps, unfriendly to missions. "Foreign devil, devil words," greeted the evangelists, and men avoided food offered by Christians while women feared, that, at the mission, trap-doors might engulf them. One circumstance did, however, assist the evangelical enterprise. The Chinese firmly believed that suicides haunt their former homes. "After the two sieges," says Dr. Geil, grimly, "every well in the city has at one time or another been full of women." The haunted houses, therefore, could be secured by foreigners at a bargain. According to one fortune-teller, the reason why China had so many ghosts was that Christianity had driven them out of America. Be that as it may, sorcerers were hired, and Taost priests, and Buddhist monks, to exorcise these spirits by "chant and drum."

To Dr. Geil it was obvious that the Christian Faith which is essential to the Christian Church throughout the world would be found essential also to the Christian Church in China. "How wonderful," wrote he, in words that were

among the last of his to be printed, "is the association of ideas."

There, on the slopes of Heng Shan, the people suffered from drought. The missionaries were ordered to procure rain. "God alone can give rain," they answered, "we cannot"; and they were slain by the Chinese as a sacrifice.

Next day the rain fell in copious showers and the official, responsible for the murder of the missionaries, told the people that his prayers had been answered. He advised his colleagues at Tientsin to secure a good harvest by slaying other missionaries.

Through the grim horror of this incident, the Explorer realized that the mind of the Mandarin was dimly groping after the eternal law of Atonement, "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins"; and, so argued the Mandarin, the more precious the blood the more powerful the sacrifice. The usual victim had been an ox. But, in the emergency, missionaries were substituted.

Often, in lecturing upon the Sacred Mountains, Dr. Geil would draw the contrast between Taishan on the extreme edge of Asia to the East where, before the dawn, a red ox was sacrificed for the sins of the people at the same time in history when, at the western edge of the Asian continent, upon the sacred mount of Calvary, the Son of God was pouring out His life in the sacrifice that transcends all the blood of beasts on whatever altar they may be slain. "Eternal in his desire for immortality," man everywhere seeks and has always sought a release from the sins that are the death of his race.



## 6. *The Book That Never Was Written*

*How Many Pens Have Been Broken and How Much Ink Has Been Spilt.*

I N an earlier page, I confessed to an especial interest in the struggles of William Edgar Geil as a student. They seemed to me to illustrate a phase of life which is characteristic of the very spirit of the United States. I cannot but think that the close of his career, like the opening, offers a somewhat similar fascination. We have here a record of actuality, a record which he himself tapped out on his typewriter at the time, disclosing perhaps more than he realized. Occasionally, it happens that a man, not dreaming of the importance which may be attached to his experiences, leaves behind him a narrative which throws a revealing light on the circumstances of his period.

On his return from China, he was, of course, a man in his

fifties. There was really no need for him to undergo added exertions. He loved his home. Many people, who had met him only at lectures, were surprised by the ease and quiet charm with which, as a host, he would bid them, in Chinese phrase, to consider that everything in the house was theirs. Many of them would have been pleased if he had talked more to them about his travels. I cannot but think that he owed some touch of his skill in hospitality to the blood of old France which ran in his veins. Possibly the importance which is attached in the East to a gracious consideration for the susceptibilities of others enabled him to hold in reserve his strong opinions of persons and principles. His friends were amazed one day by the gentle patience with which, at his table, he suffered a guest to depreciate his own view that, in the war, the balance of justice lay with the Allies.

His health was not what it had been. As his papers show, he had been reduced by Africa to such a condition that, on reaching London, the slightest scratch on hand or foot left a poisoned sore. His heart was affected and it is, perhaps, a wonder that he was able in subsequent years to undergo the exhausting enterprises of which there has been a description.

Possibly, he had yet to learn the art of leisure. Having finished one thing he wanted to start another. It may have been so. But what concerns us here is the fact that the impulse, whatever it was, which drove him forth again, happened to synchronize with a certain situation. We may call it mere coincidence. At least, it suggests that play of the individual on environment which is one kind of drama.

The years that followed the Armistice were years of a spiritual and ethical chaos. Landmarks which had seemed to be fundamental, disappeared; creeds were abandoned; customs were changed; the very language of piety, formerly respected, was ridiculed. To some of the disputants, it might be a reformation; to others it was an apostasy.

The attack was no longer on the outworks of the faith—

on inspiration, on miracles, on certain historicities. In universities and colleges, sophomores sneered at the very existence of the Supreme Being Himself, and seniors calmly discussed the merits of a trial marriage. To the Providence of God, to His presence among men, to the reality of the Christ within, there appeared to be no witness to which the multitude would listen. The most popular writers of the day owed their popularity to the ease with which they ignored or ridiculed the Church of Christ, the cause of Christ and the worship of Christ. It was all, they said, absurd. Much of it, they added, was hypocrisy.

Whatever else is to be said of all this, one thing is certain. It meant an abandonment of much that William Edgar Geil had held to be the truth of life. I do not suggest that he was greatly disturbed by what was happening. After all, his own citadel was well guarded. Still, it may be that, without intending it, he played a distinctive part in a confused situation.

Sometimes we are taken at our word. It happened that he was reading the final scenes between Our Lord and Peter in which the ultimate witness of the Apostle was foretold. "The last thing," wrote William Edgar Geil in his Bible, "the last thing that a man can do is to glorify God by his death." That this should be what was so soon to occur, cannot have entered, so I think, the mind of the writer. But it does show into what keeping he had resigned his destinies.

His idea at the moment was that some good might be done if he could write another book, different in scope from his books of travel. His description of the five sacred mountains of China was not yet published. But already his thought had leaped across half the world from Shantung, the Holy Land of Eastern Asia to the still holier land of Asia, in the West—the cradle of Christianity itself. There he would go; there he would seek his inspiration.

In the Forest of Tablets, as he called his library, memoranda, letters, clippings, photographs, diaries had accumu-

lated literally by tens of thousands, the vast dêbris of an abundant activity. Here is a scrap of paper on which, years earlier, he had scribbled the words, "Why not write . . . a superior geographical reader on Palestine."

It was no geographical reader, however superior, that he now contemplated. "The whole heart of the Explorer," writes that scholarly and reverent missionary, Dr. W. M. Christie, pastor of "The Scots Kirk" at Tiberias, "was turned to a study of the life and work and movements of the Lord Jesus Himself," and it was the truth. "I should like to have it," so we read in the diary, "the LAST BOOK I shall ever write." To reap the harvest of a world-wide observation, to gather his experiences into one coherent whole and to lay all that he had done, all that he had seen, all that he had learned as a tribute at the feet of Unseen Love, that was his absorbing desire, his intense and consuming purpose.

He was convinced that the Christ, incarnate in history, was obscured by a scholarship which developed remote from the Galilee and the Judea where He had lived and died. To reveal the Christ as He had been seen by human eyes and heard by human ears and felt by human touch—that was to be his compelling task.

The journey began, to all appearances, as did ten thousand other journeys. For himself and his Comrade, as he called his wife, the Explorer engaged a stateroom on the *S. S. Berengaria*, sailing from New York on November 27, 1924. The morrow was a Thursday. Being that Thursday it was Thanksgiving.

The program was simple. They would be in Palestine for Christmas. They would remain there for Easter. In the Holy Land, therefore, they would spend the Holy cycle, following the life of lives from the cradle to the grave—and beyond. Then they would do their best to share with others a happiness so unspeakable.

They stood together, the Explorer and his Comrade, leaning over the rail and watching the tugs as they nosed

the great liner into the fairway. "It is like Peter and John lending a hand to the Christian Church as she set forth on her voyage," so remarked the Comrade. "She starts for the Land of the Book," he wrote, "well equipped for seeing parables everywhere."



Conscious that New York was "the greatest Hebrew city in the world," he remarked playfully that "the passenger list listed heavily Zionward." In a sense other than he intended, it was yet another true word spoken in jest.

They encountered bad weather, but how courageous was the Comrade! How persistent were the beauty and fragrance of the basket of flowers which had been given to her by her friends in Doylestown. He was fascinated by the



great ship, built by Germans, and equipped with German fittings, yet navigated by Britain.

The tour proceeded quite according to plan. As usual the observations were human, varied and multitudinous, a bewildering kaleidoscope of sacred and secular, one moment a prayer in a mosque—the next a donkey in a ditch. After all, Palestine was undergoing an epoch. Wherever else the horizons were changing, nowhere was the change so obvious, so rapid as here. The country had just passed from Turkish to British rule.

A difference was already to be noticed. In Hebron, there was "an absence of smells" and "the streets were cleaner." While the slums and filth of Tiberias were still shocking, Jerusalem was "vastly improved"—this despite evil odors which still "insulted the nostrils." The city, too, "was probably as nearly fireproof as any city in the world of its size." The scavengers of the East were losing their sustenance. "Cats," wrote the Explorer, "are plentiful and plump but dogs are scarce."

Social conditions were developing along modern lines. They noticed a shepherd boy still armed with his sling and the Comrade hoped that David washed more often than did he; also, she advocated a Society for the Propagation of Handkerchiefs. But, on the other hand, you could consult a dentist. The usual amenities of life were rapidly under elaboration.

Once more, as twenty years earlier, the vision of the Christ of yesterday had to be imagined on a background of the actual today. Antique plows might be pulled by camels but there were trains running to Beersheba. The hot baths used by the Romans in Galilee were open under German management at prices determined according to privacy and cleanliness.

A woman was still a creature of burden. There, at Tiberias, you could see her trudging into town with bundles of sticks on her back. At the door of her black tent, a Bedouin matron, clad in blue, sat wearily seesawing a skin

churn over her knee. In Judea, two women walked on foot while their man rode a donkey.

Of seeing things, the Comrade did her share. At Nazareth, it was not enough to think of a memory infinitely tender. At Nazareth, there was wealth and poverty. There was a poor paralyzed woman who, in the town of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord, lay on a western bed that could give her no comfort and complained that she had nobody to love her or care for her.

There was, too, that truly Dantesque cave where a blind woman, tattooed of face and ragged of costume, crouched over the deadly fumes of a charcoal brazier while a small boy, almost if not totally sightless, sat at the entrance, his little fists clenched in the quiet of absolute despair.

Yet could it be said that from the Nazareth of today, the Christ was wholly absent and invisible? To see a missionary physician like Dr. Bathgate on his rounds among the sick and suffering was to see a living epistle of the Church, present in the service of man, still healing, still bringing peace, the work of His Spirit. The promises of the Resurrection were there, in actual obvious fulfillment—there in the twentieth century.

Take the granddaughter of that same old blind woman who lived in the cave that Dante might have described. Anger as well as love may be incarnate and incarnate anger in the person of her husband had stabbed this woman in the abdomen. What saved her life? Nothing on earth but the immediate effective aid of a hospital that would have had no existence, had not Christ died for the sins of the world.

The portrait of the historic Christ surrounded by the institutions of His day, however full it might be of truth, of beauty, of allusion, of worship, of utter faith in His power over wind and wave and disease and death, could not be complete without the witness to Christ, here and now—no less a Christ than He had been—indeed, the Christ of the greater victories.

The Comrade paid a call on a Moslem home of the wealthier type. The husband, a man with "piercing dark eyes, hooked nose and a moustache above his very firm mouth," wore European clothes. But before a wife died, there had been two of them, and the survivor, entering from the street, was wearing the black Moslem costume, with veil. Here, again, was the past, trembling on the brink of the present.

The room was furnished, quite in the old style. There were divans around the wall, two of them old and worn, the others beautiful with blue velvet and embroidery of silver. On a sideboard there stood four huge lamps for ornament only; two other lamps adorned the center table; and from the roof there hung a chandelier of crystal, though this had no lights at all. Of the two rugs on the floor, one was Persian and the other was hideous.

Mother and daughter had not yet shopped in Paris. One might be decked with bangles and earrings of gold; the other might display a golden necklace; but their clothes were loose and ill fitting, their stockings were of wool, their shoes were clogs.

The daughter could not speak English but when the Comrade said she was pretty, she laughed. "Trust a girl to understand a compliment in any language," was the Comrade's comment.

Indeed, there was no end to the oriental politeness. The tea was sweet with sugar. Similarly, the home had been "sweetened by the honor of the visitors' presence." Would they not remain for dinner? No? Then pass the cakes, pass the bonbons, let them be handed around and around and around.

One detail disclosed the trend of history. Before the day of reconstruction, the Explorer, when at Jezreel, had turned his camera on a Moslem and had had to hurry away from the place to avoid trouble. But in this Moslem home, there were now to be seen photographs on the walls. The edict of the prophet was defied; and, to give another case,

such a photograph of a dead daughter had been the one comfort of a sorrowing father.

The mind of Christ—where was it to be discerned? Here was Hanna the Dragoman, quite a character, who had lived all his life amid these scenes, to whom the Mount of Olives was as familiar as his doorstep. What of him? Incidentally, his father had sympathized with Allenby's Army but, having been set by the Turks to mend the roads, had been killed by British bullets. But this did not upset Hanna. It was Kismet.

But as an Arab, he was vocal, and not wholly an altruist. With Palestine becoming a modern state, he wanted to know

who would own it. Listening one day to service in a synagogue, Dr. Geil asked Hanna the Dragoman what the Jews had to pray for. "They pray," said the Arab, "to get the whole world."

"Palestine will be saved by American Jews," said one Zionist, and assuredly conquest by purchase was proceeding. To an Arab in Galilee, the Explorer said, "You do not appear to like the Jews," to which he answered, "Oh, yes, I like the Jews, but they want everything." In the Plain of Esdraelon, an Arab's father owned 15,000 acres and, fearing a purchase by the Jews, refused to sell them.

Near Beisan, this Arab had

employed a lawyer to register the lands and so secure them for their Bedouin owners.



How insistent still was the material even in the Holy Land! There was liberation indeed from the Turk. But there was no liberation from the ordinary motives which send men to lead their ordinary, scheming, selfish lives. Take the Jewish Colonies. Peoples were not yet agreed over their success or failure. There were about thirty of them and many Jews, unable to stand the hard farming, had died. One story was that Rothschild gave 8 piastres a day for work on the land which the Jews received and then substituted Arab labor at 5 piastres a day.

Another difficulty at any rate to Dr. Geil was the Sabbath. With the Moslem observing Friday, the Jew Saturday and the Christian Sunday, half the year might become a holiday. Even over so obvious a blessing to man as a day of rest in the week, the religions in the land of religion could not agree.

This Palestine, once so sacred, once so mysterious, was now over-run by tourists. On one day, there were a hundred of them to be seen at Nazareth—"ships that pass in the night," as Dr. Christie called them—mere transient visitors, who hurried over the ground, seeing the surface only. It seemed as if another veil had been rent in twain. Palestine had become one of the usual sights to be included in a personally conducted trip.

It was thus with a certain acquired skepticism that Dr. Christie, having concluded the Arabic Service in his Church one Sunday Morning, saw two strangers approach him. The skepticism was rapidly dispelled. Here was "a new and transparent personality," a man utterly different from the rest of the procession that passed through Nazareth. Kindred spirits were welcomed.

To Dr. Christie, the Explorer had no difficulty in opening his whole heart. His aim was not merely to "make a book." The book was to be the best that it was in him to write. For the book he must have the most accurate information that he could obtain. For the sake of the book, it was worth while to undertake the most minute observations—altitudes above

the sea, directions by compass, temperatures of the Jordan, birds, beasts, rocks, everything. Time was too short for the assembling of the facts that ought to adorn the supreme glory of the Life of Lives.

We can watch the little party setting out, day by day, on the arranged excursions. No fewer than 247 Dodge cars had been imported in three years, and it was strange to see Arabs using them. In order to achieve this "whirlwind tour," the Explorer chartered such a car, and Jehu himself could not have tested its caliber with more furious driving. Road or no road, the automobile was supposed to traverse the ravine and bound over the boulders—gasoline costing 60 cents a gallon. In the enthusiasm of the crusade for local color, all count of time was lost; hunger itself was hypnotized away.

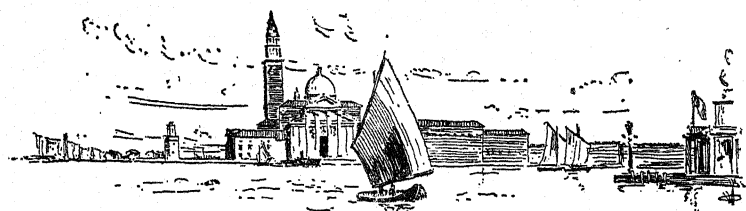
The intention was to supplement this material by months of study at the British Museum, but even the rough notes indicate how the Explorer's ideas were taking shape. He viewed Palestine as the convergence of radiating vistas, for instance, the most famous of all waterways, the Mediterranean, which "separates the Blacks and the Whites." Doubtless, it was "a small area" within which "Jesus restricted His goings." But within it, there were "all the elements of scenery anywhere—mountains, valleys, hills, rivers, springs, lakes—a snow line on Hermon—fertile soil—desert tracts—salt sea and fresh. As God makes the faces of men with no two alike, so out of this brief alphabet, does He spell the landscapes of the world."

Of course, there was much discussion of sites. Could Our Lord have been baptized in the Jordan as far south as Jericho and yet have reached Cana of Galilee in three days? Bethabara, below Bethshan, seemed both to Dr. Christie and to Dr. Geil, to be a much more probable scene for the sacred drama.

And was there any real conflict between the Sermon on the Mount as recorded by Matthew and the Sermon on the Plain as recorded by Luke? As Dr. Christie pointed out,

the ridge above Tell Hun appeared to be on a mount to the people of Capernaum who looked at it from below, and to be a plain to the people of Cæsarea, who approached it from above. Differences of language might be explained then by differences of altitude.

It seemed to be—all of this—so vital, so fascinating; indeed, it is vital, it is fascinating. But what did Hanna the Dragoman care about the altitude of Tel Hun? How did the altitude of Tel Hun affect the eyes of the blind boy in that cave of the witches? To keep the faith, to reveal the life meant more than to establish topography. The triumphs of topography could be left to others. The Explorer was a man who had fairly earned his promotion, and it was promotion that was now to be awarded.



## 7. *The Final Victory*

*This World Is but the Vestibule of the World to Come.*

MANY of us are in the habit of talking as if the test of a faith is logic or learning and up to a point we may be right. But the hardest test of any faith is neither learning nor logic but life itself. When the intellect is too weary to reason, then it is that there arises the ultimate question whether we can draw on the reserves of belief.

People who merely saw the gayety and good humor of William Edgar Geil had little idea that frequently he had to combat severe fits of depression. Possibly, it was due to the fever in his blood; at all events, he was not greatly assisted oftentimes by mere temperament. If he was cheerful among others, it was because he was courageous with himself. "This is the victory that overcometh the world," so he read in his Bible and so he believed, "even your faith."

About his attitude towards those who had failed, there was a real sympathy. He was asked why it was that so many of us fly to God for help when we are in trouble and then forget Him when the trouble is over. "We are very frail," he answered, adding, "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." One of his last acts before leaving home was to assist an old friend over a financial difficulty.

His faith was not only exact but exacting. On a day that scarcely could have been darker—it was, in fact, the very day before his death—he insisted serenely that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Was there



ever an affirmation more absolute in its apparent improbability? Was nothing ever to be considered a misfortune? Was pain itself to be accepted as a blessing? Was a man, when stricken, to declare with the Psalmist—"though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him"?

Returning to the plain prose of it, we note that the Pilgrim and his wife who was his Comrade in travel, suffered much, when in the Holy Land, from bad weather. It might be true, as they were told, that in Palestine, there were no more than sixty days of rain in the year, but they were days of hard rain, and this was the season that the Pilgrims had to face. The chances of travel thus included chill. One Sunday at Jerusalem, Dr. Geil's clothes had to be dried before he could attend public worship. At Tiberias, there had been a flood in the streets, two feet deep, and the rain was still "terrific." Wind from the lake drove the down-pour through the Pilgrims' window and their books were soaked. The state of the roads may explain Our Lord's saying, "Pray ye that your flight be not in winter," that is: in the season of rain.

But, rain or shine, there was the book to be written and the itinerary could not be discontinued. As usual, incident followed hard upon incident, and as usual the Explorer seized upon the incidents and hit them with a phrase. Motoring he would say was a battle between the four wheeler and the four legger. As the car swept by, the camels would sneer at such unseemly speed, and near Nazareth, a steer gallantly charged the machine and broke a lamp-glass. When Dr. Geil "let go his select Bedouin talk," he noticed that the dogs understood him better than the Arabs, who also were short of vocabulary. For lack of language, therefore, Arabian chauffeurs revealed themselves as experts in gesticulation, and the wheel was left to itself. Tires had seen long service and previous punctures were indicated by an average of five black patches per rim.

The British had built some excellent roads but those were recent and motoring had been difficult. There down a cliff

lay a German lorry, wrecked. Twelve soldiers had been killed in the crash, and once more Hanna the Dragoman was laconic. "The driver was drunk," said he coolly, suggesting also that the Prophet Mohammed had been disregarded.

Among the proverbs collected by the Pilgrim was the saying that "the man who teaches his son no trade teaches him highway robbery." On one occasion, the automobile was boarded by police who were after a bandit. If the bandits escaped, it was by use of caves which, sometimes extending for miles, elaborated arrest into a game of hide-and-seek.

There in Galilee they formed little parties of exploration. There were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Torrence, Miss Varton and other nurses; how they climbed to the site of Herod's Golden Palace, how Dr. Geil read Dr. Christie's account of it, on the very spot where Herod had his birthday feast, how it happened to be the Comrade's birthday also—it was all of an absorbing significance to friends whose lives had been lived, as it were, in the literature of the Bible.

It was Jericho, the symbol of selfishness in society, that William Edgar Geil had been besieging all his life. Right to the end, he reminded himself of what a vessel owes to the keeper of a lighthouse, what a train owes to the track-walker on a railroad. He tells how "in Christ's time, it was a disgrace not to labor—the most eminent teachers engaged regularly in manual industry." The trade of a carpenter, followed by Jesus, did not disqualify a man for the office of High Priest.

Jericho, then, "might be a good place"—so he suggested—in which to answer the question whether it is "right to be rich and hold private property." It was a question that he did not shirk. He held that Jesus was immune from what had been called the genius of the Jews for hatred of the rich. Among His friends were many rich—Zacchæus in Jericho itself among them. It was the right use of wealth that Our Lord had emphasized.

"Get a ram's horn at Jericho" was among the memoranda of things to be done. The Pilgrim would again march seven times around that obstinate City of Destruction. Yet he could not forego the whimsical. "What we did," so he wrote, "was to blow the horn of an automobile." It was so often like that—on the one hand, a firm determination to set forth the judgments of God on moral issues, on the other hand a vivid appreciation of the immediate, the amusing in human life. The blast of the ram's horn was now to be hushed and only the still small voice was to be heard.

In Jerusalem, with an altitude of 2,600 feet, he had "shivered over a pigmy oil stove." But Jericho was a city set far below the level of the sea where the air was comfortable. All that Jericho did to William Edgar Geil was to leave him a victim to dysentery.

It was unpleasant. It was weakening. It was a tax upon what he called the "resiliency" of travel. "When we leave Jericho next Friday," he wrote, "I never expect to see it again." Yet, even in that repository of all sensations, his diary, he was ashamed to be querulous. "Silly in me to set down these ailments," he wrote. "As if such experiences are of any consequence except to warn one that his days are numbered, lest haply days might slip by without getting their quota of things done."

He would wake up from a nap with a very tired feeling. He would be grateful at times for a diet reduced to two spoonfuls of beans.

Yet his fund of enjoyment was inexhaustible. One morning at a hotel, his egg was bad. His companion at table was a Frenchman and when, in due course, he opened his egg it was also bad. Immense was Dr. Geil's glee when the Frenchman said quietly, "there is a system here." The Chinese proverb—Keep your broken arm inside your sleeve—may be quoted as illustrating the courage of the Explorer when he was conscious of physical strain.

To cold he was sensitive and he had to be well wrapt up. Yet even over this, his wit flashed forth. When, at Caper-

naum, the preacher read as his lesson the text, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none," his Comrade gave him a gentle nudge during service and wondered how he would escape from a literal interpretation of the Scripture. But his quickness of wit was fully equal to the occasion. Without hesitation he replied that he was wearing not two coats but three.

To Dr. Christie, so eager did he appear to be that he gave the impression of a man in "the fullness of vigor and strength."

Yet he spoke once or twice of death as an event to be faced. When he was in Jerusalem, the music of chanting drew him three times to his window to see a funeral pass by. "Souls," he wrote, "are constantly being released from the imperfections and hindrances of the mortal body."

It may be a mere triviality, still it was a fact that over numbers he was very curious. His favorite number was five. In China, there were five sacred mountains; there were five senses; and so on. "Fever," he notes with his usual fancy, "is mentioned five times in the New Testament."

He did not spare himself. However jaded in mind and body, he kept up the tap tap of his typewriter. The program of Christmas to Easter in Palestine still held good. But a man whose health is impaired begins to look at things in a different perspective. Nothing except the essential retains its importance. The essentials, therefore, were now to be emphasized. Were they what he had supposed them to be?

Remember, he was not confined to the sick room. He was still in touch with all the cross currents of conflicting faiths which obscure the essentials nowhere more bewilderingly than in Jerusalem. On Mount Scopus, where Titus had planted his artillery, the Jews were building their university, and to what end? Here would be a Battle of the Books, the half Bible of the Jew against the whole Bible of the Christian and the Koran against them both.

What was the solution of it all? He began to reach out in the hope of grasping some broader, deeper truth that would reconcile all differences.

On Sunday, he attended service at the American Church in Jerusalem. "No gaudy banners floated, no brass lamps swung suspended from ropes and wires, no dimly lighted chapels and altars, and no gloomy aisles endangered the footsteps of the worshipper"—so ran his description—"for the Church was full of light; and the speaking and singing were full of meaning because the language was that of the people themselves."

They wanted him for the pulpit but he did his utmost to sit in the pew. He had not ceased to be a disciple who could listen to and appreciate the ideas of others. How apt—so he thought—was the contrast drawn by the preacher between the pilgrims of Mecca who,—seeing the tomb of the Prophet, did not wish to see anything else in this world, so asked that their eyes be put out—and the shepherds at Bethlehem who, seeing the angels, were led to the Light of the World.

If the Church of the Sepulchre with its conflicting ceremonial and warring communions be compared with the Mosque of Omar, then, as it seemed to him, it was the Mosque that brought least derision on religion and was the more nearly what a place of worship should be. The ritual of the Nativity, observed at Bethlehem, with its electric star and its waxen infant, seemed to him to be, like certain instances of "siteworship" at Nazareth, mere "hocus-pocus." He said it frankly; and yet he began to realize that this was not the whole of the story. The denominational frontiers were strongly held but every frontier was beginning to break. He wrote:

When all people pray and every man is a priest and every woman too, then the whole world will be holy ground. Then the guarding of sites will be an insult to the Master and to mankind.

Some hand, unseen but compelling seemed to be leading him away from Palestine, indeed, from every limitation of time and space, into a region where all boundaries are transcended. Scholarship, excavation, geography—there was something greater than them all.

His diary, rapid, rough and uncorrected, might be compared with a stream that tumbles turbulently over boulders until it finds itself at last in a deep pool, reflective of an unmeasured sky above and beyond the world. I confess that I was moved to some sensation, deeper perhaps than admiration itself, when I came across the words that now follow:

It is so difficult to recognise objects that are not strictly visible. The eye of faith, and the eye that lies back and quietly surveys the past, serve best in this land of recollections. A too exhaustive microscopic examination of Palestine will confuse the present and the past and requires a very expert and discriminating mind to separate and classify the advantages of a journey hither. Are there any advantages in a visit here except for observation of things as they now are? Should not the imagination be permitted to fashion the forms of the day of Jesus on these shores? The Christian who finds his fund of money too slender to warrant a trip to the Hills of Galilee and the hills of Judea may very easily be satisfied with a careful study of the Times of Jesus and with the thought that His teachings apply everywhere and in all times. The universality of the teachings of Christ makes the personal study of the geography of this region on the spot unnecessary. Indeed we are still at a loss to speak with finality concerning many items of geography here. More work of excavating must be done. Few persons are suited to that sort of research. Stay at home and practice the teachings of Jesus rather than waste money and time visiting the supposed sites of His mighty works, for even if the exact longitude and latitude were known, 2,000 years have wrought changes requiring the aid of the imag-

ination to revitalize the scene. These acts of fancy may be performed beside your own fireside without all the inconvenience of a voyage hither. . . . One need not visit certain portions of Palestine to learn the meaning of "Thou shalt not kill." I know of no great truth spoken by Jesus which depends upon a knowledge of the geography of it for an accurate interpretation of its meaning.

The Christ is universal, and "the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind."

The value of Palestine was to be, then, not historical, not archeological, not topographical, certainly not ecclesiastical and ceremonial, but spiritual—a symbol expressive of man's immortal being in its relation to mortal life. The Pilgrim and his Comrade became less anxious to discover and identify. They began to absorb, to enjoy, to worship. They started on a journey together into a world where all is known and where some of the irreconcilabilities, at any rate, are reconciled.

Take the scene at Capernaum. The ground was littered with ruins. But the meaning of the ruins was known. Here had been the Synagogue—the actual Synagogue—where Jesus of Nazareth had preached His sermon. A few days earlier, an Ethiopian had fallen on his knees and kissed the stones. William Edgar Geil stood silent, with his head uncovered. The manner of the adoration was different but the adoration itself was the same. The white man and the black man could stand on the same foot of earth and express the same reverence.

They who are acquainted with the geography of Galilee will be amazed, perhaps, to be told that the little party, Dr. and Mrs. Geil, Dr. and Mrs. Torrence and Dr. Christie, accomplished a circuit of the lake in a day. But it was so. Early in the morning they left Tiberias by automobile, passed the southern end of the lake by the fishing village, and so proceeded up the eastern shore. There was no road, only sand, and the car had to dodge the thorn bushes.

At the Persian Gardens, nearly opposite Tiberias, the car was abandoned. The party was met by four Mohemmedan boatmen who, starting before dawn, had rowed their boat, a large dory, across the lake. Into this dory, the passengers were carried by the boatmen and they coasted around the north of the lake, touching at places of sacred significance and lunching at Capernaum. Dr. Christie remarked that it was a very unusual trip. As far as he knew, no one else had conceived of doing exactly the same thing.

The boatmen sang their boat songs. At a request they threw their nets into the sea in the manner of the disciples. One of them prostrated himself at the hour of prayer. For the Comrades thus to view the Galilean Lake in one panorama, to see the probable sites of cities and towns, distant from Him only in respect of time, where the Saviour of the World rendered service to mankind, to recall the incidents in which He was the central figure, to read His very words where He said them—it was one long act of worship. Nor was it Christ Human only Who appeared in the picture; it was Christ Transfigured.

The reputed scene of the Transfiguration is, of course, Mount Tabor. But it was Mount Hermon that dominated the Galilean landscape. It was a mountain itself transfigured, a sight rare and glistening, as if a light that could never fade away had illuminated the raiment of snow. To see the sunrise on Hermon, a glow of exquisite rose-red, they walked by the Sea of Galilee, themselves still in the shadow.

Tabor, with her shrines for the Apostles which tabernacles Our Lord had refrained from authorizing, was less impressive; especially that day when they saw her, a round knoll in the foreground with Hermon rising directly behind. It was this unusual collocation that explained the Psalmist's words when he sang, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice."

At Tiberias, they pressed the Pilgrim to give an address that proved to be his last. It was for the New Year 1925, and he spoke as a man inspired. It is true that, having



addressed thousands, he had now an audience that was a mere handful. But what did audiences matter to him? It was the theme that filled his being. "His reverence, emotion and force"—to quote Dr. Christie—"thrilled every heart," especially when he pronounced the words, "the Name that is above every name."

It was to the Mount of Olives that they made their way. Because of Dr. Geil's ill health they could not wait until a lagging calendar ushered in Holy Week, so they arranged a Holy Week of their own, following day by day the movements of Our Lord as he entered the city in triumph of palm and song, spoke in the Temple, visited the home in Bethany, shared the Last Supper with His Disciples, was arrested in Gethsemane, led to trial and crucified. To read aloud the teachings of the Saviour on the area of the Temple where He uttered them, to read about the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus in Bethany—this, indeed, was to join the original company of Christ's faithful people; this indeed was to hear a divine voice and to see a divine Person.

To visit the Garden Tomb of the Christ on a Sunday morning, they had special permission. It meant that they could be in the place quite alone. The mind of the Explorer was as usual busy with contrasts—the good, the evil, in eternal combat. The Tomb at a recent date had been the scene of a terrible crime, involving robbery with murder. He noted the details. But to those who went there, as did these Comrades, to meet the Christ Risen, it became an unforgettable scene of communion, utter peace, utter understanding, utter confidence in unutterable love.

They were staying at the Russian Convent on the Mount of Olives. We can see the great doors rolled back as the Studebaker car rolled in—the modern claiming the ancient—the mechanical beating into the spiritual. We can see the guests gravely escorted by the nuns to the residence usually reserved for the Archimandrite.

The walls of the room were white; the floors red; spot-

less the linen; holy pictures added benediction. The wicks, floating in cork on the lamps before those pictures, were lit by the maid before all other illumination of the room.

Then the view from the balcony—the gleam of the sun on the Jordan as it joined the Dead Sea, the panorama of hills which rose along the Moabite horizon, the lights of automobiles as in the evening they passed along the Jericho road by the village of Bethphage.

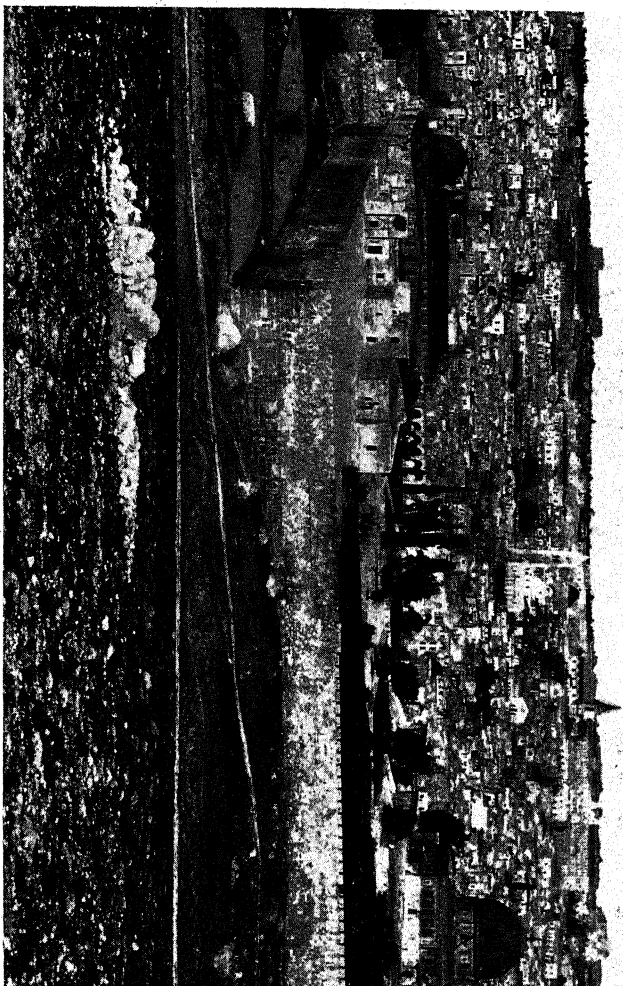
Consider what all this meant to William Edgar Geil. In Nazareth, where the glory of all ages was a Motherhood, he had looked at a convent of silent nuns, barred like a prison and, as he thought, a place in which to bury women alive. What, he had asked, had been or could be the use of it? Surely, the ideal was social service, not seclusion.

Yet here, in another convent, was a hospitality that stirred him deeply. Why should “a few meals, a few days of delight,” change the fact that, in these rites, “great principles are involved”? Yet again and again he was constrained to add, “the Russian nuns are kind to us.”

By that kindness the Pilgrim was touched. He wrote:

As long as the time of many men is wasted doing unnecessary military duty, why should any one object to nuns and monks each guarding their shrines? The military men who waste their time parading in gold lace and sitting on finely bred horses, purely for the purpose of lending a certain splendor to the positions of the exalted, should be open to at least equal censure with the monks and nuns who go about in short hair or long hair, in black robes or white robes, watching the spaces on which they declare certain incidents occurred.

At a service in the Church, the Archimandrite himself officiated. He wore the gorgeous vestments of the Russian Church, and her elaborate jewelry, to which picture of light and color the nuns furnished a black background even



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

(© by Ewing Gallows, N. Y.)



more impressive. The service was long but the singing of the nuns, especially of one soprano was exquisite. The Pilgrim himself noted the glory with which the sun that shines everywhere illuminated the Cross on the Russian tower.

It was plain that the Pilgrim was climbing above the walls that had sheltered his soul. The breezes of an everlasting life were beginning to be the air that he breathed. He did not know how near he was to a changing horizon. But from this time forth, he did not wholly belong to the world he was leaving. He would have "a profitable day" of reading and writing and would "see more clearly a book in the offing." But he wondered also whether he would "live to finish the Book." Wrote he:

The next world—how near we may be to it without knowing that only a span remains. He knows, He only knows—unless the angels have such advanced information.

He had never feared the next world. "If we live we shall do well," he once wrote, "if we die, we shall do better."

The typewriter itself began to be a burden. "There is much more to set down," he confessed, "but I seem to be pretty tired and fear that I would rather loaf than make up a literary diary."

It was suggested sometimes that he relax his endeavors. But he was never a man to give in, and when he failed to sleep as sometimes happened, the diary was a relief. We have this from Tiberias:

4.30 a.m. The night is still; I hear two calls to prayer; both minarets are now occupied.

4.33 a.m. My candle is flickering from a slight breeze blowing over the sea.

"My candle is flickering!"

The candle was not flickering. On the contrary, a living Spirit seemed to kindle its flame to a new brilliance. He had wished to glorify God in a book, but his words had been that the last thing that a man can do is to glorify God in his death. He had written those words in his Bible. To write words in a Bible is to write words that are intended for the eye of God.

He was too tired further to enjoy Palestine. It had become to him "a horrible country." The discomforts were counterbalancing the inspirations. "Sand, sand, sand"—that was his comment on the ride in the train to Egypt. "Greetings for us to go westwards"—so he described the refreshing sight of the Mediterranean. Westwards they set forth and the last entry in his journal was this:

Sea calm. Port hole open all night. Hope to reach Venice by 2 P.M. etc.

In the City of Islands he was mastered by influenza. It was a climax to his career. Friends there were whose kindness was unbounded; yet here he was essentially an exile, not only from his country but his Church. The Comrades had now little to depend upon except the Love which is the mind of God. They were beyond the frontiers of normal life.

The angel that came and ministered unto them was Sister Mary Dolores, a nun, English by birth, Roman in faith. Strange indeed, that the Providence of God should have rounded the riddle of life by a coincidence like this. In Christ the opposites were meeting.

There they were, the three of them, gathered together in the Name that is above every name, with the Presence Himself in their midst. So fell the barriers.

That the patient knew his danger was the conviction of his nurse. But what was his demeanor? His cough was distressing, his weakness extreme; but there were flashes of humour. When the doctor reported "favorable prog-

ress," he turned it into a jest. He would talk to the Sister of Mercy about the Holy Land and—how characteristic!—about the wonders of his electric cooker in Doylestown.

"He was really enlightened as to his condition," wrote Sister Mary Dolores. "His words were prophetic." She adds:

Thank God for such good men. There was nothing little or mean in him. Surely, the Beatific Vision is his.

For him, she prayed the prayers of her Church.

. . . . .  
The Pilgrim and his Comrade were alone. Some one had sent them texts in little capsules, one for a day, and she would read to him one of these little verses at a time. He could not bear more of any reading. But he had a way of finding a great deal of food in a very few words.

What scenes were his to review! The interminable buttresses of the Great Wall of China, the clear waters that splashed around the rocks of Patmos, the panorama of forest and prairie in Africa, the breathless attention of multitudes in America and England and Australia—it appears to be the simple fact that at that moment he was the man who of all living men had seen the most of what there is to be seen on this planet.

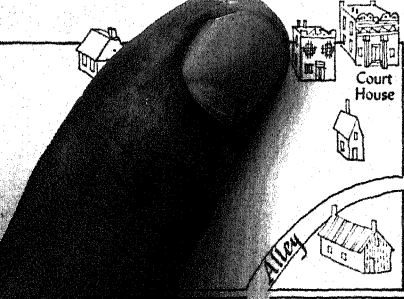
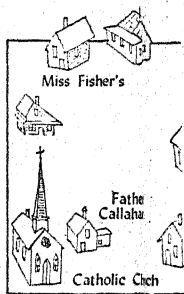
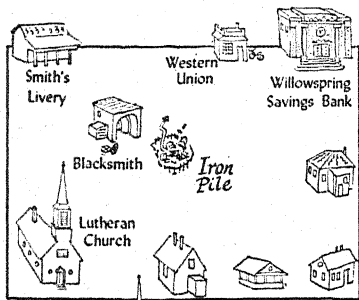
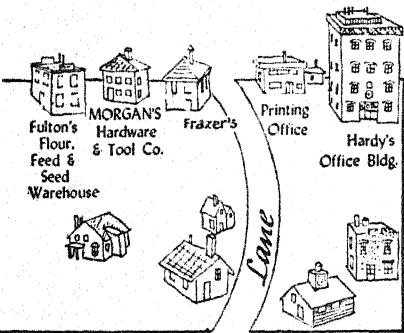
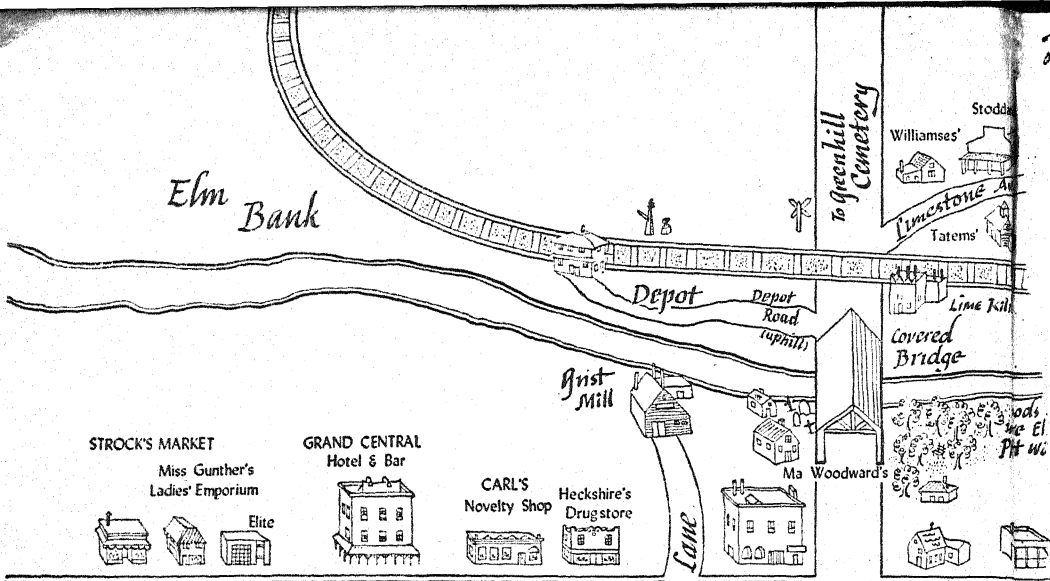
Out of all those varied impressions, one evidently emerged within his mind, clear and distinct. It was the story of that Christian Chieftain in Tonga, the South Sea Island, who, when dying, said, "Lord Jesus, catch my Spirit." In a quiet voice the Explorer was heard thus to say, "Lord Jesus—" And he was then interrupted.

The Presence became the Person. Sight was added to Faith. No Book was written. But the Glory of the Lord was revealed.

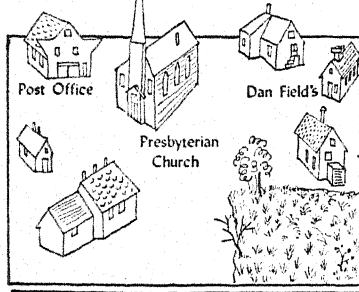


28934

7



Oak St.



Maple St.

